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WESTERN AMERICANA

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A J Splawn

To the North American Indian,
the greatest wild tribe that ever
existed, this book is humbly
dedicated, in memory of the
years I followed their trails
throughout the Northwest.

KA-MI-AKIN

THE LAST HERO
OF THE
YAKIMAS

BY

A. J. SPLAWN

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PREFACE

In writing this book of historical sketches of the early days, the author makes no claim to literary merit. Plain facts are told in plain language. My hope has been to correct some statements which I knew to be wrong and to add some new facts that might be of interest to different localities.

The writer's memory goes back to a time when the great Inland Empire of Eastern Oregon, Washington and the present Idaho was a vast country inhabited only by the Indian, coyote and jack rabbit. The highways of travel were the deeply worn trails running in every direction which had been followed by the wild tribes for generations. Mountain stream and boundless prairies were spread out before us where we roamed at will.

It is to present the Indian side of the War of 1855-8 that the writer has undertaken this work. He has spent many years in gathering stories and statements as to why they fought and how they fought, descriptions of their battles, and names of the killed and wounded. The task was difficult since superstition keeps the red man from talking to the white man on such subjects. My long residence among them, together with the fact that I have always treated them right, gained me their confidence.

I have talked, during the years, with many of their old chiefs and warriors who participated in the war, and they all tell practically the same story. Having spent over 50 years among them and knowing Indian character as I believe it is known to few men, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe their statements, at least in the main, to be true.

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CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHECY

Parentage of Ka-mi-akin—Romantic Love Story of Ja-ya-yah-e-ha and Ka-e-mox-nith — Prophecy of Medicine Man Concerning Future Greatness of their Son—Return of Mother to Her Own Tribe.

Before the coming of the white man there was a young Indian warrior named Ja-ya-yah-e-ha, whose father was of the Sha-hap-tan or Nez Perce tribe and his mother of the Choppenish or Palouse nation. Born at Asotin, Washington, near the present city of Lewiston, Idaho, he became a noted brave who always joined in the annual buffalo hunts on the east side of the Rocky mountains, where he and his fellow tribesmen were sure to meet their ancient enemies, the Blackfeet, and other nations who resented this encroachment of the Indians further west upon what they considered their game preserve. Many pitched battles have been fought between the Nez Perces and their allies on the one hand and the Blackfeet, Crows and their allies on the other, during these buffalo hunts.

Of Ja-ya-yah-e-ha it was said that he bore a charmed life. However that may be, it is certainly a fact that his enemies feared him, for he was a fierce and desperate fighter. A tall, commanding figure, a superb horseman and reckless beyond the point of danger, he would be a remarkable man in any battle. Restless by nature, he was constantly on the move, so that his fame became widespread and he was a welcome guest in strange wigwams. Yet he was shiftless, accumulating little wealth in horses, his war ponies alone being his pride

The thirst for adventure often carried him beyond the confines of his tribe. Sometimes he was to be seen with the Cay-uses in their forays through the country of the Sho-sho-nees or Snakes, who inhabited at that time the eastern part of the present Idaho and adjoining Utah. These expeditions were for the purpose of stealing horses and were often so successful that many fine steeds were driven home to swell the already large bands which had been captured in former years from this same tribe. This, indeed, was the source from which the Nez Perces, Cay-uses and Walla Wallas obtained their first horses.

In one of these expeditions two horses of exceptional speed were captured, one a bay, the other a sorrel. The bay was taken by a Cay-use Indian, the sorrel by a Nez Perce brave. The former became known as the swiftest horse in the Cay-use nation, while the latter held like honors with the Nez Perces. The fame of these two animals grew to such an extent that nothing short of a contest between them for speed over a race course would settle the question which was the more fleet.

Arrangements were made by the tribes to meet on neutral ground for the great race. A spot in the Palouse country was selected and here the Indians from far and near gathered in great numbers to witness the race between two of the fastest horses that had ever been known among the red men of the Northwest. Never had the plains of the Columbia seen so great a gathering. Each tribe backed its favorite to the limit.

Now, Ja-ya-yah-e-ha had coveted the splendid sorrel ever since the horse had been captured from the Snakes. He had offered for it his whole band, save his few war ponies, without avail. But his mind was made up to possess it or die in the attempt. Knowing it must be done by strategy, he sought out the old gray-haired medicine man who had been the companion and friend of his father. The aged doctor replied, "I will consult my Tam-man-na-was (guiding spirit) and see what can be done to help you. Return to me in two days."

Promptly at the time set Ja-ya-yah-e-ha appeared before the medicine man, who told him that a certain root, dried, powdered and rubbed over the hand, then applied to the horse's nose, would make it wild and vicious towards all save the one with the odor of the root on his hand.

Dressed in his best buckskin suit, with a buffalo robe tied around his waist, and a bow and quiver of arrows strapped over his shoulders, Ja-ya-yah-e-ha appeared at the race course on the great day. The race was to be a test of endurance as well as speed. Far down the valley a monument of rocks was piled and the ground to be covered was from a point near the village to and around the mound, then back to the starting point, a distance of several miles. Men were stationed at the monument to make sure that the riders went around it.

All was ready for the mount, excitement running high, and men and women betting even their wearing apparel, all else having already been put up on the result. But lo! the sorrel is rearing and plunging, kicking and biting at every person who comes near it. Ja-ya-yah-e-ha has touched its nose with the magic powder and is standing by to watch results.

Known to be the greatest horseman of his day, it was small wonder that when he offered his services they were accepted, although not without some misgivings, for the horse's master spoke thus, "Ja-ya-lah-e-ha, lay aside your trappings. Take off the buffalo hide; it is heavy and so are the quiver of arrows and your buckskin. Why wear these? Put on a su-pah-col-ext (breech clout)."

The covetous one replied, "No; to show you that I can ride him, I go as I am or not at all."

The bystanders now interfered, pointing out their disappointment if the race should fail. The owner wavered and finally handed the rope to Ja-ya-yah-e-ha, who with outstretched arm touched the horse's nose. The animal's spirit subsided; it became docile again. Amid a silence eloquent of wonder, Ja-ya-yah-e-ha mounted, erect and immobile; the sorrel, with only a hair rope in its mouth to guide it, stood quivering, head high, nostrils distended, showing in every line the strain of the desert, until the word was given, "Go!"

They bounded forward—what a race! what a scene! The plains were colored with autumn—it was Indian summer. Away off hung the blue haze; near by were the wigwams and the Indians standing in breathless expectancy watching the two sons of Arabia fly like the whirlwind down the bunch grass valley. A wild yell goes up from the watchers at the monument. The sorrel is in the lead. On! on! without lash of whip, under the steady pull of its clever rider, goes the pride of the Sha-hap-tans. It passes the pile of rocks, but what is this? It does not turn; it keeps on going!

Those stationed near the monument draw back in alarm. Has the man lost control, or is he feigning? Woe betide him, if he is! But no; they see he makes no effort to turn. He has become but a shadow going away from them towards the setting sun.

Excitement ran riot in that vast gathering of red men; disappointment and rage were heard in every wigwam. The act of a reckless daredevil had let Babel loose. The greatest sporting event of the time had been ruined. All bets were declared off. The village broke up forthwith, each tribe going its way, sullen and resentful.

The owner of the stolen horse, with darkened brow and a tomahawk in hand, leaped on the fleetest mount he could procure, and, accompanied by a few who wished to see the end of the affair, started in hot pursuit, which continued till they reached the Columbia. There they stopped. Should they go further, when they were ignorant of the character of the tribes beyond the great river? Might it not mean complete disaster? Thus they reasoned, and slowly turned back, beaten and outwitted.

After leaving behind his outraged tribe, Ja-ya-yah-e-ha bent every energy to evading his pursuers and carrying out his well-laid plan. The rapid strides of his sure-footed horse were taking him over the bunch grass plains, along the banks of the Palouse river to Wastucna coulee, down which he sped past Wastucna lake, nor slackened until the sun was down behind the western mountains and he had reached the Columbia river. As he paused for a brief moment before crossing the dividing line that would cut him off from his tribe, he looked at the mount for which he had risked exile and life, and he smiled. It was worth the game.

He decided to put off the crossing till morning, snatching here a few hours' sleep and giving the sorrel a chance to graze. Before daylight he was mounted and riding slowly up the river, where he came upon a small encampment of the So-kulk tribe. The Indians treated him hospitably, and in a canoe crossed him over the river, swimming his horse alongside. On the spot where he landed now stands the town of White Bluffs.

Ja-ya-yah-e-ha rode on up the river and a few hours later, as he passed around a bluff, there came into view the ancient village of Pi-nah, the home of the Wi-nah-pams or Priest Rapids Indians, whose chief, So-wap-so, was the founder of the dreamer religion† still practiced by that tribe and some others. So-wap-so also posed as a prophet. Ja-ya-yah-e-ha tarried for a day as the guest of the chief to learn something of the tribe beyond, for in his buffalo hunts east of the Rocky mountains he had met a few warriors whose country he believed to be still further west. So-wap-so said: "Son, go the way I point out and after a short day's ride you will find the powerful Pisch-wan-wap-pams, whose chief, the great and wise We-ow-wicht, is my friend."

Continuing up the river a few miles, he found the trail as described, leaving the stream and leading up a narrow valley in a westerly course. This valley is now known as Honson's canyon.

A few hours' travel at an easy gait brought him to the summit of the divide between the Columbia and the beautiful E-ya-ki-ma* or Kittitas valley. On down the western slope he went till the valley was reached with its many small streams winding their way through the thick bunch grass which covered the surrounding plain, rushing on as if anxious to contribute their mite to the river below. Here he found a few lodges and by the sign language inquired for the chief, who, he learned, could be reached by following up the river a short distance to a white bluff called Kit-ti-tas (white earth). This bluff is about a mile above the present city of Ellensburg.

During this day of solitary wandering in a strange land, Ja-ya-yah-e-ha's ardor had subsided. His mind had been actively engaged in solving that most perplexing problem, "What shall I do?" He felt that he dare not return to his own country for some little time. Though he had always been of a roving character and owned no wigwam, he thought today of his people, and of Wa-ni-nah, most beautiful maiden of the tribe, for whom he had offered to part even with his war ponies, that she might become mistress of his lodge. His heart was bitter as he remembered how old Ko-las-ket, her father, had rejected his suit, saying that she, the pride of his wigwam, must become the bride of one who was not a wanderer, one who could offer something more than a few war ponies and a string of wampum as assurance that in old age she might still be among her own people, and not a slave in some hated nation.

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†See Chapter 27.

*Ross in his "Fur Hunters" says the Indians called it so in 1814.

As he rode on, having these thoughts in mind, it struck him how like he was to the wolf howling on the hillside. He paused to listen. "Ah, I have it!" he cried. "No one shall know. I will be your brother, Ki-yi-yah (howling wolf)."

Reaching the village at Kit-ti-tas, he became at once the center of attention. The lem-e-ies (old squaws) ceased weaving their baskets, the maidens cast shy looks of admiration, papooses scampered off to their different lodges, old men stood silently by with searching looks, while the young warriors with haughty mien wondered if this lone rider bore a message of war. The dogs, those mongrel curs so numerous about an Indian encampment, which always set up the ki-yi at the approach of anything strange, were, curiously enough, mute and still. By the code sign the stranger asked for the chief. An Indian disappeared among the lodges, but soon returned and motioned to Ja-ya-yah-e-ha. Dismounting and throwing the hair rope to the ground, the newcomer followed, his trained sorrel standing as quietly as if tied. Reaching the chief's lodge, he was bidden to be seated on the buffalo robe beside his host, We-ow-wicht, a man of magnificent physique, his hair tinged with gray, his large head and deep, piercing eyes indicating a strong, intelligent character. The pipe was filled and lighted by the e-li-tee or slave and handed to the chief. We-ow-wicht took a few puffs, blowing the smoke towards the four cardinal points, then passed the pipe to his guest, who did likewise, a strict silence being observed during the ceremony. The chief then turned with inquiring eyes and asked, "Your name, whence come you, and why?"

"My name is Ki-yi-yah," the guest replied. "I belong to the Sha-hap-tan tribe. I have been far towards the rising sun, where we killed the buffalo and fought the enemy beyond the stony mountains. I have captured horses and done battle with the Sho-sho-nees far off to the southeast. I seek knowledge. I have traveled many moons and visited many tribes to learn of their country and habits, and in my wanderings have heard of this beautiful vast country and the warlike spirit of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams and the fame of their chief We-ow-wicht. I come to visit you that I may learn. That is all."

"It is well," the chief gave answer. "Your horse will be put with my band and cared for; this lodge will be your home while you remain."

Word was passed by the slave to a courier without that the wanderer was a great warrior who had battled in faraway lands and that he was to be the house guest of the chief. Curiosity thus satisfied, the camp routine was resumed.

During the same evening, while Ki-yi-yah was deep in relating some adventure, there entered the wigwam Ka-e-mox-nith (Spotted Fawn), the chief's daughter. At sight of her the story-teller stopped short and gazed. She was the first maiden of the tribe that he had seen closely and he wondered if all were like her, so tall and lithe, with long black hair and eyes that shone like stars. Dressed in simple buckskin, with a necklace of haiqua shells, she looked a princess. The chief's eyes rested upon his guest searchingly for a moment. Then he motioned the girl to retire and Ki-yi-yah to proced with his narrative.

The new arrival soon became a welcome guest at every lodge; his tales of adventure in distant lands were heard with wonder and admiration. Quickly he mastered the not difficult language of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, and his strong personality and romantic history won for him a high place in the powerful tribe.

Summer had passed and there had come the first tinge of autumn—signal for these people to move to the huckleberry mountains. Following up the Ya-ki-ma river to Cle-el-um, then on beyond the lake, they went into camp at I-i-yas (Fish lake). Here the women with their baskets sought the hills to gather berries, while the men, with bows and arrows, took to the mountains to kill the deer, mountain goat and bear which were here in abundance.

One day Ki-yi-yah, becoming separated from the other hunters, found himself alone, high up among the craggy peaks. Never before had he seen such mountains. Stretched out before his gaze as far as the eye could reach stood the needle peaks covered with eternal snow. He had crossed the Rocky mountains in many different places and traveled over the Lo-lo trail beyond the Bitter Root range, but had seen nothing to compare with the picture before him. Sitting down on a ledge of rock, he let his mind wander back over the checkered past to the time he took his first scalp, when, in single combat, he slew the great Crow warrior Tuck-mow-nook in the buffalo country; or when, in a fierce fight to save the scalp of his dying friend, Tam-e-luke, he had laid low with his tomahawk Man-i-to-wah, the pride of the Sho-sho-nees. He thought again of Wa-ni-nah, the fairest of the Sha-hap-tans and of her hated old father, Ko-las-ket.

Glancing down to an alpine meadow just below, he espied a gray deer of immense size and great branching horns such as he had never seen before. From his quiver of arrows he selected the one with the longest point and crept stealthily down through the rocks and brush until within a short distance of this giant of his race, who stood unsuspecting the nearness of a lurking foe. The whang of the bow, and the arrow shot swiftly out on its deadly course. With a leap into the air and a cry that echoed from the surrounding crags, the great deer bounded down the mountains with the hunter in hot pursuit. Following the bloody trail, which led in the direction of the Indian camp, Ki-yi-yah came suddenly upon Ka-e-mox-nith alone, filling her basket with berries. Surprised, each stood looking at the other. Then Ki-yi-yah spoke, "Be not frightened at me, for long have I waited to meet you thus. I have felt that your father knew of my fondness for you and I did not wish to give you grief, for I am a stranger from a distant tribe, who has followed the warpath in far-away lands since boyhood and never owned a wigwam. Back among my people I thought I loved Wa-ni-nah, the beautiful maid of the Sha-hap-tans, but her father refused my offer. So when I came among your people, it was to leave behind the past. I cared only for my faithful horse until my eyes met yours. Then Wa-ni-nah was forgotten as the passing winds. I love you. In the village we will meet as strangers, but so long as the sun shines you will hold the heart of Howling Wolf. I go now to follow the trail of the gray deer that I wounded far up in the mountains."

"Me-ow-wah!" exclaimed the maiden. "I saw him pass only a short time before you came and he was reeling as he ran."

The hunter again took up the chase. But he looked back once and there, as he had left her, stood the only human being that had ever subdued him. Hastening on he came to the stream at the foot of the hill not far from the camp, and there, in an open spot, lay the monarch of the wilderness. The savage eye of the warrior gleamed as he viewed his fallen prey. Never, since taking his first scalp, had his heart so leaped with joy.

The deer being too large to handle alone, he went on to the camp for help. When he spoke of the color and great size of his kill, warriors and hunters gathered around him in excited inquiry. "It is Me-ow-wah!" they exclaimed. With pack horses made ready for carrying the meat, they all repaired to the spot and, gathering around the quarry, again yelled "Me-ow-wah!"

This grand specimen, it seems, had made its appearance in the locality several years before. Hunters had seen it at different times and had sent their swift arrows after it at short range, to no avail. Many tales were told of it and the conclusion had been reached that a strange spirit of some sort was roaming these mountains in the form of a deer. Color was lent to this theory by the fact that no deer of this kind had ever been seen in the past. Regarding it as an animal of distinction, they had given it the name Me-ow-wah (the great chief of his tribe).

The deer was skinned and the meat taken into camp. Two men were required to carry the horns. Both hide and horns were presented to We-ow-wicht. A ceremony was performed in the village to celebrate the adoption of Me-ow-wah's slayer into the tribe, and when it was ended, We-ow-wicht bade Ki-yi-yah welcome as one of his people. Ka-e-mox-nith sat quietly looking on, remembering perhaps how the great hunter and warrior thus honored had told her of his love out on the hill a few hours before, and wondering if she ever would become the mistress of his wigwam.

Out from among the buffalo robes in the corner of his wigwam arose the old gray-headed medicine man and oracle of his tribe, Wa-tum-nah, whose tottering limbs and withered form told of great age. Thus he spoke:

"I am a very old man; so old that I have seen generations come and go. The playmates of my boyhood have all gone the long trail, and Wa-tum-nah alone is left, the last of his race. Many summers have I slept in peace, for no voice called me, but today my Tam-man-a-was (the light) comes back to me after many years and I feel the fire of youth again. Memories of the past return as if of yesterday. Again I fight the Sno-qual-mies at Ka-sit-kees (Easton) and whip them for the last time. Again I meet the Pa-ho-ti-cute and conquer them in the beautiful Selah, then drive them down the Tap-teal (Yakima river) as far as Pis-co (mouth of the Satus), taking all the country above, which is yet ours. We-ow-wicht's sons now hold We-nas, Nah-cheez, Kwi-wy-chas (Cowichee), Ah-ta-num, Sim-co-e, Top-pen-ish, as far down as Pis-co.

"Always have I been a great medicine man and prophet. When my Tam-man-a-was appears to me, I lie as asleep, and as in a dream I see the future. There is a vision before me now of things to come. Far to the east I see a pale-faced people pushing the red man back towards the setting sun. The red men fight this onward march to no avail; they are driven away from the land of their forefathers. Their dead lie strewn along the trails, their bones dry on the sandhills, while the living move ever farther west, pursued by their relentless foes.

"You are now a happy people, but you will not always remain so. Ere many snows this same fate will come to you, for I now see those pale-faces with buffalo (oxen) hitched to large canoes on wheels moving towards us over the great plains. First they will pass through the country of the Cay-uses and the Walla Wallas and stop in the land of the Mult-no-mahs (Willamette valley). Thousands will follow as the years roll by. Soon they will move back over the big mountains and begin to take from you your beautiful valley. This will be the beginning of the end.

"Ki-yi-yah will marry Ka-e-mox-nith, the flower of our tribe, and take her to his own country, where a son will be born. This son will return to the land of his mother and grow up among her people. When the Shwe-yap-pos (white men) invade this country, he will lead the E-ya-ki-mas in their last stand against the hated race. He and his warriors will fight long and hard, pursued night and day by these strange people, with no time to rest or gather food. Warriors will fall in battle; old men and women, worn and weary, will die along the trail, and your head men be no more.

"The pale-face will own your country and you will become a broken-hearted people—the war whoop no longer heard, your once great power gone midst the wailing sounds of your old women. You will vanish as a race.

"The fire in my body is fast dying out. My race is run. What I have said will come to pass. Remember the last words of Wa-tum-nah."

The old seer lay back, exhausted, on his buffalo robe. The people stood in a daze. Well they knew how accurate had been Wa-tum-nah's words in the past. In sadness each sought his lodge, the words just spoken by the old man sunk deep in his heart.

As the sun went down that day behind the snowy peaks the spirit of Wa-tum-nah passed out to the great beyond. Wrapped in his robe, he was buried in the rocks on the hillside. Thus passed the greatest medicine man of his tribe, and where the happy sunshine of life had held full sway, dark, gloomy forebodings now marked every face.

We-ow-wicht sat alone in his lodge, the death of Wa-tum-nah weighing heavily on his heart. Not only had the old man, lying on the hill, been his own trusted friend and counselor, but his father's as well. Through his warnings the people had been saved from defeat in battles of the past and by his plans they had been able to conquer their enemies. During the last few years, it was true, he had become aged and weak and had not spoken, but now that he was gone, all was darkness.

Arousing himself, the chief gave orders to pack up at once and leave this unfortunate camp, moving to Lake I-yap-pe-ah, a day's travel to the south, where huckleberries and game were plentiful. On arriving at the new camp, it was found that Wa-tum-nah's squaw was missing. The news spread like prairie fire and soon the village was in an uproar. Ki-yi-yah mounted his horse and rode swiftly back to the old camp. A wail caught his ear from far up the mountainside by the grave of Wa-tum-nah. Climbing up, he found, on the pile of stones which marked the medicine man's last resting place, his faithful squaw, Wa-sas-se, lying. She was only a few years younger and had not wished to live without him, taking advantage of the bustle of moving camp to wander back to the grave which contained all she held dear.

Stately and tall, Ki-yi-yah stood silently by, loath to disturb the last lament of the old crone. He built a fire to wait until morning; and there, alone, amid the wailings for the dead, he thought of the last words of Wa-tum-nah and wondered if, indeed, Ka-e-mox-nith would be the mistress of his lodge, and if it would come to pass that his son should be the last hero of this tribe. The moon was rising slowly from behind the great mountain, casting its mellow light over the rugged country. Giant mountains were on all sides, with deep canyons and roaring waters. The neighing of a horse in the valley below broke his reverie. His sorrel sent back an answering call. As the sound of rolling rocks told the silent watcher that a horseman approached, he rose and moved forward. There on a milk-white horse, silvered by the moonlight, sat Ka-e-mox-nith.

"You here!" cried the girl, in surprise. "How long have you been so?"

"I came before the sun went down behind the big mountain," answered Ki-yi-yah. "I thought not to disturb her tonight, but to wait until morning. But you are of her tribe and have known her since childhood. Do as you like."

Ka-e-mox-nith took Wa-sas-se in her arms and whispered in her ear. The mournful wail ceased; a soft, happy smile stole over the wrinkled face. Putting her arm around the lovely girl, the bereaved one said, "You come to find and help me in my last grief. I am glad. I remember when you were born; it was in the huckleberry mountains near Lake I-yap-pe-ah. Your mother was near to death. Wa-tum-nah went to the snow mountains and brought back roots that saved her. We both sat by her side till she was well again. That was twenty summers ago. As you grew up so tall and straight and good we loved you as our own, and named you the 'Spotted Fawn' after the most beautiful and innocent creature that roams the hills. You whom we loved the most have come to me in my hour of grief. It makes me happy and content. From now on you are the light that guides Wa-sas-se; from here I go for the last time."

Looking around at Ki-yi-yah, she asked when he came. Gazing at him for a time, she murmured, " 'Tis well; Wa-tum-nah's words will come true."

At daylight, Ka-e-mox-nith mounted her horse, taking the aged woman on behind, and the three started for the new encampment. On their arrival, there was rejoicing in the village, for Wa-sas-se was loved by her people. Ka-e-mox-nith was much in the company of the sad old squaw. It was easy to see that Wa-sas-se's strength was failing daily and it was not long before word was passed out from the lodge that she had followed Wa-tum-nah on the sunset trail. The snow was now well down on the mountains; the women had gathered and cured enough berries, the hunters had sufficient dried meat for winter use, so the tribe set out for the winter quarters in the valleys below, extending from Ummish to At-sha. During the early winter a party of young men, including Te-i-as, Shu-lu-skin and Ow-hi, sons of We-ow-wicht, then only small boys, but eager for sport, went down to visit their friends and relatives in the lower valleys of We-nas, Se-lah, Nah-cheez, Ah-tan-um and the ancient village of Pah-ho-ta-cute (Union Gap). They took with them a small band of horses to wager on the games. Ki-yi-yah went along, mounted on his sorrel.

One of the chief sports indulged in at the different villages was ithel-le-cum, the ancient bone game. At Pis-co (tall grass), the point where the Satus creek empties into the Tap-teal or Yakima river, the Tap-teals, Whul-why-pams (Klickitats) and other visiting tribes were holding a jubilee of feasting, gambling and horse racing, and to this place came the young men from We-ow-wicht's tribe, bent on sport. At the bone game they were not successful. There had been many horse races, but none of importance, until Ki-yi-yah offered to wager his all on the sorrel against a brown, the pride of the Tap-teals. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he had unbounded faith in his horse. His boldness finally awakened their confidence so that they, too, put up everything on the race. Excitement ran high. Everything wagerable was stacked up, the space marked off and the Tap-teals, hilariously drunk with assurance, yelling and shouting. Off go the horses like rushing winds, up the valley to the turning point, then back, neck and neck; but the sorrel comes calm and steady under the pull of his rider, while the brown is losing ground, despite the whip his rider is plying. As they come in, Ki-yi-yah ahead, is greeted by his yelling friends, while the Tap-teals, disappointed, seek their lodges, all the sport knocked out of them. With yells and songs the Pisch-wan-wap-pams departed homeward with their spoils.

Thus the winter passed in the midst of plenty. Ki-yi-yah often met Ka-e-mox-nith and they became lovers, but not with the consent of her father, who treated his wandering guest with no familiarity. This made the lover restless. He was not used to being thwarted in his desires. The second winter passed in the same way, and yet he had not won the princess. When the roots were ready to dig, the salmon running up stream and everything in readiness to go into camp at Che-lo-han again for the councils and sports, Ki-yi-yah sought out the chief and made a formal offer of all his horses for the daughter, but the chief made reply, "You are brave and my people like you, but my daughter must marry one who has the blood of chieftains in his veins."

Ki-yi-yah, looking him full in the face, replied: "Remember the words of Wa-tum-nah!" Then he turned and walked away.

The council ground was now full of wigwams, extending up and down the creek, while the plains were covered with horses. The women began to dig the kous and peluna, the bread and potato of the red man, while the male portion were as busy gambling and horse-racing. The Tap-teals had again matched the brown against the sorrel and lost. Their faith in their horse thus shaken, they had disposed of him to the victor, Ki-yi-yah, who gave for him the larger portion of his band. Though rejected by his sweetheart's father because of his humble origin, Ki-yi-yah was not inwardly downcast and had plans of his own for dealing with the situation which required two fast horses. He went to Ka-e-mox-nith now, making known her father's verdict and his own hopes for the future.

"The time is now ripe," he said. "I own two of the fleetest horses. We can escape and go to my country, where my people will honor you and I will love you and care for you. We will set up our lodge by the great river Kim-moo-e-nim (Snake) and listen to its murmuring voice. The yellowbreast will sing from the treetops, and the wild flowers bloom for you."

With eyes lighted by love she replied: "I care for my father, who has always been kind, but he has told me that I must marry Til-ko-sas, the pride of the Sno-qual-mies. Him I do not like. He and his tribe are canoe people, low, with broad, flat faces. They live upon fish and have no horses. Rather than meet such a fate, let the sun go out. If your people are like you, so tall and brave, I will love them, and on the banks of the great river of which you tell me we will build our lodge and hear the songs of the yellowbreast. While you love me, I will trust you. Let it be as Wa-tum-nah said."

The following night they stole out from the village and, mounted on the best two horses that had ever been known among these tribes, made their way back over the route Ki-yi-yah had come two years before.

We-ow-wicht awoke to find his daughter gone. Remembering the haughty warrior's defiant look and his parting words, he murmured, " 'Tis as Wa-tum-nah said. I must rest content. Some day she will return to me."

Asotin was all astir when the news spread that the wanderer had returned with a princess of a powerful tribe. If Ki-yi-yah had not been a hero before, this surely made him one, and he was greeted royally. Old grudges were forgotten and, since the sorrel's rightful owner was dead, there was no one with whom to do battle for the possession of the horse. Ki-yi-yah found, too, that the small band of horses he had left had been cared for by his brother, so that he did not return to poverty.

The lodge was set up by the river and a domestic air reigned. The reckless spirit and thirst for blood and adventure had been calmed by the soft voice of Ka-e-mox-nith; the war bonnet hung in the wigwam, its owner now busy hunting and fishing that his lodge might have plenty. The bride sat in the cool shade, a little apart from the tribe, weaving her baskets and doing her lord's bidding. At the end of a year (this was five years before the coming of Lewis and Clark) a boy was born in their lodge. They named him Ka-mi-akin and he was destined to become the most powerful man of his time.

For ten years these simple people lived their life unmarred. Two more sons were born, one Skloom and the other Show-a-way, sometimes called Ice. Though she often thought of her own people, Ka-e-mox-nith was content, until one day Ki-yi-yah, coming home after many hours' absence, found her unprepared to satisfy his hunger, and said: "You have too much to do now with the children and I have thought of taking another woman, so that your work might grow less. Wa-ni-nah still loves me and her father is now willing."

With an outward calm born of a long line of royal ancestry, she quietly asked, "Is your love still warm for Wa-ni-nah?"

He smiled his affirmative and broke her heart.

Ki-yi-yah shortly after joined a hunting party to be gone several days. After he was out of sight, Ka-e-mox-nith caught a fleet-footed pony and the brown horse, now grown old but still active, the one thing which had come from her own people and which had always seemed a link binding her to them. When all the village was asleep, she put the two older boys, Ka-mi-akin and Skloom, on the pony and mounted the brown, with her youngest child behind, then turned her face towards the setting sun, with only the stars to guide her. Fearful lest she be followed if she took the only trail she knew, that of her bridal journey, she resolved to go down the hills and plains on the south side of the Kim-moo-e-nim and thus throw her pursuers off the scent. At Wal-lu-la the Indians treated her well and crossed her over in a canoe, swimming the horses. The chief's son, a few years older than Ka-mi-akin, took a great liking to the boy and begged to accompany them a way on their journey. This lad was Pe-peu-mox-mox, who became in later years one of Ka-mi-akin's greatest friends and strongest allies.

Ka-e-mox-nith followed up the Tap-teal, passing several villages of the tribe of that name, where she was given food and good wishes. The fourth day after leaving Asotin, she arrived at the village of Pah-ho-ta-cute, among her own people. Her brother, Show-a-way, was at this time head man for all the people from the mouth of the Ah-tan-um down the Tap-teal as far as Pis-co. Her father, previous to his death two years before, had divided his domain, all the country over which he held jurisdiction as head chief, among his eight sons. Shu-lu-skin was given the Nah-cheez and the mountains at its source. It became his duty to see that the waters flowed unmolested, that the fish might run up and the people in the lower valley have water to drink.

To Sko-mow-wah was given the Kwi-wy-chas and the Ti-e-ton; to Wi-na-ko, the We-nas, Ump-tan-um and Pa-ha-to (Roza station). This left all the Pisch-wan-wap-pam or Kittitas valley, the lakes and the mountains at the source of the Yakima divided among the four older brothers, Te-i-as, Ow-hi, Tuh-noo-num and Te-wi-net, each one a ruler in his own territory.

Ka-e-mox-nith decided to stay in the lower valley with the four younger brothers. As the years passed, more of her people moved down until at last the greater portion were in the lower valleys. Thus it was that they gradually lost their identity and later became known as Yakimas.

KA-MI-AKIN, HEAD CHIEF OF THE YAKIMAS

CHAPTER II.

KA-MI-AKIN — THE GREAT CHIEF

His Rise to Power—Importation of Cattle—Founding of Catholic Mission—Trouble with Cayuses—Estimates by Contemporaries.

History produces its great men just as truly as great men make history. When the emergency arises, the master mind is there. Crowded into a corner of the vast country which had once been theirs without dispute; forced back to the western ocean by people who had been for generations pushing them away from the rising sun, a proud, free, warlike nation could not surrender without a last fight. There is no fighting without a leader. That the last stand of the Indians of the Northwest was in keeping with the tragic dignity of their destiny was due to the genius and devotion of the Yakima chief, Ka-mi-akin.

A typical North American Indian, the strongest personality of his time west of the Rocky mountains, the dominating characteristic of Ka-mi-akin was love for his people and his native land and desire for the peaceful possession of it. A self-made man, he rose to the highest place through sheer force of ability as an organizer and leader; not through warlike tendencies, for by nature Ka-mi-akin was peaceful. He was held in great esteem as a counselor. All the tribes called on him to settle matters of importance. The Cay-uses consulted him after the Whitman massacre. He condemned the deed and refused to join with them in fighting the Oregon volunteers. Pe-peu-mox-mox consulted Ka-mi-akin and Chief Ellis of the Nez Perces about his proposed war of revenge on the settlers of the Willamette valley for the killing of his son, Elijah Hedding, in California. Both advised against it, and Chief Ellis was sent to Ft. Vancouver to warn Dr. McLoughlin.

His convincing power as an orator, together with a wide acquaintance throughout the Northwest and a keen insight into the affairs of the different tribes, made him a natural leader. No man was so well equipped as he to form the confederacy of the nations for mutual protection.

Of Ka-mi-akin's early life, not much has been told to me. In fact, it has taken much patient waiting and research to obtain an unbiased account of his life and character. There is no printed statement of his whereabouts after his departure with his family into British Columbia in 1858. Yet I saw him in 1865 in the Palouse country, where he lived for ten years or so longer. Though an old man then, he was still an impressive figure, his fine face yet showing the strength and dignity that had marked him through life.

Ever since my boyhood Ka-mi-akin has been a hero to me. I have listened eagerly to the old Indian historians when they unfolded anything relative to him, and put it away for future comparison, but, like their pale-faced brothers, they are likely to be biased, especially in regard to this one character.

The Pisch-wan-wap-pams, or those Yakimas who are real descendants of We-ow-wicht, resent having much said of him, for the reason that he was not wholly of their tribe and of royal lineage only on his mother's side. Then, too, he usurped the power of his uncle, Show-a-way, the son of Chief We-ow-wicht, thus breaking the correct line of succession. The Whul-why-pams, or Klickitats, who occupy the greater portion of the Yakima Indian reservation—the Jews of the Northwest, who would sell to the white man the land not of their forefathers—these interlopers tell nothing of Ka-mi-akin. He was of another nation.

From his father, Ja-ya-yah-e-ha, or Ki-yi-yah, as he was known among the Yakimas, whom he resembled, Ka-mi-akin inherited a love for adventure and travel and was assured of a welcome among the different nations, forming strong friendships especially with Pe-peu-mox-mox of the Walla Wallas and A-pash-wa-hi-icht (Looking Glass), the noted war chief of the Nez Perces. In fact, he was as much at home in this tribe of his father as with the Yakimas. He often joined the Nez Perces in their annual buffalo hunts beyond the Rocky mountains and in their skirmishes with other nations. Unlike his father, he had the faculty of accumulating and in early manhood we find him the owner of many horses, the medium for computing wealth in those days. His main home was in the foothills on the upper Ahtanum, now known as the A. D. Eglin ranch, in Tampico. It was here that Ka-mi-akin planted one of the earliest gardens in the agricultural history of Yakima.

The fact that Ka-mi-akin's mother, Ka-e-mox-nith, was a princess, naturally gave her son high standing in the tribe. But Ka-mi-akin's natural endowments were his best claims to leadership—daring, forcefulness, far-seeing good judgment and generosity. Small wonder that his peculiar ability as a leader was recognized while he was still young.

It is said of him that when hunger came to any lodge he gave of his own store. He married Sal-kow, a daughter of Te-i-as, one of the older sons of We-ow-wicht. The four sons of We-ow-wicht who had inherited the Yakima country from Ump-tan-um to Pis-co were all weak personalities, not able to cope with great undertakings, and did nothing to prevent their nephew's rise to power. The young men flocked to Ka-mi-akin, and as early as 1840 the greater portion of the Yakimas recognized him as their head man, with power extending from Nah-cheez to Tap-tat (Prosser).

At about this time he went to Ft. Vancouver to trade for cattle, which he drove to Yakima. This is said to have been the first herd to reach this valley. He showed good business sense in the importation of the cattle, and demonstrated his intelligence as a stockman by later purchases of cattle from emigrants to keep up the herd. With a few Nez Perces he obtained some cows from the first whites in exchange for horses in the Grande Ronde valley; and again traded horses for cattle with emigrants at The Dalles.

In 1847 he went to Walla Walla to ask for a Catholic priest for his tribe. Two Oblate fathers, E. C. Chirouse and Paschal Richard, were sent that same year to found a mission among the Yakimas, locating near Ka-mi-akin's village on the upper Ah-tan-um.

In this year occurred the Whitman massacre, which brought on what is known as the Cay-use war. When the Cay-uses learned that the Oregon volunteers were on their way to avenge the wanton murder of the mission people, they made frantic efforts to combine the different tribes in their defense, but failed. Ka-mi-akin refused to aid them, in the face of their threat to attack his own people.

Bad feelings existed, indeed, for some time between these two tribes. Skloom, a brother of Ka-mi-akin, foreseeing the likelihood of an attack, built a fort or entrenchment on Sim-co-e creek. The following year, a small band of Yakimas, on a visit to the Cay-use tribe, stole two young women and brought them home. Wily Skloom knew that this rash act would give the waiting Cay-uses their opportunity to act. Immediately he sent swift runners throughout the valley to tell the people to come at once to his fort. Scarcely were the Yakimas inside, when a large body of Cay-use warriors was seen approaching. A bitter two-days' fight ensued, in which three Cay-uses were killed and several wounded, while none of the Yakimas were so much as hurt. The Cay-uses gave up the fight and returned home; and this was the last of the troubles between these two tribes.

The Yakimas were blessed by their isolation from the main traveled route of the whites. The great thoroughfare of the fur traders was the Columbia river between Ft. Vancouver and the trading posts in the interior, while the emigrant road was well to the south, passing down the Columbia. In the earlier settlement of the west, therefore, the Yakimas seldom came in contact with the Shwe-yap-po (white man), and then only when they went on trading expeditions. The Indians did not resent the coming of the fur traders and were glad to exchange such skins as they had for needed articles which the traders carried. The missionaries, also, were well received and protected, since they came only to tell of the Great Spirit and point out the trail to the world beyond.

It was the Koo-ya-wow-culth (white settler) whom they did not want at all. He was the dreaded one. In the long ago, a few of their greatest prophets in visions had foretold the coming of these people, who would wrest from them their land. The Indians have ideas of right and wrong which, if crude, are at least worthy of respect. Even to some white people there has not seemed much justice in the methods by which the red man was made to give up land his by right of possession and inheritance. It is certain that no Indian has ever seen any justice in the Walla Walla treaty.

It is this attitude of protest which is so splendidly exemplified in the personality of Ka-mi-akin. His power seems to have struck even the man who did his best to match wits against him, Gov. Stevens. Speaking of the Yakima chief, as he appeared at the Walla Walla council, Stevens said: "He is a peculiar man, reminding me of the panther and the grizzly bear. His countenance has an extraordinary play, one moment in frowns, the next in smiles, flashing with light and black as Erebus the same instant. His pantomime is great and his gesticulation much and characteristic. He talks mostly in his face, and with his hands and arms."[*]

"Every inch a king," is the way Theodore Winthrop characterized the chief, whom he met at the Ah-tan-um mission in 1853 on the horseback trip through this country, of which he wrote in "The Canoe and the Saddle." "He was a tall, large man, very dark," writes Winthrop,[†] "with a massive square face and grave, reflective look. Without the senatorial coxcombry of Owhhigh, his manner was strikingly distinguished, quiet and dignified. He greeted the priests as a kaiser might a papal delegate. To me, as their friend, he gave his hand with a gentlemanly word of welcome. . . . Ka-mi-akin's costume was novel. Louis Phillippe, dodging the police as Mr. Smith, and adorned with a woolen comforter and a blue cotton umbrella, was unkingly and a caricature. He must be every inch a king who can appear in an absurd garb and yet look full royal. Kamaiakan stood the test. He wore a coat, a long tunic of fine green cloth. Like the irregular beds of a kitchen garden were the patches, of all shapes and sizes, combined to form this robe of ceremony. . . . Yet Kamaiakan was not a scarecrow. Within this garment of disjunctive conjunction he stood a chieftainly man. He had the advantage of an imposing presence and bearing, and above all a good face, a well-lighted Pharos at the top of his colossal frame."

The two characters that stood out most prominently in the war of 1855-8 were Gov. Stevens and Ka-mi-akin, men alike in many respects and direct opposites in others. The white man was strong, brilliant, ambitious politically, eager to build up the new territory which had been entrusted to him. The red man, with some of the same mental attributes, was ambitious rather for his people than himself, bending his energies to defeating any plan that might result in the enslaving of his tribe. Seeing clearly the meaning of the advance of white settlement, influenced perhaps by the prophecy of old Wa-tum-nah, which must have been many times repeated to him, in the thoughts and actions of a long life, he seems to have been a man of a wonderful consistency.

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[*] Life of General Isaac I. Stevens, by his son, Chapter XXIX, p. 38.

[†] The Canoe and the Saddle. Ed. by John Williams, Chapter XI, pp. 179-180.

CHAPTER III.

McCLELLAN'S EXPEDITION THROUGH THE YAKIMA COUNTRY IN 1853

Surveyors Bring Word of Coming of Governor Isaac Stevens—Indian Councils Held in the Grande Ronde, Oregon—Confederacy Formed to Resist Whites—Preparations for Walla Walla Council—Lawyer's Perfidy.

In 1853 Lieut. George B. McClellan arrived at Fort Vancouver with a party of men for the purpose of exploring the Cascade mountains in the interest of the Northern Pacific railroad. His main object was to find, if possible, a feasible pass through this range. He was under the immediate command of I. I. Stevens, who had recently been appointed governor for Washington territory and who was then on his way overland from the East with a force of men, viewing out a route for this same railroad and making treaties with the different Indian tribes with which he came in contact.

When McClellan left Fort Vancouver, Indian runners were dispatched to the Klickitats and Yakimas to notify the tribes of his coming. The first government equipped body of men to reach the Yakima country, it was regarded with suspicion. Skloom, a brother of Ka-mi-akin, was dispatched to the summit of the Cascades to meet the soldiers and learn of their intended movements and purposes. He returned with the additional information that Governor Stevens would be in their country the following year for the purpose of making a treaty with all the tribes; that the Great White Father at Washington, D. C., wished to buy their lands and open them up for white settlement. Nothing more startling or undesired from the Indian viewpoint could have been mentioned.

Upon his arrival at the Catholic mission on the Ahtanum, McClellan was met by Ka-mi-akin who, together with the priest, Father Pandosy, interviewed him both in regard to his own intentions and those of Gov. Stevens. Again, when McClellan was encamped on the Wenas during his exploring trip through the Nah-cheez pass, Ka-mi-akin visited him, and, immediately after, rode over to Ow-hi's home in the Kittitas valley to inform him of what he had learned. They made an arrangement that when the "white chief" (McClellan) reached Kittitas, Ow-hi should accompany him to Wen-at-sha (Wenatchee), with a view to confirmng what had already been reported and to gaining further information regarding the probable actions of Gov. Stevens. Ow-hi, accompanied by Quil-ten-e-nock, a brother of Sulk-talth-scos-um (Moses), did go on to Wenatchee with McClellan, and, a few days after his return home, rode to Ka-mi-akin's village on the Ahtanum to talk over the situation. The result of the conference was a decision to try to defeat any treaty with the Indians that Gov. Stevens might attempt to make.

Word went out to all the tribes of the Northwest that the Father in Washington, D. C., wanted their lands for the white men and that a great white chief was even now on his way out to buy them; and that, moreover, if they refused to sell, soldiers would be sent to drive them off and seize the lands. Such news naturally aroused the indignation of every tribe in Washington territory, creating a strong prejudice against Stevens, so that, upon his arrival, he was regarded with the suspicion that would attach to a man who had come to take from them their country. This was the situation at the beginning of 1854.

During the summer of that year Gov. Stevens met several head men of the different tribes, including Ow-hi, leader of what was then known as the Upper Yakima, extending from Nah-cheez river north to the headwaters of the Yakima. Stevens told him that he wished to hold a council with all the interested tribes in Eastern Washington and Eastern Oregon the following year to talk over the purchase of Indian lands. Ow-hi replied that the Indians did not want to sell and wished to be left alone. He was assured that, if the Indians would not sell, the whites would take the lands anyway and the Indians get no return; also, that if they refused to make a treaty with him, soldiers would be sent into their country to wipe them off the earth. Stevens requested Ow-hi to communicate this fact to the different chiefs, which he did without delay.

When the words of Stevens were repeated by Ow-hi to Ka-mi-akin, the latter had exclaimed: "At last we are face to face with those dreaded people, the coming of whom was foretold by the old medicine man, Wa-tum-nah, long ago. Pe-peu-mox-mox, who has been in California, says that the Indians there are fast dying off. I have traveled through the Willamette valley since its settlement by the whites and found only a sad remainder left of the once powerful Mult-no-mahs and Cal-a-poo-yas. So it will be with us, if we allow the whites to settle in our country. Heretofore we have allowed them to travel through unmolested, and we refused to help the Cay-uses in their war with them, for we wanted to live in peace and be left alone; but we have been both mistaken and deceived. Now, when that pale-faced stranger, Gov. Stevens, from a distant land, sends to us such words as you have brought me, I am for war. If they take our lands, their trails will be marked with blood."

Ka-mi-akin requested Ow-hi to bring to his village in two weeks Quil-ten-e-nock and Sulk-talth-scos-um (Moses). He then sent a courier to A-pash-wa-hi-icht (Looking Glass), war chief of the Nez Perces, to summon him to a meeting at the village of Pe-peu-mox-mox, near Wallula, at once. This done, he rode to the Catholic mission, St. Joseph, a few miles below on the Ahtanum to tell Father Pandosy of the message sent by Gov. Stevens. The priest replied: "It is as I feared. The whites will take your country as they have taken other countries from the Indians. I come from the land of the white man far to the East, where the people are thicker than the grass on the hills. While there are only a few here now, others will come with each year until your country will be overrun with them; your lands will be taken and your people driven from their homes. It has been so with other tribes; it will be so with you. You may fight and delay for a time this invasion, but you cannot avert it. I have lived many summers with you,* and baptised a great number of your people into the faith. I have learned to love you. I cannot advise or help you. I wish I could."

Mounting his horse, the chief rode back to the village. What passed through his mind at that time can only be surmised. Was it then that he worked out his plan for a confederacy of all the red men west of the Rocky mountains for a last stand against the hated white race?

With his brother, Skloom, and another trusted man, as well as a few extra horses, along, Ka-mi-akin then set out for the home of Pe-peu-mox-mox, where A-pash-wa-hi-icht, the Nez Perce, soon joined them. Here Ka-mi-akin repeated the words of Gov. Stevens, as told him by Ow-hi, and unfolded his plan for a confederacy of all the tribes from British Columbia to the southern boundary of Oregon, for the purpose of resisting, if it became necessary, the occupancy of their lands by the whites. Both of these influential chiefs gave their approval. After a day and night spent in consultation, a definite plan was agreed upon. A council should be called to meet in a month. The message from Gov. Stevens was to be spread broadcast and tribal councils called to select head men to attend the grand council. The meeting place was to be the Grande Ronde valley of Eastern Oregon, a rendezvous selected both because of its remoteness and in the hope that the Snake tribes might be induced to join. In order to keep the whites from learning of the proposed gathering, strict secrecy must be observed.

Couriers were sent speeding to the south at once to spread out among the different nations, while Skloom, with another Yakima, went to the Warm Springs, Des Chutes, Tyghes and Was-co-pams, with the intention also of visiting the Klickitats on their return to Yakima.

Ka-mi-akin returned to the Ahtanum alone. Shortly after, Ow-hi, Quil-ten-e-nock, Sulk-talth-scos-um and Qual-chan arrived in response to his summons and were informed of the result of his meeting with Pe-peu-mox-mox and Looking Glass. The Yakima chief urged them to busy themselves in the north, east and west, in the work Skloom was doing in the Des Chutes country and the couriers in the south.

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*See Chapter 27.

These bold men were pleased with the plan and eager for action. An understanding was soon reached. Quil-ten-e-nock and Sulk-talth-scos-um were to go north; Qual-chan to Puget Sound to meet Leschi and others who would look after that region; while Ka-mi-akin and Ow-hi would go east.

Well equipped with tough and wiry horses, and a few men along to look after them, they were soon on their respective ways, full of hope. To the head men of each tribe they dwelt on the menace in the words of Gov. Stevens and insisted that their only hope was to stand together. If soldiers were sent into any part of the Indian country and a battle fought, it should be the signal for a general uprising from every quarter.

The council which met in the Grande Ronde valley in 1854 was the most noted gathering of red men that had ever been seen in this vast territory. It lasted five days, during which speakers were heard from nearly every tribe. Only Hal-halt-los-sot (Lawyer) of the Nez Perces, Stic-cas of the Cay-uses and Garry of the Spokanes were in favor of making a treaty with Gov. Stevens and selling their lands. The Sho-sho-nees, as well as other tribes not directly interested in the treaty, said: "We have been for many years in almost constant warfare with the whites and are in a position to begin hostilities at any time. If you decide on war and begin to fight, let the signals flash from the mountain tops and we will do our part; but we will fight only in our own country." The Flatheads were not represented in this council, though many of them fought in the war later on. Lawyer and Stic-cas hung out strong for a council with Stevens, taking the view that if all were in a position to hear directly what the emissary of the whites had to say, war might, perhaps, be avoided; but they were much in the minority.

All of the interested chiefs, except these two, then met and concluded to mark the boundaries of the different tribes so that each chief could rise in council, claim his boundaries and ask that the land be made a reservation for his people. Then there would be no lands for sale, the council would fail, and the contention of Lawyer and Stic-cas, at the same time, be met. The boundaries were agreed upon as follows:

Ow-hi, for the Yakimas, Klickitats, Wick-rams and So-kulks, should have the territory extending from the Cascade falls of the Columbia river north along the summit of the Cascade mountains to the head of Cle-el-um, east by Mt. Stewart and the ridge of the We-nat-sha mountains north of the Kittitas valley, to the Columbia river and across to Moses lake, thence south to White Bluffs, crossing to the west side, and on down the Columbia to the point of beginning, including all of Klickitat, Yakima and Kittitas valleys.

To-qual-e-can, for the Wenatshas, that country north of Ow-hi's boundary to Lake Chelan and east as far as Grand Coulee.

In-no-mo-se-cha, for the Chelans, that country north as far as Methow, then east to Grand Coulee.

Su-cept-kain, for the Okanogans, all north of the Methow to the boundary of British Columbia with the Okanogan river for the east boundary. All of the above boundaries extended west to the summit of the Cascades.

To-nas-ket claimed for the Kettle Falls tribe of the Okanogans all that country between the Columbia river and the east bank of the Okanogan north to the boundary of British Columbia.

Chin-chin-no-wah, for the Colvilles, asked for the land east of To-nas-ket's boundary, including the Spokane and Colville valleys.

Lot, for his tribe of Spokanes, wanted the land east of that claimed by Chin-chin-no-wah to Spokane Falls.

Garry and Po-lat-kin, for their following of the same tribe, wanted that east of Lot's land from Spokane Falls to the summit of the Coeur d'Alene mountains and about twenty miles south of Spokane Falls and east of the Palouse country.

Sal-tes, for the Coeur d'Alenes, claimed that part known as the eastern portion of the Palouse country south of Garry's and Po-lat-kin's holdings, with the Snake river at Pen-e-wa-wa for the southern boundary.

Three Eagles asked for his band of Nez Perces the land south and east of Sal-tes' claim to the summit of the Bitter Root mountains and the north side of the Clearwater.

Looking Glass' and Lawyer's following of the same tribe claimed all lying south of Three Eagles' land, including Kah-i-ah, Craig mountain and Kamas prairie.

Joseph, for the Salmon River Nez Perces, spoke for the main Salmon and Little Salmon rivers and the headwaters of the Weiser, Payette and Willowa valleys.

Five Crows, of the Cay-uses, wanted the Grande Ronde valley, Umatilla and as far down the Columbia as John Day's river in Oregon.

The Warm Springs, Des Chutes, Was-co-pams and Ty-hes asked for the land from John Day's river to the Cascade falls of the Columbia and south along the summit of the Cascade mountains to Mt. Jefferson, then east to the John Day river and down that stream to the Columbia.

Thus a circle was completed, including practically all of the lands in Eastern Washington and a large portion of Eastern Oregon, thereby leaving no lands to treat for with Gov. Stevens. If Stevens now asked for a council, it was agreed that they should consent, but should give up no land.

The spirit of war was now thoroughly aroused; the fire smouldering ready for the first breeze to fan it into flame. During the winter of 1854, many councils and feasts were held among the tribes, at which the talk was all of war.

The leading spirit and master mind of this confederacy, Ka-mi-akin, with an endurance that seemed to have no limit, flew from tribe to tribe, dispensing that fiery eloquence so potent among the red men.

Reviving the memory of their wrongs, he said: "We wish to be left alone in the lands of our forefathers, whose bones lie in the sand hills and along the trails, but a pale-face stranger has come from a distant land and sends word to us that we must give up our country, as he wants it for the white man. Where can we go? There is no place left. Only a single mountain now separates us from the big salt water of the setting sun. Our fathers from the hunting grounds of the other world are looking down on us today. Let us not make them ashamed! My people, the Great Spirit has his eyes upon us. He will be angry if, like cowardly dogs, we give up our lands to the whites. Better to die like brave warriors on the battlefield, than live among our vanquishers, despised. Our young men and women would speedily become debauched by their fire water and we should perish as a race."

With such words he had no difficulty in holding the compact solid.

When the snow had left the valleys, but was yet hanging low on the hills, a small party of white men rode into Ka-mi-akin's camp on the south side of the Yakima river, a few miles below the present town of Zillah. The leader proved to be James Doty, sent out by Gov. Stevens to arrange with the various tribes for a grand council to be held May 20. The Yakima chief gave his consent to the plan, and named Pasha, a spot in the Walla Walla valley where now stands the city of Walla Walla, which was an ancient council ground, for the meeting. Doty also visited the Walla Wallas, Cay-uses and Nez Perces, all of whom agreed to hold the council where Ka-mi-akin had suggested.

The utmost effort was made by the Indians during the spring and summer to gather and store all the food possible. Every woman and girl was digging roots, while every man and boy was catching and drying salmon, as well as killing and curing meat. This activity continued throughout the season.

But from the time of the Grande Ronde council, there had been a subtle force at work to defeat the aims of the confederacy. The Nez Perce, Lawyer, had notified Indian Agent A. J. Bolon of this council and its purpose. Lawyer was a far-seeing, cunning and ambitious man. With the education and knowledge gained in travel, he was the best posted Indian in the Northwest in regard to the strength and power of the whites. He knew that the Indians could not cope with them in war and that the inevitable result would be the defeat and humiliation of the red man. By showing his friendship for the whites he thought to gain advantages for his own tribe and promotion for himself. Politician that he was, he played into the hands of the enemies of his race. White historians will applaud him, but from the standpoint of the Indian he was as much a traitor as were the Tories in the war for American independence. It turned out as he expected. By his perfidy he gained a larger reservation for his tribe and advancement for himself.

SPEARING SALMON—COLUMBIA RIVER

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL OF WALLA WALLA

Lawyer Alleges Discovery of Plot Against Stevens—Speeches from Many Tribes—Commissioners Decide on Third Reservation—Treaty Signed—Indians Relinquish Large Portions of Three Great States.

At last the time arrived to hold the great council at Walla Walla. Large bands of Indians from every tribe were constantly arriving from May 24 to May 28. Gov. Stevens and Indian Superintendent Palmer of Oregon,* with their escort of forty dragoons, under command of Lieut. Archibald Gracie, were already on the ground.

The Nez Perces were the first to appear, coming twenty-five hundred strong—men, women and children. Mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, which they sat like centaurs, they looked the part—wild warriors of the plains. Two days later the Cay-uses arrived, three hundred in all, their constant warfare with the Snakes keeping their numbers reduced. The Cay-uses were considered the fiercest fighters of all the tribes and they made their entry with the wild dash characteristic of their mode of war. With whoops and yells, they circled the camp of the governor and his party, displaying feats of horsemanship seldom equaled; then retired some little distance and went into camp.

Ka-mi-akin and Pe-peu-mox-mox reached the council ground on the twenty-eighth, with Yakimas and Walla Wallas numbering about a thousand in all. Without any display, they set about making camp. This done, the two head chiefs, accompanied by Skloom and Ow-hi, went to Stevens' tent and were offered tobacco, which they refused. As soon as Ka-mi-akin and Pe-peu-mox-mox saw the unexpectedly large number of Nez Perces, more warriors than all the other tribes combined, they realized that Lawyer's plan must temporarily disconcert their own.

The twenty-ninth was spent in preliminary organization, such as swearing in the interpreters, and making other needful arrangements. The next day, May 30, the Indians were invited to convene. About a thousand were present at the council, sitting about in a semi-circle, flat on the ground, which they termed their "mother's bosom." Half an hour was consumed in smoking, a ceremony which must precede all business with an Indian. A short address by Gen. Palmer then opened the council. Gov. Stevens next arose, making a long speech in which, in a painstaking way, he set forth the object of the meeting and what was desired of the Indians. At this time the commissioners contemplated only two reservations, one in the

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*Invited by Gov. Stevens because Oregon Indians were also affected by the treaties.

Nez Perce country for that tribe, together with Cay-uses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas; the other in the Yakima valley for the Yakimas, Klickitats, Palouses and other tribes. Two whole days were spent by the commissioners in long speeches on the various conditions of the treaty, and the prices offered by the government.

The third day (Friday), at the request of Young Chief of the Cay-uses, was given up for a holiday; but the Indians, who had heretofore indulged freely every evening in sports of all kinds, remained quietly in their camps, deliberating on the proposals of the commissioners. Next day, after some further talk upon the treaties, Gov. Stevens and Gen. Palmer urged the Indians to speak their minds freely. Several chiefs spoke briefly in opposition to parting with their lands, the speech of Pe-peu-mox-mox being a sarcastic arraignment of the whites and an intimation of his distrust of the commissioners; also his reluctance to accept goods in payment for the earth.*

At this juncture, Lawyer went to Gov. Stevens with information of a plot and a suggestion how it could be averted. Having become suspicious, he said, that mischief was brewing in the camp of the Cay-uses, he had sent a spy among them, who had found out that for several nights the Cay-uses had been considering the advisability of falling upon and massacreing all the whites on the council ground. They had, he said, on the day Young Chief asked for a holiday, definitely determined to strike as soon as the consent of the Yakimas and Walla Wallas could be obtained. This blow was to mark the beginning of a war of extermination against the pale-faces. The capture of the post at The Dalles was immediately to follow.

"I will come with my family," said Lawyer to Gov. Stevens, "and pitch my lodge in the midst of your camp, that the Cay-uses may see that you and your party are under the protection of the head chief of the Nez Perces."

Stevens asserts that Lawyer, by so doing, averted the danger to himself and his party. During my residence of fifty years among the Yakimas, I have talked with many old men who were present at the council, some of them prominent in their tribes. All claimed there was no foundation of truth to Lawyer's story and that the Yakimas and Walla Wallas heard of it only after Lawyer had moved his lodge to Stevens' camp, whereupon Ka-mi-akin, Pe-peu-mox-mox and Looking Glass went to the Nez Perce chief and accused him of having a forked tongue. Personally I am convinced that Lawyer was only playing the game to procure for his people a larger reservation than the other chiefs would get, and that his Cay-use story was "rot." In any event, he gained the end he sought.

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*The feeling of the Indian towards the earth was a part of his religion which makes still more understandable his reluctance to give up his lands. In his belief, the earth is the mother; light the father. He must not disrupt the mother's bosom by plowing, nor cut her hair (the grass). When he dies, his body returns to his mother earth, while his breath, or spirit, goes in a vapor to the father. The Indians felt that calamity would come upon them, if they should sell their mother.

It was not till Thursday, June 7, that the council got down to some show of business. Stic-cas, the Cay-use friendly to the whites, made a short speech, declaring his unwillingness to be removed wholly from his own country, saying that his heart was in one of three places, the Grande Ronde, the Touchet or the Tucanon.

It is unnecessary here to repeat in full the different speeches made by either party. A few extracts from Kip's report of the council will suffice to illustrate both sides impartially.

Gov. Stevens—My brothers, we expect to have your hearts today. Let us have your hearts straight out.

Lawyer, Nez Perce chief, after speaking of the story of Columbus as it had come to him from the missionaries, thus described the manner in which the tribes of the East receded at the approach of the whites: The red men traveled away farther; and from that time they kept traveling away farther as the white people came up with them. And this man's people (pointing to a Delaware Indian, who was one of the interpreters) are from that people. They have come on from the Great Lake where the sun rises, until they are near us now at the setting sun. And from somewhere in the center of that country came Lewis and Clark. That is the way the white people traveled and came on here to my forefathers. They passed through our country and became acquainted with our country and all our streams, and our forefathers treated them well, as well as they could; and from the time of Lewis and Clark we have known you, my friends; we poor people have known you as brothers.

Lawyer concluded by expressing his approval of the treaty, urging only that the whites should act towards them in good faith.

Gov. Stevens—We now have the heart of the Nez Perces through their chief. Their hearts and our hearts are one. We want the hearts of the other tribes through their chiefs.

Young Chief, Cayuse—I wonder if the ground has anything to say. I wonder if the ground is listening to what is said. The ground says, "It is the Great Spirit that placed me here to take care of the Indians and feed them right. The Great Spirit appointed the roots to feed the Indians on." The water says the same thing, "The Great Spirit directs me to feed the Indians well." The grass says the same thing, "Feed the horse and cattle." The ground, water and grass say, "The Great Spirit has given us our names, we have these names and will hold these names; neither the Indians nor the whites have a right to change these names." The ground says, "The Great Spirit has placed me here to produce all that grows on me, trees and fruit." The same way the ground says, "It was from me you were made; and you Indians who were given certain portions of the country should not trade it off, except you get a fair price." I am blind and ignorant. I have a heart, but cannot say much. This is the reason why the chiefs do not understand each other right and stand apart. Although I see your offer before me, I do not understand it and do not yet take it; I walk as in the dark and therefore cannot take hold of what I do not see. Lawyer sees and takes hold. When I come to understand your offers, I will take hold. I do not know when. This is all I have to say.

Five Crows, of the Walla Wallas—I will speak a few words. My heart is as Young Chief's.

Gen. Palmer—We know no chief among the Walla Wallas but Pe-peu-mox-mox. If he has anything to say we will be pleased to hear it.

Pe-peu-mox-mox—I do not know what is straight. I do not see the offer you have made the Indians. I never saw these things which are offered by the Great Father. My heart cried when you first spoke to me. I felt like I was blown away like a feather. Let your heart be to separate as we are and to meet another time. We will have no bad minds. Stop the whites from coming here until we can have another talk; let them not bring their oxen with them. The whites may travel in all directions through our country; we will have nothing to say to them, provided they do not build houses on our lands. Now I wish to speak about Lawyer. I think he has given his lands, that is what I think by his words. I request another meeting; it is not in one meeting only that we can come to a decision. If you come again with a friendly message from our Great Father, I shall see you again at this place. Tomorrow I shall see you again and tomorrow evening I shall go home. This is all I have to say.

Gen. Palmer—I want to say a few words to these people, but before I do, if Ka-mi-akin wants to speak, I would be glad to hear him.

Ka-mi-akin, Yakima chief—I have nothing to say.

Gen. Palmer—I would inquire if Pe-peu-mox-mox or Young Chief has spoken for the Umatillas. I wish to know further if the Umatillas are of the same mind.

Ow-hi—We are together and the Great Spirit hears all we say. The Great Spirit gave us the land and measured it off for us, and for this reason I am afraid to say anything about the land. I am afraid of the Great Spirit. Shall I steal the land and sell it? The Great Spirit made our friends, but the Great Spirit made our bodies from the earth, as if we were different from the whites. What shall I do? Shall I give the land which is part of my body and leave myself poor and destitute? Shall I say I will give you my lands? I cannot say so. I am afraid of the Great Spirit. I love my life. I have one more word to say. My people are far away. They do not know your words. I cannot give you an answer now. I show you my heart. This is all I have to say.

Gov. Stevens—How will Ka-mi-akin or Skloom speak?

Ka-mi-akin—What have I to talk about?

Gen. Palmer—We have listened and heard our chiefs speak. The hearts of the Nez Perces and ours are one. The Cay-uses, Walla Wallas and other tribes say they do not understand us. We were in hopes we should have but one heart. Young Chief says he does not know what we propose to him. Pe-peu-mox-mox says the same. Can we bring these saw mills, grist mills, shops, tents and wagons to you on our backs and show you people? Can we cause fields of wheat, corn and potatoes to grow up in a day that you may see them? Can we build these school houses and dwellings in a day? It takes time to do these things. We come to make a bargain with you, and whatever we agree to do, we will do. How long will these people remain blind? We come to try and open their eyes; they refuse the light. We try to do you good; you throw it away. We all sometimes do wrong because we have a bad heart or bad counsel. How long will you listen to this bad counsel and refuse to see the light? We have not come to steal your land; we offer you more than it is worth, because our Great Father told us to take care of the red people. We come to you with his message to try to do you good.

These extracts are specimens of the kind of talk that went on from day to day. All but the Nez Perces asked for a postponement, another meeting, but the "Iron Duke," Gov. Stevens, ably assisted by the crafty Lawyer, would brook no delay. What was the fate of these poor red people compared with a white man's ambition?

It certainly was a situation full of pathos, the reluctance of the Indians to abandon the old favorite grounds of their fathers and their impotent struggle against the overpowering influence of the whites. Gov. Stevens addressed the chiefs who had argued against the treaty in this manner:

"I must say a few words, my brothers. I have talked straight. Have all of you talked straight? Lawyer and his people have, and their business will be finished tomorrow. Young Chief says he is blind and does not understand. What is it that he wants? Stic-cas says his heart is in one of these places, the Grande Ronde, the Touchet, and the Tucanon. Where is the ear of Young Chief? Pe-peu-mox-mox says he cannot be wafted off like a feather. Does he prefer the Yakima to the Nez Perce reservation? We have asked him before, we ask him now, where is his heart? Ka-mi-akin, the great chief of the Yakimas, has not spoken at all; his people have no voice here today. He is not ashamed to speak? He is not afraid to speak? Then speak out! Ow-hi is afraid, too, lest God be angry at his selling his land. Ow-hi, my brother, I do not think God will be angry with you if you do the best for yourself and your children. Ask yourself this question tonight, "Will not God be angry with me if I neglect this opportunity to do them good? But Ow-hi says his people are not here. When, then, did he tell us, "Come, hear our talk?" I do not want to be ashamed of him. Ow-hi has the heart of his people; we expect him to speak out. We expect to hear from Ka-mi-akin and Skloom. The treaty will have to be drawn up tonight. You can see it tomorrow. The Nez Perces must not be put off any longer. The business must be dispatched. I hope all other hearts and ours will agree. They have asked us to speak straight, but we have yet to hear from you.

The council then adjourned until six o'clock the next morning.

"In the evening," Kip adds, "I rode over to the Nez Perce camp and found many of them playing cards in their lodges. The fate of the nations hanging by a thread did not deter them. They are inveterate gamblers, and a warrior will sometimes stake on successive games his arms, and horses, and even his wives; so that, in a single night, he is reduced to primitive poverty and obliged to trust to charity to be mounted for the hunt. In the other camps, everything was in violent confusion. The Cay-uses and other tribes were very much incensed against the Nez Perces for agreeing to the terms of the treaty, but, fortunately for us, the Nez Perces were as numerous as the others united."

Perceiving that their only hope of overcoming the opposition of the dissatisfied Indians lay in acting upon the suggestion of Stic-cas, the commissioners decided to offer a third reservation for the Cay-uses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas in their own country. The offer was made in council June 8, and explained in a lengthy speech by Gen. Palmer. Some other concessions of less moment were also made. All of the chiefs gave their consent to the treaties as modified, except Ka-mi-akin, who had maintained a sullen silence throughout the entire council and still obstinately refused to give the commissioners the slightest encouragement.

Just at the moment when the hopes of Stevens and Palmer were at their height and a successful termination of the business in hand seemed near, a new difficulty arose. A small party of Indians was seen approaching the encampment with much pomp and ceremony. Painted, armed, singing a war song and flourishing a scalp at the end of a pole, trophy of a recent combat, they came. The leader was discovered to be Looking Glass, war chief of the Nez Perces, who had long been absent in the buffalo country. He was not effusive in his greetings to the friends that gathered around him, and soon manifested his anger at their doings in a fierce speech, delivered from the saddle.

"My people," said he, "what have you done? While I was gone, you sold my country. I have come home and there is no place left where I can pitch my lodge. Go home to your lodges; I will talk with you."

Next day, in council, the influence of this old man was keenly felt. After Stevens had again explained the proposed treaty for his especial benefit, Looking Glass made a violent speech against the sale of the lands. The Cay-uses, ready to withdraw their assent, strongly supported him. So emphatic were their united assertions that he, Looking Glass, was head chief of the Nez Perces, that Lawyer retired to his lodge in apparent anger. After adjournment, the Nez Perces held a council among themselves, the Cay-uses doing the same. It was an excited gathering in the Nez Perce camp, and the council waxed warm, but, in the end, Lawyer was confirmed as head chief, with Looking Glass second in authority. Gov. Stevens was notified of the outcome and assured that the treaty would be signed.

Pe-peu-mox-mox and Ka-mi-akin, despite their unshaken opposition, signed their respective treaties June 9. I was later told by Chief Moses, Nan-num-kin and other Indians present at the council that after the adjournment of June 7, Ka-mi-akin and Pe-peu-mox-mox met in the latter's lodge for a long consultation and that, on the follwing night, they held another conference. What argument Pe-peu-mox-mox used to induce the iron man of the Yakimas to sign, I never learned.

The Nez Perces signed on the last day. In the council of June 11 Gov. Stevens simply said: "Today we meet for the last time. Your words have been pledged to sign the treaty. I call upon Lawyer to sign first."

Lawyer did so, followed by Looking Glass and the other chiefs, thereby ending, "in a most satisfactory manner," according to Stevens, the greatest council, all points considered, that had ever been held with the Indian tribes in the United States. In view of the difficulties among the tribes themselves, as well as old troubles with the whites, and their deep determination not to give up their lands, yet with the absolute necessity before the commissioners of opening the country to settlement—if possible, at a saving of the enormous expense in Indian wars and bloodshed—this council has never been equaled in the importance of results obtained.

The treaties negotiated at the Walla Walla council of 1855 provided for the surrender by the Yakimas of 29,000 square miles, including the present Chelan, Yakima, Kittitas, Franklin and Adams counties, with large portions of Douglas and Klickitat. From it was reserved only the Yakima Indian reservation, as known today, comprising less than 1,200,000 acres.

The Nez Perces relinquished territory out of which was formed a large part of Whitman, Garfield, Columbia and Asotin counties in Washington; Union and Wallowa counties in Oregon, and Nez Perce county in Idaho. They retained, however, a very large reservation, including not only the Nez Perce reserve, as it was before the opening of it, a few years ago, but also large tracts between the Alpowa and Snake rivers and the Wallowa valley. That the Wallowa valley was originally included in the reservation was due to old Chief Joseph; and it was the surrender of it in 1863, against the wishes of young Joseph, which eventually resulted in the Nez Perce war of 1877.

The Cay-uses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas, by their treaty, gave up the territory embracing Walla Walla county in Washington; Umatilla, Morrow, and parts of Union and Gilliam counties in Oregon. Their original reservation was but little larger than that now known as the Umatilla reserve.

For the whole vast area ceded, the Indians were to receive about $650,000, of which $200,000 was to be paid to the Yakimas in the form of annuities, with salaries, for head chiefs, of $500 per annum for twenty years, and concessions in the way of house, implements and tools.

The compensation for the Nez Perce land was the same. The Cay-uses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas were to receive $100,000, the head chiefs to get the same consideration as the Yakimas and Nez Perces. Pe-peu-mox-mox was wily enough to have his first annuity of $500 paid at the council, before the treaty was ratified, and was given a special concession of three yokes of oxen, one wagon, two plows, twelve hoes, twelve axes, two shovels, a saddle and bridle and set of plow harness, as well as a house and five acres of ground, and $100 a year for his son.

Thus, for a pittance, were these Indians compelled to give up their prior rights to a large portion of three great states, now so rich in resources. It was one of the many crimes of that century. All the Indians, with the exception of Lawyer and his immediate following, opposed the treaty. Many even of the Nez Perces did so, as was proved later when large numbers of this tribe took part in the war which followed. The speech of Pe-peu-mox-mox voiced the general sentiment of the Indians when he asked for a postponement, to permit them further consideration on so important a matter. It was no idle affair with them. It meant giving up their birthright; land which they believed theirs by every lawful right. Were they not entitled to more consideration than they received at the hands of Gov. Stevens, who seems to have been carried away by the one idea of obtaining their signatures to his documents, overlooking the more important question whether the Indians were satisfied with the result of the council? It should have been easy to see that they were not. Every word and act showed their resentment.

Would it not have been the wiser plan to accede in part to their wishes, to permit them to depart and return for another council? In this way he might have inspired confidence, overcoming much of the distrust and prejudice against him caused by his reported words that "if they refused to sell, soldiers would be sent to wipe them off the earth." What proud people would not resent such a threat?

With delay, the confederacy of the tribes, already formed, would have fallen through. History has repeatedly shown this to be the case. If any outbreaks did occur, they would have been tribal merely. To criticise Gov. Stevens does not help matters, but one who knows the Indian nature, who has witnessed the result of the treaty on the moral and physical welfare of the red man, must be blind, indeed, to justice, if he agrees that the treatment accorded to the Indians at the Walla Walla council was fair. The only excuse to be offered for the governor is his ignorance of Indian nature, which no one can question, in view of his statement, "The council ended in a most satisfactory manner." Could he not read the dark, sullen looks and stolid indifference shown by the most powerful chiefs at the latter end of the meeting? The council had only served to make the compact between the tribes more solid. The Indians rode away to their homes full of anger and resentment.

As a matter of fact, after Looking Glass had failed in his efforts to keep the Nez Perces from signing the treaty, there was held between himself, Pe-peu-mox-mox, Ka-mi-akin, Ow-hi and Young Chief a conference to determine on a course to pursue. They doubted Stevens' sincerity, after his refusal to grant the request for another council. He was put down as an enemy of their race, and, being savages who have only one line of treatment for their enemies, they determined to prepare for war. It was agreed that, if soldiers were sent into the country of the treaty tribes, and a battle fought, it should be the signal for a general uprising.

THE SCOUTS

CHAPTER V.

DIRECT CAUSES OF THE WAR OF 1855-1856

The Chiefs' Council—First Bloodshed by Qual-chan—Death of Indian Agent Bolon—Father Pandosy's Letter of Warning — The Mormons' Delegate to the Yakimas.

An immediate result of the treaty making at the Walla Walla council was to intensify the already warlike feeling that had been kindled when Lieut. George B. McClellan's expedition passed through the Yakima and Okanogan countries nearly two years before, creating an unrest in every tribe throughout the Pacific Northwest. Up to now, people passing through the territory of those tribes represented in the treaty had been unmolested; but soon after this, travelers were murdered along the trails of the border. The crisis was near at hand.

About a month after his return from the Walla Walla council, Ka-mi-akin sent for Ow-hi, Te-i-as and Qual-chan of the upper Yakima; Quil-ten-e-nock and Sulk-talth-scos-um of the Sin-ki-use or Ko-wah-chins, sometimes called Isle-de-Pierres, from the place afterwards known as Rock Island, on the Columbia river; also So-happy of the Wi-nah-pams (Priest Rapids tribe). All were asked to meet him in council at his village on the Ah-tan-um in the Yakima valley.* On their arrival he said:

"When we last met in Walla Walla after the great council, we were of one heart. Are we of the same heart today? Te-i-as and So-happy were not there, but the remainder of you were. Since that time I have been among the Walla Wallas and the Nez Perces and have talked with Pe-peu-mox-mox and Looking Glass. They are of the same heart. More white men are passing through our country now than ever before. They will look upon our grass-covered hills and begin to build their houses among us. What of us then? We will become like the tribes in Willamette valley, a degraded people. Let us stop their coming, even if we must fight. You are all brave men and most of you great chiefs. Let me know your hearts."

Ow-hi-arose and said, "I do not want to fight the Shwe-yap-pos (whites). I want to be let alone; but if they come to settle in my country, or send soldiers among us, I am for war."

Te-i-as, brother of Ow-hi, spoke thus, "I do not like to talk of spilling blood in our land. Our old men and women cannot follow us on the war path, but must fall along the trails. We had better be friends with these people than go to war and lose all."

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*Present Tampico, now known as the A. D. Elgin ranch.

The next to give his opinion was So-happy, who said, "I have been among the whites and they have always treated me well. If we go to war, we cannot win, for I have been in their country and they are thicker than the leaves on the trees. You may kill them, but when one dies, ten will come in his place. I will not join in war."

Quil-ten-e-nock was not so peacefully inclined. "I am a tried warrior," he said, "and have fought the whites whenever opportunity offered. I fought with the Cay-uses in their war against them in 1847 and have taken some of their scalps. I hate the race. I am the son of the great Talth-scos-um. The blood of warriors runs in my veins. If we do not kill the white man, he will take our lands and no place will be left to pitch our lodges. The white man's plow will disturb the bones of our people. If our fathers could speak to us, they would say 'Fight!' "

He was followed by his brother, Moses. "My brother has spoken my heart," said Moses, "and I agree with Ka-mi-akin that it is time to fight. I believe Gov. Steven's has a forked tongue. This country belongs to us and not to the white man. Why do we have to give up our lands to the pale faces? We were born here. Our people are buried on the hillsides and in the valleys. Strangers from a far-off land, what right have they to tell us to move on? We were here first and here I want to remain, for it has been the home of our forefathers since the beginning of time. We have plenty, our horses graze on many hills, the streams are full of fish, the hills of roots, and the mountains of berries and game. If we give up our country to the white man, we will be poor and hungry. Let Ka-mi-akin decide."

Then arose Qual-chan, son of Ow-hi, the bravest and most desperate fighter of the Northwest. "I am not a chief," he said, "only a plain warrior. What the chiefs decide, I am ready to do. Let Ka-mi-akin decide. We are listening."

Ka-mi-akin sat long, looking into the fire that was smouldering in the council lodge, his brow dark, his face stern and sullen. Then he turned his eyes towards the heavens where the stars shone through the top of the great lodge. At last the words came slowly and distinctly, "If the soldiers come into our country, we will fight. Let us send men to the mountain passes to warn the white men to go back, to cease traveling through our country. If they refuse; if they persist in coming, why, kill them and let us fight if we must. We will fight the soldiers, if sent into our country, and flash the signal fires from mountain top to mountain top; and blood will flow in every part of this country. Gov. Stevens will yet learn who Ka-mi-akin is!"

Accordingly men were sent to the Nah-cheez and Sno-qual-mie passes, the principal routes of travel for the whites from Puget Sound, to serve notice on them to stop coming. Many were at this time passing through the Yakima country to the Colville mines, recently discovered. These miners were warned to go back, though only a few obeyed, most of them continuing, heedless, on their way.

Ka-mi-akin went at once to Pe-peu-mox-mox and Looking Glass to inform them of this council and the course agreed upon; which met their approval. Quil-ten-e-nock went among the Wenatshas, Chelans, Okanogans and other tribes to the north. He was well equipped by nature to arouse the warlike spirit of the red men. Skloom, tall, dark, a warrior of great force, was sent among the Was-co-pams, Wich-rams and Warm Springs tribes to the south. The fierce Qual-chan again went west of the mountains to notify Leschi, Stehi and others of the recent decision.

Leschi* was to the Puget Sound Indians what Ka-mi-akin was to the tribes east of the mountains. Like an iron man, he flew from tribe to tribe, night and day continuing his harangue about the wrongs inflicted on the red man by the white.

"The pale faces have begun at the rising sun," he said, "and driven the red men to the Big Salt Lake; and now, still hungry for more, they are going to take the balance of our country and send us to distant lands of the midnight darkness where we will never again see the light; and where the streams are too foul for fish to live in them. Yet must we drink of this water."

He was no mean orator and his words aroused the warlike spirit as never before. The whole Pacific Northwest became a slumbering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment.

Ka-mi-akin extended his trip to the Palouses, Spokane and Coeur d'Alenes. With his fiery eloquence, he stirred the feelings of these tribes to the fighting pitch and they declared themselves ready for war. Looking Glass of the Nez Perces entrusted to the Yakima a war horse, together with all the appropriate trappings, saying, "Take this horse and equipment and present them to the bravest man you know. Tell him they come from a tried warrior who expects to hear from him."

Towards the last of August, 1855, Qual-chan appeared at the lodge of Ka-mi-akin and related the results of his trip to Puget Sound; reporting, also, that regardless of the warnings, white men were continuing to travel through the country. Ka-mi-akin called for the war horse which Looking Glass had given him and bestowed it upon Qual-chan, repeating the Nez Perce warrior's admonishment, and adding, as a further incentive to action, "I have thought of all the braves and counted you the bravest. Take the horse, and do as you are bidden."

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*The following was found in the private papers of Charles H. Eaton, who had married a sister of Leschi, and Leschi's statement to Eaton was like a confession. It says Leschi did not intend to commit any crime on the west side of the mountains, but when he arrived on White River he found Ka-nas-ket and party all for war, and it was they that excited him into the murder on White River. He was in company with Tonasket, Kitsap, Sugrea and others, but took no part. Some were in favor of saving a captured woman, but Sugrea would not listen to that kind of war, drew his gun and shot her through the thigh, and Nelson fired the shot that killed her. Leschi was engaged in the murder of McCallester, but it was Tow-a-pite that shot him with two balls. This statement was taken down by Charles H. Eaton in 1855 or '6, and is now in the hands of Mark Wilcox, a descendant of Charles H. Eaton and Leschi and living on the reservation side of Ahtanum Creek, near North Yakima, Wash.

The animal was a grand specimen; the accoutrements consisted of a buckskin shirt covered with elks' teeth, beated buckskin leggings and moccasins, a tomahawk and pipe combined, a long knife, rifle and pistol, and a war bonnet consisting of a long plume of eagle feathers reaching nearly to the ground. There were also beaded buckskin ornaments and eagle feathers with which to deck the horse. Qual-chan was justly proud. It was the finest outfit ever seen in this part of the country.

A few days after receiving his finery, he paid a visit to the small but important tribe inhabiting the Kwi-wy-chas (now known as the Cowiche valley) of which Sko-mow-wah was head man. As he descended the hill onto the plain, Qual-chan went at full speed to attract the people's attention. Indeed, he could scarcely have escaped notice at an ordinary gait, so decorated was his distinguished person with magnificent trappings. When he was recognized, some of the weaker men took to cover, in fear for their lives. Qual-chan had been known to kill an ordinary Indian as mere pastime, to whet his appetite for blood.

Dashing into the encampment, he dismounted and was met by E-ne-as, who invited him into his lodge, where food was placed before him. The wife of E-ne-as, a daughter of Tuch-noo-num, was an aunt of the visitor. After finishing his meal, the warrior told them he had just come from Ka-mi-akin's lodge, and that his regalia was a gift from Looking Glass. Of the message accompanying the gift, he spoke also, adding that he would begin action against the whites the first time he came upon any passing through.

In the lodge at this time was Wi-en-ash-et, half-brother to Qual-chan, who, on hearing these words, reproved him, saying,

"I have for the first time to know that a son of Ow-hi has the heart of a coyote; that one would allow Ka-mi-akin to make a tool of him. I have no liking for the white men, but to kill them for no other reason than that they pass through our country will do our people harm."

Qual-chan, stung by the rebuke, at once became enraged. Springing to his feet, he drew his knife, but was no quicker than Wi-en-ash-et, who stood ready, with his own knife uplifted. E-ne-as, knowing his men, lost no time in jumping between them.

"Brothers must not spill each other's blood," he said.

Like tigers brought to bay, they stood, eyeing each other; then slowly put away their knives.

Qual-chan mounted his horse and rode away towards the Nah-cheez river, where he picked up five relatives of his, Ap-po-len-i, Soh-tel-ah, Sim-mi-en, Tul-i-tu and Tam-tu-ah-an, who went along with him towards their home in the Kittitas valley. Reaching the We-nas creek at the spot where now stands the home of John

Cleman, they spied on the trail leading down the stream, tracks of shod horses. Sure that this meant a party of white men, Qual-chan proposed that they follow and kill them. The plan was agreeable to the others. Soon they overtook six white men, almost at the ford on the Yakima river near the present dam of the Cascade Mill company.

Both parties stopped for a short talk, after which the white men started on. As they reached the banks of the river, ready to ford, the Indians fired, killing four. The other two plunged into the stream and made their way to the opposite shore, but lost their fire arms in the river. Rendered thus helpless, they could offer no resistance to the Indians, who crossed and soon dispatched them. Thus did Qual-chan begin the fulfillment of his oath.

Taking the horses and outfit of their victims, he and his companions went on their way, full of lust for blood, chanting their dreadful war song, reaching their homes that evening.

That day's work is yet fresh in the minds of the Indians. It may be a matter of satisfaction to white settlers to know that the leader and two of his companions were afterwards hung, while the other two were shot.

After comparing several reports published since, I have come to the conclusion the men killed at the ford of the Yakima were Jamison, Walker, Cummings, Huffman and Fanjoy. Reports from the west side speak of five men killed in the Nah-cheez, but the Indians have no story of any such killing in the Nah-cheez and I assume that the party wiped out by Qual-chan and his companions at the Yakima ford is the one meant.

News of this wholesale slaughter soon spread among the tribes. Qual-chan immediately became a hero. Blood having been spilled, like hungry beasts the Indians craved more and more. Small wonder that they lost no opportunity to trail a victim and rejoice in his writhing. Not long afterward, Mow-mo-nash-et, known later as Charley Nasen, with another Wenatsha Indian, killed two white men on the hills north of the Ump-tan-um, about two miles below the point where the old Durr wagon road crossed that stream. In 1871 Bayless Thorp, while hunting cattle, came upon the skulls of two white men, one with a bullet hole in it. The place where he found them answered to the location described to me by Charley Nasen when he told me of the killing, and his description of the men leads me to believe that they were Mattice and Eaton, who disappeared in that vicinity about that time.

But the murder which precipitated the war was that of Indian Agent A. J. Bolon, a man known both among the Indians and whites as brave and honest. It took me years to ferret out the manner of his death. Even today the old blanket men are ashamed of this deed and refuse to discuss it. The blame for the murder of Agent Bolon has hitherto been placed at the door of Ka-mi-akin or Qual-chan;* but as a matter of fact neither of these men knew that Bolon had been in the vicinity until told of his death by the father of the man who was responsible for it. Ka-mi-akin had much to answer for, but not this.

Bolon was near The Dalles, on his way to meet Gov. Stevens at Spokane, when word reached him from miners returning to the Sound, of the murders committed by Qual-chan and his companions. He concluded to change his route, going to Colville via the Yakima country in order to visit Ka-mi-akin on the Ah-tan-um and learn the facts in this matter. He traveled alone, at his own desire, leaving the Dalles Sept. 20, 1855, and following the trail which the government later built into the wagon road to Ft. Sim-co-e. At Toppenish creek, a few miles from the present Ft. Simcoe, he came upon the lodge of Ice, or Show-a-way, a younger brother of Ka-mi-akin, to whom he explained his mission.

Ice told him to mount and return to The Dalles at once; that if he went on further, he would surely be killed, and that it would be useless to see Ka-mi-akin. Ice and Bolon were friends of some standing. The Indian admired the white man. The agent had visited him before, and, in the time of huckleberry picking in the mountains, had joined in the Indian sports.

Acting on Ice's advice, Bolon started back over the trail, camping that night in the Sim-co-e mountains. He made an early start the next morning, doubtless expecting to reach The Dalles that same day. Rain, which had begun in the night, was continuing to fall.

The day previous, only a short time before Bolon had arrived at Ice's camp, Me-cheil, a son of Ice, with a few companions and some horses, had left camp by another trail, en route for the fisheries above The Dalles to trade for dried salmon. They, too, slept that night in the Sim-co-e hills, breaking camp early next day. Going at an easy pace until they reached the intersection of their trail with that used by Bolon, they discovered the fresh shod-horse tracks going in the direction of The Dalles. Knowing full well that the traveler was a white man, Me-cheil with two Indians began a pursuit. They were not long in overtaking the agent, who, having recent evidence of the friendliness of Me-cheil's father, was probably not alarmed. They had traveled together for a few miles, before Me-cheil quietly suggested to his companions that they kill Bolon for fear he might tell what he knew about Qual-chan's deeds. The other two agreed to help.

When, coming to a dry windfall, Me-cheil proposed that they build a fire and warm themselves, Bolon assented readily. Standing about the fire, which was built at a short distance from the road, the agent, for a moment turned his back upon the Indians. Wap-pi-wap-pi-clah, a powerful fellow, sprang at once, pinning Bolon's arms to his side, so that he was rendered helpless. Stok-an-chan threw back his head and cut his throat. They put the murdered man, together with his horse and saddle, into the fire, leaving only ashes to tell the story of their foul deed.

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*By Bancroft's History as well as Snowden's.

Ice cried when he learned that his own son had been the cause of his friend's death. His feelings were shown at the council which was held shortly after to decide what course to pursue should troops be sent in to avenge the crime. Ice voted to give up the murderers, declaring that he would not protect his son for such a deed; but Ka-mi-akin replied that they "had no children to give to the whites to hang." Ice was altogether sincere in his warning given to Bolon. He did not know that his son had gone the same way. All the Indians have told me this was the case; and during a half century spent among the Indians, I have heard only praise for Bolon.

The military authorities had had ample warning of the dangerous state of unrest among the Indians. Father Pandosy had written from St. Joseph's mission, on the Ah-tan-um, to Father Mesplie at The Dalles under date of April, 1854, "A chief from the upper Nez Perces had killed thirty-seven cattle for a feast, to unite the hearts of the Indians for war against the Americans. Throughout the whole winter, I have heard such reports, that the Nez Perces and Cay-uses have united for war. During the spring of 1854 the Cay-uses gave a similar feast and it was there agreed that all the Indians on the north or left bank of the Columbia were to assemble at Simcoe; those on the right or south bank were to assemble with the Cay-uses, for they believe the whites are going to make war on them and take their lands."

This news was given to Maj. Alvord at The Dalles and by him communicated to Gen. Hitchcock. Both Alvord and Pandosy were set down as alarmists; information so authentic as this was passed over carelessly, and many lives lost through indifference.

Another contributing cause to the war, not generally understood, but of some weight, was the Mormons. At a council held at about this time at the lodge of Ka-mi-akin, then encamped at Sim-co-e, there was present a Bannock Indian who claimed that he was sent out by the Mormons of Salt Lake to arouse the Indians against the whites. He said that, far to the east, in a desert country, there lived a white race that controlled the sun; and that he had lived among them and talked with them. These people had sent him there to tell about them and that they could strike dead anybody at any distance. They made powder and muskets and were friends of the Indians, while the Americans were their enemies. He said they wanted the Indians to kill all the whites in their land, and that they would furnish arms and ammunition.

That the Mormons did sell the Indians the means of making war, there can be little doubt, for Capt. B. F. Shaw found among the Walla Wallas and Cay-uses, muskets and powder balls with the Mormon brands on them.

Much anxiety was felt at The Dalles when Bolon did not return in a reasonable time. Nathan Olney, sub-Indian agent, who knew much of Indian character, had his suspicions regarding conditions in the Yakima valley. He sent a Des Chutes chief to Ka-mi-akin as a spy, who soon returned with the much sought information. As soon as the facts were known, Maj. Rains, who regarded Ka-mi-akin and Pe-peu-mox-mox as the leaders most to be dreaded, ordered Maj. Haller, who was at The Dalles, to proceed with eighty-four men to the Yakima country to co-operate with a force sent out from Ft. Steil-a-coom under command of Lieutenant Slaughter.

INDIAN VILLAGE

CHAPTER VI.

HOSTILITIES IN THE YAKIMA COUNTRY

Haller's Campaign—Battle at Toppenish Creek—Lieut. Slaughter's Retreat—Fight at Union Gap.

Ka-mi-akin, who was expecting such a turn of affairs, had collected a considerable force and gone into camp on the Toppenish creek. Runners had been sent out in all directions to call in the more distant Indians, some going even up into the mountains where many of the fighting men were hunting while the women gathered huckleberries. Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock were not far off with a band of warriors moving towards Ka-mi-akin's camp. Qual-chan had gone to Kittitas, Nah-cheez and We-nas to gather all the forces available.

The evening of October 3, a lone Indian rider burst into Ka-mi-akin's camp with the news that soldiers had crossed the Columbia at The Dalles that morning and were even now on their way to fight the Yakimas. Signal fires were ordered lighted from the tall peaks; couriers dispatched to Qual-chan and others with instructions to hurry in all the fighters; and scouts posted at various points to report the progress of the soldiers.

The expected had happened. Soldiers were about to invade the Indian country and war would become general. Every precaution which they could devise had been made by the Indians to check the invaders. It was the last trump card they had to play, and they meant to play it for all it was worth.

At noon, two days later, the last scout came in, reporting the soldiers only a few miles away from the ford of the Toppenish, a point where, later, the military road from The Dalles to Ft. Sim-co-e crossed that stream. About three hundred warriors had been ordered to conceal themselves in the brush and rocks along the creek to dispute the crossing.

It is claimed by the Indians that Ka-mi-akin intended to ask Haller to retire and only if he refused, to attack him; but that, when the command had come within a short distance of the stream, some Indians showed themselves and were fired upon. Haller contends that the Indians fired first. However, that may be, the fight was on. Beginning about 3 p. m., October 5, it raged till dark. In the encounter two Indians were wounded, both having fallen at the first volley. Quas-ha-lem-i lay where he fell till night came on, then managed to crawl to the Indian camp; while Spe-ah-han, after sinking to the ground, got up and ran, through a hail of bullets, making his escape.

With daylight, the fight was resumed with great fierceness, but the Indians could make no headway against the stubborn band of soldiers. Towards noon, the red men began to weary. Ka-mi-akin's stentorian voice could be heard above the noise of battle, urging his braves to stand, promising them that Qual-chan would soon be there with re-inforcements. Despite his efforts, however, some were beginning to skulk away.

Realizing that they could not drive back the soldiers with their present exhausted force, Ka-mi-akin had some time before sent his swiftest rider to tell Qual-chan to make haste or the battle would be lost. That warrior had set out from the Selah valley with two hundred men and had reached Pah-ho-ta-cute (Union Gap) when he was met by the courier with the news of the hard fighting. The march at once became a race. On flew the band of braves like a whirlwind over the desert.

Ka-mi-akin had stationed an Indian on the table rock east of the battle ground, to signal when he saw the dust from the re-inforcements. It came just as the Indians were giving way. Haller had forced them across the creek to the north side. Ka-mi-akin's voice was no longer able to hold them together, though Quil-ten-e-nock and Skloom, with their followings were still fighting stubbornly. Almost in despair the chief looked towards the hill whence news must come; and at that moment, the signal was given. Re-inforcements were in sight. Riding along the line of battle, he cried out, "Qual-chan is coming! Hold your ground!"

Now the war whoop from the oncoming reds could be heard; soon the two hundred thundered into sight. At their head rode Qual-chan, the Murat of his tribe, while close on his heels was the fiery E-ne-as. Ka-mi-akin, worn and haggard, rode up to his cousin and said, "My people and I are exhausted. Go in!" And in went the two hundred red devils, meeting the soldiers at the creek and fighting them desperately until nightfall. Haller was driven back, leaving most of his pack mules and provisions. The Indians did not profit by this as much as they might; for they feared that the food was poisoned and burned it up.

As darkness came on, the Indians drew off to eat and sleep, leaving Haller to move back into possession of the battle ground of the day. He, like Ka-mi-akin, perceived the need for re-inforcements and by means of a Was-co Indian known as Cut-mouth John, sent a message to The Dalles. John, mounted on Haller's favorite "siskiyou" (bob-tail) horse, a noted Indian racer which he had captured in the Snake country during a previous campaign, made his way undiscovered past the Indian sentinels and sped swiftly on his mission.

Next morning the combined Indian forces, led by Qual-chan, attacked Haller with energy, pushing him back to an eminence which they surrounded. He was forced to remain there all day with his dead and wounded, and without food or water. With the situation thus splendidly in hand, the Indians, at night, relaxed their vigilance, believing that all they had to do was to go in, next morning, and finish their work. But in the darkness Haller made his escape. It was not until nearly daylight that it was found the bird had flown. Far up the mountain, on the trail leading to The Dalles, a blazing tree top told of the enemy's whereabouts. The soldiers were burying their cannon and all the impedimenta they could not carry.

Some 250 Indians at once set out in pursuit, harrassing the retreat until the Sim-co-e mountains were crossed; killing some of the soldiers and wounding others.

The Indian casualties in the encounter with Haller's men were two killed—Kas-la-hama and Po-hipe; four wounded and one, Tow-tow-na-he, captured.

Two white men, Ferguson and Ives, who were following up Haller's force with beef cattle, narrowly escaped with their lives and made their return to the settlements only after much hardship. Twenty Indians set upon them, taking the cattle and wounding one of the men. As the attack was at dusk, they were able to secrete themselves in the brush until the darkness made it safe to travel. Daylight showed the Indians still near and again they hid, this time in a bunch of logs, continuing their journey at night. Once more the Indians discovered and fired upon them. This time, in making their escape, they became separated. Ferguson did not get back to The Dalles for two weeks, arriving starved, wounded and exhausted.*

Thus ended Haller's campaign against the Yakimas. He and his men fought well. The stubborn endurance and bravery of the little band make it deserving of a place in the history of Indian warfare. His losses were eight killed and seventeen wounded. The soldiers met their re-inforcements in the Klickitat valley, Cut-mouth John having delivered his message; but it was decided not to return.

During the hottest part of the last day's fight on the Toppenish, an Indian rider had brought to the battlefield information that a force of soldiers under command of Lieut. Slaughter had left Steil-a-coom by way of the Nah-cheez pass to attack the Indians in the rear. Now that Haller was on the retreat, it was thought that 250 warrious would be sufficient to follow him; so Qual-chan was dispatched, with an equal number, to meet Lieut. Slaughter.

Qual-chan camped in the Selah valley long enough to procure the supplies of salmon and roots which were cached there; and while there a couple of Indian scouts from the Nah-cheez pass brought him word that the soldiers would cross the summit that day. Early morning found the Indians on their way up the Nah-cheez river to meet the enemy, a small party of scouts in advance. Te-i-as, an uncle of Qual-chan, was eager to go ahead with the scouts, and Qual-chan, who was doubtful of the old man's discretion, finally consented, against his better judgment. When the scouts arrived at a prominent rocky point of mountain where the trail leaves the river to the north, now known as Edgar rock, two Indians, riding in advance, discovered a white man coming along the trail from Puget sound. Returning to the main body of scouts to report, it was decided to secrete themselves in the rocks and await the approach of the lone horseman. As he came into sight, making his way down the narrow trail, they silently rose and surrounded him. He was recognized as an Indian trader, named Edgar. Being entirely familiar with Indian character, having, indeed, married a niece of Te-i-as, Edgar exclaimed, in pretended astonishment, "What man among you would kill the husband of a descendant of We-ow-wicht?"

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*The writer later became acquainted with Ferguson and heard him relate his story.

Te-i-as approached him, to ask what he was doing on the trail at this time. The white man replied that he was on his way to warn them that soldiers were crossing the divide to attack them. Old Te-i-as, afraid that if Qual-chan met the messenger, he would have him killed, advised him to return to the west side at once. What is more, the simple old fellow gave him the news of Haller's defeat and the purpose of the present expedition.

Edgar was glad to take his relative's advice, for he had obtained quite all the information he was after. No sooner was he out of sight of the Indians, than he put spurs to his horse and flew back to Lieut. Slaughter, for whom he was acting as guide and scout. In view of Haller's retreat, Slaughter lost no time in beginning the return march, keeping it up all night.

When Qual-chan, coming up with the main force of warriors, learned what had transpired, he was furious. He instantly ordered Te-i-as to mount his horse and join the old men and women in the Kittitas valley, remaining with them until the end of the war. With all possible speed, the war party hastened on after the soldiers, but at the summit a Nisqually Indian informed them that Slaughter's men were well down towards the settlements, so it was decided to go no further. Qual-chan returned, disgusted with his uncle, and swearing vengeance on Edgar, who had tricked them; a vengeance which some Indian carried out shortly after, for the marked man was killed.

These activities of the Indians served at last to arouse both the military authorities and citizens in general. Several companies of mounted volunteers were raised in Oregon and Washington and sent at once to the seat of war, reaching The Dalles in time to join Maj. G. J. Rains who, October 30, 1855, began his march into the Yakima country with 350 soldiers. The volunteers with him were William Strong's mounted company from Clark county, Washington; and Robt. Newel's thirty-five men from Champoeg, Oregon. Four days later, Maj. Rains was further reinforced by four companies of Oregon mounted volunteers under Col. J. W. Nesmith, making his force, in all, over 700 men.

They reached the Toppenish November 7. The Indians had word of their approach, and had decided to give battle at what is now known as Union Gap, on the Yakima, just below the mouth of the Ah-tan-um creek, where they had gathered a force not to exceed 300 warriors. Many of the Indians who had fought against Haller had gone over to help Pe-peu-mox-mox, who was expecting an invasion of his country.

There were many noted chiefs in this battle at the gap, including Ka-mi-akin, Skloom, Ice, Ow-hi and Qual-chan of the Yakimas; Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock of the Ko-wah-chins, and Lot of the Spokanes. Prominent among the fighters were Lo-kout and Penah, young sons of Ow-hi; E-ne-as, a Yakima, and Nan-num-kin, an Entiat, son-in-law of Ow-hi.

Most conspicuous among the fighters on the other side, by reason of his later prominence, was P. H. Sheridan, then a young lieutenant, seeing in this Indian war his first active service.

In this battle at Union Gap, these Indians met for the first time the bugle and the howitzer. They were not long left in doubt of the meaning of the former; and the latter seriously interfered with their defense, putting out of business, almost at the start, some stone breast works which had been built in the narrow defile on the west bank of the river. When the big gun scattered the stones in all directions, the Indians took to the brush for protection, a move better suited, anyway, to their mode of warfare.

The families and old men of the tribe, with their livestock, were, for the most part, camped in the Selah and Wenas valleys, though a goodly number were in the Mok-see near the battlefield, indicating how certain the Indians felt of defeating Maj, Rains as they had Haller. But this was a larger force than they had reckoned upon; larger than they had ever met. Then, too, the mounted volunteers, reckless and impetuous, were a different fighting proposition from the slow, plodding soldier with the red tape encumbrances of the regular army. Between them and the red men, it was Greek meet Greek in horsemanship and courage.

Maj. Rains took up his march from the Toppenish on the eighth, across the sage brush plains toward the Yakima river. Being now in the heart of the Yakima country, he looked for a battle at any time. Ka-mi-akin, with some fifty men, had gone down the river to the site of the present Toppenish to reconnoiter. Returning about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, near the place where Wapato is now located, they unexpectedly encountered a detachment of soldiers in advance of the main force. A fight ensued. When the rest of the army came up, the Indians fell back, pursued by the mounted volunteers and soldiers who drove them across the Yakima. In the swift waters of the river, two of the soldiers were drowned. Failing to overtake the Indians, who had fresh horses, the pursuers recrossed and encamped at the edge of timber just above Wapato.

From the hills at Union Gap the Indians heard the noise of fighting. A hundred braves started in the direction of the firing and soon ran into a large force of men, which proved to be Capt. Cornelius' mounted volunteers. Fighting then began in earnest and lasted till night—the result one wounded Indian and two wounded white men, George Holmes and Stephen Waymire of Polk county, Oregon.

At a council called that night by Ka-mi-akin, it was decided to make the stand at Union Gap. Rains continued his march up the river next day. Small squads of the enemy would dash up, fire and retreat. It was no use trying to follow; the horses of the volunteers were too jaded to overtake the Indians. Col. Nesmith had his horse shot under him, but not totally disabled. About noon the soldiers arrived at the gap. The Indians were in the rocks and brush on both sides of the river, while on top of the hill on the east drums were beating, and women dancing and singing their war song. Rains halted until the full command came up. Then, at the bugle call (which aroused the Indians' wonder), soldiers fell into line, moved forward—the fight was on.

The Indians held their ground until about four o'clock when Maj. Haller and Capt. Anger, with a detachment of regulars, charged the hill where a force of Indians had fortified themselves. The howitzer sent their stone breastworks in many directions and the red men fled to the brush at the mouth of the Ah-tan-um in a panic. The noise and the destructiveness of the big guns caused consternation among the Indians. They were sure that the "big medicine" gun was an evil spirit.

With darkness, hostilities ceased, the soldiers returning to their camp. A night attack was discussed by the Indians, but the idea abandoned, since the whites outnumbered them two to one. Instead, they decided on an immediate retreat of the families and horses. Ka-mi-akin moved over to the east side of the Columbia at White Bluffs; Ow-hi, Te-i-as and their following went off through Selah, Wenas, Pa-ha-to and on up Squaw creek to La-cos-tum (the saddle mountain above Priest Rapids). Here they swam the Columbia, losing many horses in the swift current; and went into camp at the mouth of Crabb creek, the present Beverly. Their cattle they had abandoned altogether, since they were too fat to stand the fast driving of a retreat. The army did not capture the cattle, however, since Maj. Rains failed to follow up his victory. Had he done so, he could have gathered in the whole band. The Indians suffered terribly on their retreat, many old men and women perishing.

With the families and horses well on their way to a place of safety, the greater part of the warriors, to cover the retreat, renewed the battle at the gap. After some skirmishing, Maj. Armstrong, of the volunteers, with Capt. Hayden's company and part of another under Lieut. Hanna, charged through the narrow defile in an effort to surround the enemy; but the Indians were not to be caught. Well mounted, they were able to fall back towards the Nah-cheez river. A running fight was kept up across the plains and over the ground where the city of North Yakima now stands. Here the volunteers gave up the pursuit, moving instead up the Ah-tan-um to the Catholic mission, which they burned, on the ground that the priest was in sympathy with the Indians. They also destroyed Ka-mi-akin's house, which stood a few miles further on, on land now owned by A. D. Eglin in Tampico.

During the last day's fighting, one Indian was killed at the little pond just above the old Thomas Chambers place, by Cut-mouth John, the Was-co-pam Indian, who had carried Haller's call for re-inforcements to The Dalles, and who in this campaign was acting as scout for Maj. Rains.

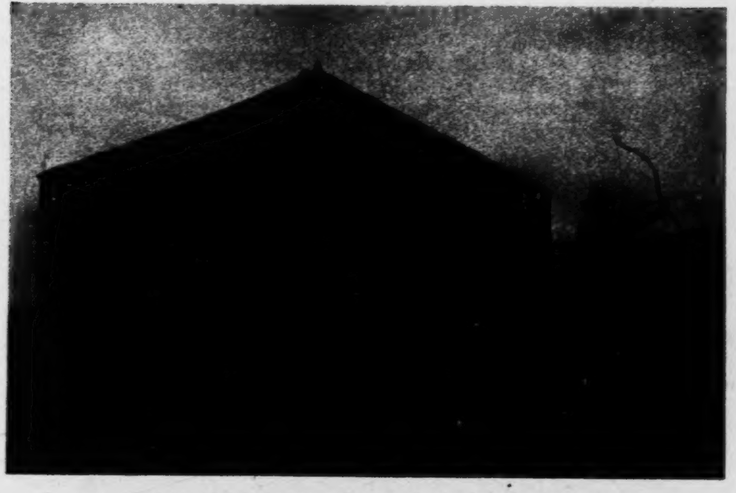
I have been told by a number of Indians who were in this fight that this was the only Indian killed during the two days' skirmishing, and that there were only two wounded, both slightly. Military reports from commanding officers are too often highly colored in recounting the number of the enemy killed.

On the day following the burning of the mission, Col. Nesmith, with two hundred mounted volunteers moved up the Nah-cheez river towards the pass, believing the Indians to have gone in that direction; but it proved a fruitless search, and they returned to the mission after three days' absence. After Nesmith's return, a consultation of officers was held and the conclusion reached to return to The Dalles to recruit, since the men were worn out and without sufficient clothes, and the horses weak from hard usage and scant feed.

On their return, they met Capt. Wilson's company with a pack train of supplies, which reported great loss of horses and supplies from deep snow in the mountains. The whole expedition reached Klickitat river twenty-five miles from The Dalles November 17, and went into camp.

Thus ended the campaign. Col. Nesmith on his reconnoiter up the Nah-cheez river overlooked a large encampment of Indians on the Wenas not over six miles away.

By Major Rains' command they built a block house on the site of their camp. There never was at any time an attack on this post. Although it had always been a favorite camping ground of Chief Skloom, a brother of Ka-mi-akin, it was used as a supply point by Captain Dent while he had charge of the work of building a wagon road between the fort and The Dalles.



BLOCK HOUSE BUILT ON KLICKITAT RIVER, 1855

A few miles north of this block house and a short distance from the road on the west is located what is known as "the lucky slide." It is a large rock with a groove in it. The Indian who wants a chance at good luck, sits in the groove and slides down, feet foremost, a distance of about ten feet. When I first visited the stone in 1864, I took a slide, just for luck, but failed to notice any sudden development of prosperity. The groove was worn smooth by continuous use, the Indians having observed the custom of trying for luck in this way for centuries. Where the sliders' feet had struck the ground, a large hole was worn in the earth.

The legend concerning it says that way back in the days when Speel-yi was god a young hunter fell in love with a maiden of his tribe, but he had a rival in a young man of royal blood who seemed, moreover to be in greater favor with the girl. The hunter resolved to go to the Snow mountains and consult the Speel-yi. The Coyote god told him where to find this peculiar stone, to sit on top, repeat his greatest wish and slide immediately down the groove. The young Indian followed directions and won his girl.

It did not work so well in the writer's own case.

CHAPTER VII.

FURTHER OUTBREAKS

Uprising of Rogue River Indians—Attack on Seattle—Qual-chan's Fight at Connell's Prairie—E-ne-as's Trip to Olympia—Wright's Yakima Campaign of 1856—Rupture Between Ka-mi-akin and Ow-hi—Ow-hi's Agreement to Surrender.

Allegiance to the confederacy of nations formed at the Grande Ronde council to resist the whites, prompted an outbreak in Southern Oregon almost simultaneous with the Yakima activities. Four days after the fight at Toppenish, where Ka-mi-akin had ordered the signal fires lighted on the hills, the Rogue River Indians rose and fell upon white settlers in their neighborhood who had had no intimation of approaching hostilities. The first act of that dark and memorable day, October 9, 1855, was the murder of William Goings, a teamster, on his way to the mining camps at Yreka, Cal., or at Jacksonville, Ore. The Indians then went on down the Rogue river along the Oregon and California road till they came upon a pack train loaded with mill irons near Jewell's ferry, where they killed a man named Hamilton and wounded his companion, shooting him four times. Reaching Evans' ferry about daybreak, they shot Isaac Shelton, who died of his wounds shortly afterwards. The home of a family named Jones came next. Mrs. Jones was shot through the body, but ran for the brush, closely pursued by the Indians. Though she begged piteously for her life, they shot her again and left her for dead. She was still alive, however, some time later when a party of volunteers found her and carried her to a place of safety, where she died the following day. Between Jones' and Waggoner's, the Indians killed four men, two of whom were driving a wagon loaded with apples.* The wagons and contents were burned and the horses appropriated.

At this point they were joined by Chief George's band of Indians. Early that morning, Waggoner had left home to escort Miss Tillet, a traveling temperance lecturer, to the Illinois valley, having intrusted his wife and four-year-old daughter to the protection of Chief George, who had been a frequent guest at the house and shown every evidence of friendliness. Upon the arrival of the war party, Mrs. Waggoner and the child were murdered and the house burned over them. The house of George W. Harris stood a few miles beyond. Mr. Harris was making shingles near by and Mrs. Harris washing behind the house. At 9 o'clock Harris came in, axe in hand, saying to his wife, "We are surrounded by Indians whose movements indicate that they are on the war path." He got Mrs. Harris into the house, but in trying to shut the door, he was shot in the breast. The 11-year-old daughter, seeing her father shot, attempted to close the door and was shot through the right arm. Mr. Harris revived sufficiently to tell his wife to bar the door and to load all the guns in the house, a rifle, shotgun, revolver and three pistols. He lived just long enough to show her how to load the pieces.

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*There were a number of orchards by this time. Besides the famous apple tree at Ft. Vancouver, there were trees set out by the early settlers at French Prairie which had been bearing for some time. The author remembers a tree on the edge of the prairie which was a big tree when he was a small boy. Among the varieties he recalls Golden Russets, Rambos and Pippins.

Left to her own resources, the brave woman began firing upon the savages and continued to defend herself for eight hours, until near sundown. She kept watch on one side of the house, and her daughter on the other. At this time, shots were heard on the flats about a mile away and the Indians disappeared. Taking advantage of their absence, Mrs. Harris and the girl, with only a brace of pistols for protection, hurriedly hid themselves in a growth of willows near by. Hardly were they out of sight, when the Indians returned, and finding the house deserted, began searching the willows. When they came too close, the women fired on them. The Indians surrounded the clump of brush to wait till daylight, but daylight brought the volunteers and rescue. The little son of Mrs. Harris, who had gone to a neighbor's house in the morning, was killed, as was also Frank Reed, Harris' partner. Four of the volunteers who rescued Mrs. Harris and her daughter, I came to know well later. They were Jack Long, Levi and A. J. Knott and J. W. Ladd, and I have often heard them tell the story of this uprising. The massacre in Southern Oregon, coming like a bolt out of the blue, was the cause of much anxious perplexity to the settlers in that region who had supposed the natives in their locality peaceably disposed. The Grande Ronde confederacy, of course, furnishes the key to the riddle. The Rogue River Indians were carrying out their promise to answer in this way the message of the signal fires.

The Western Washington Indians were slower in getting under way. After Major Rains had retired from the Yakima country and the snow had covered the valley, Indian spies who had been set to watch the enemy, reported no signs of immediate activity among soldiers or volunteers. Ow-hi and his following then recrossed the Columbia and moved back to their home in the Kittitas valley. A portion of Ka-mi-akin's band returned to Yakima, but he, with the larger part, spent the winter on the Columbia near White Bluffs.

About the middle of January, 1856, a worn and weary Indian arrived at Ow-hi's village, having crossed the Cascades on snowshoes. He bore a message from Chief Leschi asking that a band of warriors be sent him to aid in his contemplated attack upon Seattle. Leschi was closely related to the Yakimas, his mother having been a daughter of Chief We-ow-wicht. He and Qual-chan, therefore, were cousins.

At the council which Ow-hi called, Qual-chan offered to lead some braves over the mountains. About one hundred men were ready to go and they were soon on their way. When they got as far as Ka-sit-kees (Easton), their horses had to be sent back on account of the deep snow. The warriors, proceeding on snowshoes, reached Leschi's camp the fourth day out. Here they found about 300 warriors under the leadership of Leschi and Coquilton near Lake Washington, awaiting the arrival of their Yakima relatives before making the attack. They outlined to Qual-chan the tactics they had decided to pursue. Their plan did not appeal to him as the best and he asked time to reconnoiter. With one of his braves, he visited the camp of Su-e-quardles (Curley), after which they sauntered about town in a manner calculated not to attract the attention of the whites. On their rounds they were accosted by an officer in uniform, who, with a few men, seemed to be on guard, and who demanded who they were.

"Friends of Curley's," they answered. "We are just on a visit to him." After a sharp scrutiny, the officer allowed them to pass, but his look warned them it would be wise to get out of town. Returning to Lake Washington, Qual-chan told the Nisqually leaders that he disapproved of their plan of attack, though, after much parleying, he finally gave assent to it. He also informed them that he had learned enough to convince him that Yark-ke-man, known as Jim, would give their plot away and that he ought to be placed under guard until after the battle. Both Leschi and Coquilton were sure that Qual-chan's suspicions were unjust and would not consent to make Yark-ke-man a prisoner. It was fortunate for the white settlers, perhaps, that Qual-chan's plan was not put into effect. The West Side leaders' method of attack did not work out successfully, and Qualchan and his braves returned to the Kittitas valley disgusted. The casualties of the Yakimas in this battle were zero; not even a man wounded.

Yet, when about the first of March, 1856, an Indian runner from Puget Sound came to Ow-hi's village on the Wenas with word from Leschi that the soldiers were pressing his people so hard that they had time neither to rest nor sleep, Qual-chan and E-ne-as set out at once with fifty braves via the Nah-cheez pass. Reaching Connell's prairie on the White River, they found Leschi, Stehi and Qui-em-uth with about 300 warriors, skirmishing with Col. Casey's command. Remembering, probably, the disastrous results of failure to take Qual-chan's advice concerning the attack upon Seattle, he was now made commander in chief of all the forces. He decided to begin hostilities at once and an energetic attack ensued. The two forces were about equal, the fight, which raged all day, resulting in a drawn battle. The Indians had seven killed and about twenty wounded.*

At a council held that night, Qual-chan expressed the opinion that further fighting would be useless. "Today's fight has convinced me," he said, "that you cannot cope with the whites. I noticed reinforcements constantly arriving in the camp of the enemy, and these will continue, whereas you have the greater portion of your fighting men now on the ground. I advise you to move all your people at once to the Yakima valley."

It was decided to act upon this advice and the retreat began at once. These people had made their brave fight; their last stand for their homes against a fate too strong for them. Worn and weary they took their way, with what little food they had hastily gathered the morning after the battle, over the snow and across the icy streams. In that dreadful retreat over the winter mountains, many old men and women and little children perished by the wayside and were buried in the snow. The wails of the women and the crying of the children touched even the stout heart of Qual-chan who said to his friend E-ne-as, "The suffering of these people, caused by the whites, has determined me never to surrender or quit fighting them so long as I live." He kept his word.

About May 1, 1856, Gov. Stevens sent Tuh-noo-num, Muck-ulth and Smock-a-way, three Yakima Indians who were temporarily on Puget Sound, as emissaries to their own people, requesting the Yakimas to appoint some of their head men to meet him in council at Olympia, for the purpose of making a treaty of peace and ending the war. The Indians met in council. Ka-mi-akin was not present.

It was decided to send E-ne-as, who left on his mission about May 15. His journey was not without incident for, before arriving at Tu-la-lip, he was fired on several times by the whites, but fortunately escaped injury. At Tu-la-lip, he went to the home of Pat-kan-im, a Snoqualmie chief, who was on friendly terms with the whites, and who accompanied him to Olympia. On his arrival at the capital, E-ne-as says the white people tried to kidnap him, but were prevented by Gov. Stevens, who had met the Yakima at the Walla Walla council, and who took him to his own home and put a guard over him. The next morning the two crossed the bay in a canoe to a Catholic mission where the priest in charge could talk the Yakima language. E-ne-as says that there, in the presence of the priest, Stevens made him the following offer for the capture and delivery of the chiefs whom he knew were with the Yakimas—for Leschi, $400 and for Stehi and Qui-em-uth, $300 each.

E-ne-as replied, "I did not come here to get a reward for the blood of my friends. When I want blood, I take it from the enemies of my race. I came at your request, for the benefit of my people only. Rather than see those three men you mention captured and hung by you and your people, we will fight until the last man of us is killed. Give us honorable peace and we will accept it, not otherwise."

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*My accounts of these battles were obtained from many of the old Indians belonging to different tribes who fought in that war, and in about every instance they agree as to numbers engaged, also names and numbers of the killed and wounded.

Stevens replied, according to my informant, "Return to your people and try to get them to make peace. Say to Leschi, Stehi and Qui-em-uth to stay where they are in Yakima and not to return to Puget Sound for a long time, when the past may be forgotten."*

E-ne-as returned to his people in Yakima and reported his interview with Gov. Stevens, advising Stehi, Leschi and Qui-em-uth not to return to the West Side for many years. The governor's offer of peace was rejected by the principal Yakima chiefs. They now gathered their families and warriors for moving in a body to Che-loh-an, in the north-east corner of Kittitas valley which, from time immemorial, had been the favorite kous ground and council place for all the tribes of the Northwest. Here the squaws began digging roots; the hunters were sent into the mountains for game, fishermen were strung along the river to catch the salmon, which had just begun to run—every person busy laying in provisions, since war was likely to be resumed at any time.

About two weeks after they had made camp here, a courier came in with news that Col. Wright, with a large force, had crossed the Columbia at The Dalles and was headed for the Yakima country. Swift riders were sent to the hunters and fishermen with instructions to bring in at once such provisions as they had obtained. The work of caching the surplus supplies took a day. On the third day, most of the men had returned to the encampment, and on the next, all was in readiness for a move forward to meet the enemy.

Ka-mi-akin advised that they wait until Col. Wright had left Ft. Sim-co-e before starting. A few days later, a lone rider sped in with the word that the soldiers had left Sim-co-e that morning. The war drum began to beat. The horses were driven in from the hills and a guard left to watch over the old men and families instructed to be ready, in case of defeat, to move them to the east side of the Columbia. The warriors then mounted, the great chiefs in their war costumes, ready for the word. Out from his lodge rode Qual-chan, the eagle feather of his war bonnet waving in the breeze. With a fierce yell, he struck his horse and headed at full speed towards Ft. Sim-co-e, followed by 400 yelling red men; their war whoops and the sound of their horses' hoofs, as they rushed over the plain in a cloud of dust, arousing the jack rabbit and coyote as never before. At night they camped on the north bank of the Nah-cheez river,* a scout having brought in word that Col. Wright would spend the night on Ki-wy-chas creek.†

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*Gen. Hazard Stevens, in his Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens, Vol. II, page 204, says it was Ow-hi who went to Olympia, makes the visits of the Indians to the governor subsequent to the arrival of Col. Wright in the Yakima country, and does not indicate that the embassy was invited by the governor, but accuses the Indian of base motives. Having my information direct from the man who made the trip, I naturally feel that Hazard Stevens was incorrect in these statements.

Differences now arose between Ka-mi-akin and Ow-hi. Ka-mi-akin had not risen to the leadership of so many Indians without incurring a vast amount of jealousy. The fact that he did not receive his chieftanship by inheritance; that he was only partially of royal lineage was often brought up against him by those who resented his accumulation of power. It was this argument which Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock advanced now, in announcing their determination to take sides with Ow-hi. Moses and his brother were chiefs in royal line, as was Ow-hi. Why should they take orders from one of less high rank than they? Ow-hi wanted peace—at least for a time, until he could be better prepared for fighting; while Ka-mi-akin was for war, now and all the time.

The next day the sun rose beautiful and bright. The Indians swam the river several miles above, and moved cautiously over to the Kwi-wy-chas, striking it just below the junction of the North fork, where are many rocky cliffs. The Indians dismounted and crawled so close to the soldiers' camp that they could hear them talk and see them cooking their meals. The warriors remained in the rocks all day, expecting momentarily orders to fire; but none came, and towards evening they were ordered to return to their camp of the night before.

In the morning Ow-hi called a council of chiefs at which Ka-mi-akin did not appear. Indians sent in search of him, found him up a small gulch asleep. When he entered the council, Ow-hi rose and said, "I want to spill no more blood on this land of ours. I will this day go to Col. Wright's camp and make peace."

Ka-mi-akin rose in his place and said, "I did not start in this war to quit at the first battle. The war has just begun. I see no reason why we should stop fighting and ask for peace, like women, until we have tried longer. I am a warrior, and not a woman. I say, let us fight today. If you conclude today to ask for peace from the invaders of your country and forever after become slaves to the white race and a disgrace to your proud ancestry, I cannot help it. I will leave my country and among the Palouses and Spokanes hope to find true warriors. With them I will fight."

When it was clear that Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock sided with Ow-hi in his peace plan, Ka-mi-akin straightaway mounted his horse and rode away to the Palouse country. From that moment, he never again set foot in the Yakima country. Fully half of the warriors were loyal, and went with him leaving the strictly royal chiefs only about 200 to surrender to the soldiers. Not all those, indeed, who stayed, were in sympathy with the peace talk, it proved. Col.

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*Kershaw Farm.
†A. J. Splawn's lower ranch.

Wright moved over on to the Nah-cheez,* camping on the side opposite to Ow-hi at a point where the river was not fordable. For a day the soldiers and the Indians lay in camp with only the water between them. The next morning Ow-hi went around to the camp fires, saying, "We must not fight any more." Lo-kout, one of Ow-hi's sons, felt ashamed on hearing his father thus talk of peace. Mounting his horse he said in a loud voice, "I am the son of a chief and a tried warrior. After hearing my father talk thus of peace, I do not want to live. I will swim the river on my horse. I will go to the soldiers' camp and be killed."

Armed only with bow and quiver, he rode his horse into the Nah-cheez and swam to an island; resting for a few moments, he then swam on to the other shore which was lined with blue-coated soldiers. He was instantly surrounded and taken to Col. Wright's tent where he was surprised to be addressed in his own language. A Klickitat Indian, called Sam, acting as interpreter, told him not to be afraid. Lo-kout said to Col. Wright, "My father, Ow-hi, wants peace. I do not, for I am a warrior. I would rather die, and that is what I have come for. If I am killed, my father and brother will fight on, which is what I want them to do. I have but one life to give and am ready to give it now, that war may continue until the whites are driven from our country. If I live, Ow-hi will fight no more. You now know the object of my coming. I am waiting.*

Wright sat quiet for a long time. Then he said, "Take these presents to your father and say to him—"If he wants to fight, then let it be fight; if he wants peace, let it be peace; and if it be peace, let him send five of his head men over to my camp tomorrow."

When Lo-kout returned, he said to his father. "Here is tobacco. Get together and decide if you are going to fight or not."

Peace was decided on and the next morning Lo-kout, Toh-a-watus and three others swam over to deliver this message, "Ow-hi is glad to quit fighting. His people are tired and poor. It seems when he drinks water or eats food that it tastes of blood. He is sick of war."

Wright answered that he was glad Ow-hi felt that way and that he would send an officer and interpreter over to Ow-hi's camp to tell him that a treaty could be made next day. Ow-hi sent a hundred warriors over the river before he followed with Moses,

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*Isaac Hays' ranch.

*Lo-kout was the Loolowcan of Theodore Winthrop's "The Canoe and the Saddle," his guide across the mountains whom he gives such a poor character in his book. According to Lo-kout, the criticism was not all on one side. He says that Winthrop kicked him—deadliest of insults to an Indian. It is a wonder that Lokout did not knife him then and there. Snowden, in his History of Washington, III, 333, identified Loolowcan with Qual-chan, which is, of course, incorrect. John Williams, in a footnote to his edition of The Canoe and The Saddle, page 166, says that Gen. Hazard Stevens wrote him from Boston that he is "convinced that Loolowcan and Qual-chan were the same." Lo-kout, I gathered, did not have a much higher opinion of Winthrop than Winthrop did of his guide.

Quil-ten-e-nock, Qual-chan and Nan-num-kin, all dressed in their war costumes.

At the camp, they were met by Wright with a line of soldiers behind him. "This is a bright day," said Ow-hi, "when we can meet and make peace. As the sun now shines, bright at noon day, so my heart feels bright when we know there will be no more war. We can build our wigwams by the running waters without fear. Our children can play and our old men sleep in safety."

Wright replied, "I am glad of this day. We will wipe off all the blood on our hands. You can take care of your people and I will take care of mine."

Then Indians and soldiers feasted together for a day, the former afterwards returning to the Kittitas valley, while the soldiers remained at the Nah-cheez camp for a month or more, meeting other Indians and building what was known later by the early settlers as the basket fort. It was made of baskets of twisted willows filled with rocks and sand and stacked one on top of the other. This was named Ft. Nah-cheez and the land is now owned by Isaac Hays.

Sohappy, head man of the Priest Rapids tribe, had heard of the peace made with Ow-hi and other of the chiefs. Since he had taken no part in the war, he thought he would inquire into the matter and see if something could not be done to prevent the hostiles from running off his horses, as they had been constantly doing for some time. A delegation of ten, headed by Me-cheil was sent to Wright's camp without arms. Stopping in the Selah valley to eat and let the horses graze, they were surrounded by soldiers, among them a Klickitat Indian who called out to them not to run; that there was no danger. Me-cheil replied, "We are not afraid; we have no arms and are on our way to Col. Wright's camp." Upon reaching the camp, they were surrounded by armed guards. Soon Wright appeared, wearing an angry look and saying to Me-cheil, "I want the truth out of you. If I find you lie, I will hang every one of you. Who are you and where did you come from?" Me-cheil explained that they were Priest Rapids Indians and unarmed, who had not fought in the war, but remained quietly at home. "Because of this," he said, "the hostiles have stolen our horses by twos and threes. We are here to ask you what we shall do." Wright now put on a pleasant look and said, "I am glad such is the case, for I had expected to have to fight you. If I ever get hold of another outlaw Indian who stirs up strife with either Indians or whites, he shall surely die. Return to your home at Priest Rapids; remain at peace. I will be your friend. If, as you say, it is the birthplace of your race since the footprints of the first man is embedded in rocks on the island in the rapids, let it then be the land of peace and you will never be harmed."

About this time Col. B. F. Shaw, of the Washington Volunteers who had been sent from Puget Sound over the Nah-cheez pass to Walla Walla, arrived on the Nah-cheez where Wright was camped and offered to co-operate with the regulars. His offer being refused, he moved on to the Columbia opposite the mouth of the Umatilla and then into the Grande Ronde valley in Eastern Oregon where he fought a hard battle with a large force of Indians, killing about thirty. Shaw was a fine officer. He died recently near Vancouver, Wash., more than eighty years old.

In spite of his big talk about peace, Ow-hi failed to carry out his promise to Col. Wright and bring in his men. About two months after his arrangement at the Nah-cheez he and his tribes were encamped two miles above the present city of Ellensburg, on the spot known later as the Snyder ranch. Qual-chan said to his father, "I want to go on a visit to the Palouse and Spokane tribes." Since Ka-mi-akin and his warriors were then on the border of the Snake river in the Palouse country, watching like the eagle for its prey, it is likely that this turbulent spirit had other ideas than a friendly visit. Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock, too, who had perhaps changed their minds about peace, went along, with fifty horses and Ki-yu-ya, a Klickitat known as David, to look after the horses. Unfortunately for their comfort, the trusted David was a spy in the employ of Maj. Garnett of Ft. Sim-co-e. When the three great warriors lay down to rest in their camp above Priest Rapids that night, David started the horses for Ft. Sim-co-e, sixty miles distant, which they reached about ten the next morning. The warriors arose late after a good night's sleep, ate their breakfast of dried salmon and kous, and wondered why David was so late. By the time the sun had got up pretty high, they showed signs of anxiety and went out afoot to look for tracks of the horses. Before long Moses returned with a poor old yellow horse which had been too slow to travel with the others, and reported the tracks of the whole band going towards Ft. Sim-co-e. Putting his saddle on the yellow beast, he headed that way himself, while Qual-chan and Quil-ten-e-nock made their way back to Ow-hi's camp on foot, a humiliating experience for great chiefs. Arrived at Sim-co-e Moses appealed to Maj. Garnett for the return of his horses and after much parleying and objection on the part of David, they were restored.

Perhaps Ow-hi, if left to himself would have carried out the terms of his treaty with Col. Wright, but Qual-chan and the other warriors were constantly urging against it; urging the continuation of the war. He finally yielded to their persuasions to the extent that he did not return to Col. Wright's camp, as he had promised.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORT SIMCOE

One of the historic spots of Eastern Washington, Fort Simcoe, was established as a military post, August 8, 1856, in pursuance of Order No. 10, Headquarters for the Northern District of the Pacific, Colonel George Wright commanding. Its establishment was a part of a general plan to place a number of military posts along the border.

Its site and name were recommended by Colonel Wright who had made a personal reconnaissance of the vicinity a month previous. Some of the reasons for the selection of this particular location are indicated in the following extract from a letter written by Colonel Wright dated, "Headquarters Northern District of the Pacific, Camp To-pan-ish Creek, W. T., Aug. 3, 1856," and reading as follows:

"On the 29th ultimo I marched from the Ah-tah-num to this place and since that time I have carefully examined the Simcoe valley and I have come to the conclusion that my present position is the most desirable one for a station for the winter. In front of us in an open plain extending to the Yakima river and both up and down that river are good trails over a level country; one leading to Selah and Kittitas valleys and another to Walla Walla. On the To-pan-ish there are oak and cottonwood and at a distance of a few miles west of us there is an abundant supply of the best of pine timber accessible with wagons.

"This valley is much warmer in winter than any of those further north and the Indians now at Kittitas, Naches and along the Yakima will all winter here, for it is a central point. The roads from The Dalles, Oregon, Kamas lake and from the north and Walla Walla all unite here. The Simcoe valley is extensive, affording grass for our animals and sufficient good land for gardening."

Major Robert Seldon Garnett was given the task of establishing Fort Simcoe. With Companies G and F of the Ninth infantry he at once commenced building temporary quarters for four companies. These he had finished before the first of the year. The buildings were constructed of logs and some of them are standing yet, grim reminders of early days.

The fort was established in one of the numerous ravines hereabouts in an oak grove called by the Indians "Mool-mool," meaning "Many Springs." It was about half way between Toppenish and Simcoe creeks, a distance of sixty-five miles from The Dalles, and in latitude 46 degrees 14 minutes, longitude 120 degrees 40 minutes.

From about August 13 to September 15, 1856, Captain Frederick Dent, with Company B of the Ninth infantry was at work upon a wagon road from The Dalles to Fort Simcoe and so far as any records are concerned, one is led to believe that the road was finished in that time.* From such information as is available, it seems that Captain Dent's company was never permanently stationed at the fort.

All of the Indians which had surrendered to Colonel Wright at Wenatchee, principally Klickitats, were brought to the Simcoe valley for the winter of 1856.

In a letter dated Washington, D. C., January 8, 1857, we find that Major R. S. Garnett, temporarily in the capital, recommended to the war department that Fort Simcoe, Washington Territory, be officially recognized as one of the permanent military posts of this region, a recommendation which was subsequently approved.

The records also contain a statement that Fort Simcoe was garrisoned June 30, 1858, by Major R. S. Garnett and three companies of the Ninth infantry, but as several companies of that regiment were at that very time established at the fort under Major Garnett, who had reassumed command of the post May 17, 1858, it is possible that the paragraph refers to the permanent establishment of this post.

During the year 1857 there were little or no hostilities in the Yakima valley. The building of the garrison was continued, however, more commodious buildings of lumber being put up. It has been stated a number of times that the material for part of the buildings was cut and fitted in the East and shipped around Cape Horn. There is no record in the Secretary of War's office that such was the case. Neither do I believe it, for along the Columbia and Willamette rivers at this time were a number of sawmills.**

In May, 1858, Ki-yu-ya, known as David, a Klickitat scout in the employ of the military at Fort Simcoe, made a series of horse stealing excursions into the Kittitas and We-nat-sha valleys, driving off about all the horses belonging to Ow-hi's and Quil-ten-e-nock's bands, leaving them scarcely enough animals to move camp.***

After Major Garnett's campaign, which completely conquered the tribes in the country he was sent out to cover, we do not find him again commanding at Fort Simcoe.

In a letter from Headquarters, Department of Oregon, dated Fort Vancouver, W. T., Nov. 4, 1858, Brigadier General W. S. Harney commanding, reported as follows:

"I have the honor to inform the general in chief of the receipt of a report from Captain J. J. Archer of the Ninth Infantry commanding at Fort Simcoe in which it is stated that two of the three murderers of Bolon, viz.: Stohan and Wap-pi-choh have been brought into the post by friendly Indians on the 10th ultimo, and that he had caused them to be hung. Captain Archer further reports that Su-gintch, the remaining murderer, had committed suicide in order to disappoint the Indians who were endeavoring to capture him. This prompt action on the part of Captain Archer I approve."

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*From the great amount of work done, I, personally, am slow to believe it was accomplished in that space of time.

**Since writing the above, I have made further investigations and find that the lumber for the main buildings was whipsawed in the timber near the fort itself. The doors and windows and what hardwood was used were hauled by wagons from The Dalles. Where they were purchased no one at this time seems to know.

Whipsawing by hand is accomplished by rolling a log onto an elevated platform. Sometimes a pit is dug. One man stands on the platform and another below and, with an upright saw, the upper man pulls up and the lower man down.

***See Chapter X, Indians troubles with Ft. Simcoe.

This Indian, Su-gintch, was known as Me-cheil. He was the ringleader in the murder of Agent Bolon. He was the son of Ice and had been educated to some extent at the missionary school of Jason Lee near Salem.*

The discontinuance of Fort Simcoe as a military post in May, 1859, was apparently due to changed strategic conditions in Washington Territory. In a letter dated January 10, 1859, General Harney states:

"In my communication of November 5, 1858, I recommended the establishment of a military post in the vicinity of Colville for the purpose of restraining the Indians who were so lately hostile in this department. In the event of this suggestion being approved by the War Department, I would further state that a military position at Colville will dispense with the necessity of a command at Fort Simcoe, as the Indians now held in check by Simcoe are more easily reached from Colville and the difficulties to be overcome in reaching the two points are not comparable.

"From its peculiar position Fort Simcoe is cut off in the winter from communication with these headquarters except at great risk, while Colville is accessible all the year round. Supplies can be furnished Colville about as cheap as Simcoe. It would be well, therefore, to throw the garrison at Simcoe to Colville, strengthen it by a company from Walla Walla and to turn the buildings at Simcoe over to the Indian Department for an agency."

No specific order directing the permanent abandonment of Fort Simcoe as a military post has ever been found. It appears, however, it was evacuated and finally abandoned in pursuance of special orders Nos. 35 and 36, dated at Fort Vancouver April 13 and 14 respectively, 1859. The first order directed Companies C and I of the Ninth infantry to join the Northwestern Boundary Commission as escort. The second assigned Company G of the Ninth infantry to Fort Dalles by the 15th of the following May, leaving one officer and fifteen men in charge of the property at Fort Simcoe until further orders.

Company G left for The Dalles May 11, and the final evacuation of the post took place eleven days later. Captain Archer with Companies C and I, on their way to Osooyos lake to join the Boundary Commission, discovered gold on a number of the bars of the Columbia. I have heard from some of those who served on the Boundary survey that Captain Archer was an efficient officer.

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*See Chapter V.

The first agent to be established at Fort Simcoe after it was placed under the management of the Department of Indian Affairs was R. H. Lonsdale, appointed in 1860. Concerning his tenure of office is the following report, to be found among the files at Simcoe:

Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., 1861. Reports serious charges have been brought against Agent R. H. Lonsdale now in charge of Simcoe agency during the months of November and December last year which induced Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, Mr. Geary, to suspend that officer from the exercise of his office until an investigation could be made regarding said charges, and ordered C. M. Walker, inspector of Indian agencies in the territory, to proceed to Fort Simcoe and relieve Mr. Lonsdale, which he did, arriving at Simcoe on January 3, 1861, and took charge on the 5th.

The inspector's report to his superior officer says that Mr. Lonsdale acted strangely, refusing to recognize the authority of the superintendent or turn over the property, books or belongings of the agency. The inspector, therefore, took possession forcibly. On investigation the affairs of the agency were found to be in bad shape and Lonsdale was relieved, the inspector remaining in charge until A. A. Bancroft was appointed by President Lincoln, several months later, in 1861.

Bancroft was a brother of George Bancroft, the great historian and United States minister to Prussia in 1867 and father of Hubert Bancroft, whose histories of the Northwestern States have never been equalled, yet he proved a dismal failure at Fort Simcoe, and was, in so far as opportunities offered, one of the rankest Indian agents ever in the West.

Head men of the different tribes belonging to the Simcoe reservation often consulted F. M. Thorp, the first Yakima settler, living in the Mok-see, regarding this agent. They said that their annuities, which, by their treaty with the government they were to receive at Fort Simcoe on September 1, were growing less and by the second year of Bancroft's administration had become so small that they were not worth making the trip for. Many, indeed, refused to go after their goods, believing, as they stated to Mr. Thorp, that the Great White Father at Washington must be angry with them and meant to do them harm, or he would not have sent to look after them such a "narrow-eyed, hump-backed and skinny" man as Bancroft, who "kept the greater part of the things sent them by the government."*

Their anger was so near the breaking point that Father Wilbur, superintendent of schools, whom the Indians held in great respect, remonstrated with Bancroft many times in regard to his treatment of the Indians. The immediate result was Wilbur's removal as superintendent of the Simcoe school by C. N. Hale, a newly appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

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*Letter from C. M. Walker to F. M. Thorp, dated April, 1863, now in my possession.

This dismissal aroused Wilbur, who was a strong character and despised dishonesty. Gathering up an abundance of data, he journeyed to Washington and laid the matter before President Lincoln, who immediately recalled Bancroft and appointed Wilbur in his place. This was in 1864. Wilbur remained agent for twenty years, during which time the Indians got justice. He was an inveterate worker for the betterment of the Indians in his charge. They made some progress in education and agriculture. Grazing privileges were granted to a few stockmen and several thousand dollars annually thus secured were used for the benefit of the Indians. A good sawmill was put up nine miles from the agency on the old military road leading to The Dalles. Indians would haul their logs to the mill and saw them into lumber. Many good dwellings began to spring up on the reservation.

Wagons, plows, harrows and harness were bought and given to such Indians as desired to cultivate the soil. Soon there were grain fields and gardens scattered about on the reservation.

Then the purchase of cattle began. They were branded I D (Indian Department). The brand grew by increase and purchase till, in 1878, the I D cattle numbered 3500 head. The Indians, as individuals, owned at that time as many as 16,000 head of horses.

With things going so well for the red men, the Indian agencies were in the next few years very unwisely turned back to the military, whose first move was to sell the band of I D cattle. I purchased the greater part of them myself. If any benefit was ever derived from the ill-advised sale of that useful band of Indian cattle, it never showed up on the Simcoe reservation. Fortunately for the Indians, the rotten military administration was short-lived. About the only thing it succeeded in accomplishing was the partial undoing of Father Wilbur's good work and the debauching of a few native women.

Many councils with the Indian were held at this post in the earlier days. In the cemetery at Simcoe rest the remains of two prominent men, Lieutenant Jesse K. Allen, killed in Major Garnett's campaign, and Nathan Olney, who died on the Ahtanum and was taken there for burial.

The spot, known as Mool-mool, where the agency orchard stands, was the garden spot of Skloom, a brother of Ka-mi-akin, a noted warrior, who died and was buried on the Yakima river in 1859 near the present Cascade mill. His body was taken up later and carried to Toppenish creek, a few miles from Fort Simcoe, and now rests in the land he loved and fought to retain. One of his favorite camping grounds is at the southern base of the Simcoe mountains at the historic spot later known as the Block House in the Klickitat valley, a few miles from Goldendale. This block-house was built by a detachment of Major Rains' men, as a border post, on his return from his Yakima campaign in 1855.

In June, 1915, I revisited Fort Simcoe, which I had not seen for forty-three years. I arrived early in the morning, before the inhabitants were up, and wandered alone about the grounds and buildings of the old historic spot.

Fifty-four years before I had ridden up to the place for the first time. A. A. Bancroft was in charge of the agency. Of all the officers and employes at the fort then, I can recall only two who are alive now, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mattoon, who reside in North Yakima.

Of the old Indians whose faces were familiar and upon whom Father Wilbur relied in council, Joe Stwire (White Swan), Eneas, Spencer, Thomas Pearne and Stick Joe, are no more. Klickitat Peter is the only one I can recall who is still alive. The block houses built of hewed pine logs, surrounding the garrison, have disappeared save the one which stands on the hill, weather-beaten, a grim reminder of long ago.

During the military occupancy of this post it must have been a busy place—freight wagons and pack trains constantly arriving and departing for The Dalles, bringing in supplies for the army and material for the new buildings. Indian spies in the employ of the military were going and coming, keeping in touch with the movements of the restless bands to the north; and scouting detachments of cavalry were constantly on the move.

In front of the old seven-gabled house, which has been occupied by every agent, stands the oak tree into which I saw Father Wilbur drive a large iron staple with an iron ring attached, to be used for hitching. The tree has grown about a third in size since then, and the ring is almost covered.

In the long ago, I remember looking down from this point over the Simcoe valley and seeing the smoke rising from many Indian villages, while hundreds of horses grazed the plains. Beyond lay the vast empire of the Yakima valley, without a settler below Union gap and only four above.

There was an Indian school at the fort then, but the children looked different from those of today, nearer their native state, their eyes like eagles' and with an independent air. As I viewed the little ones on this later visit, they showed all too clearly the effects of their contact with the white man's civilization and disease.

In June, 1915, I revisited Fort Simcoe, which I had not seen for forty-three years. I arrived early in the morning, before the inhabitants were up, and wandered alone about the grounds and buildings of the old historic spot.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF SATUS

Col. Cornelius, after extending his expedition through a part of the Palouse country north of Snake river and as far up as White Bluffs on the Columbia in search of hostile Indians, moved down opposite the mouth of the Yakima, where he divided his forces as shown by the following order:

Headquarters First Regiment, Oregon Mounted Volunteers, Mouth of Yakima River, W. T.
March 31, 1856.

Major James Carl,
Recruiting Battalion:

You will assume command of the companies ordered to report to you this morning for duty, consisting of the following companies: B, H and K of the First Regiment, and A, D and E of the Second Battalion. You will proceed to Walla Walla river and there form a camp. You will then scour the valley of that river as far as the base of the Blue Mountains, occupying the country till you are satisfied that the United States troops have come into the valley. You will then proceed with your command to Ten Mile creek near The Dalles, there form a camp and wait further orders. On your march from Walla Walla you will drive in all the horses and cattle found on the road. Signed W. H. Farrar, by order T. R. Cornelius, Colonel Commanding Reg't.

Col. Cornelius, with companies A, E and D of the First Regiment, and B and C of the Second Battalion, numbering 241 men, crossed the Columbia April 8, 1856, and moved up the Yakima, reaching Satus creek at the narrow canyon several miles above its mouth the afternoon of April 9. During this time, Cornelius had heard that Indians had attacked the Cascades and massacred the inhabitants. He was debating whether to go on towards the Cascades on the chance of intercepting hostiles returning from that point, or to move on to The Dalles.

That evening a guard came in and reported seeing several hundred Indians moving in the direction of The Dalles. Believing a battle imminent, Col. Cornelius and Capt. Absolam J. Hembree rode out to make a reconnoissance. Capt. Hembree was skeptical about there being any Indians in the vicinity.

That night, at a council called by Cornelius, it was decided to send a squad of picked scouts to scale the hills the following morning to spy out the enemy, if he were about. Capts. Wilbur, Wilson, Hembree and Lieuts. Stillwell* and Hutt of Company C, with four privates volunteered for the service and set out at an early hour. They were cautioned by Col. Cornelius against going up the rocky trail he and Hembree had taken the evening before when Cornelius thought he had seen some Indians. Capt. Hembree called back that he would be on the lookout, but was convinced that no Indians were near.

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*Lieut. Stillwell was wounded by an arrow in the Cayuse War of 1847, and left for dead. He made his escape by hiding in the rocks and working his way down the Deschutes Canyon.

When the scouts were a mile and a half from camp, but had not reached the top of the hill, they were fired on by a band of Indians. At the first volley, Capt. Hembree fell, mortally wounded. The rest of his party made their escape, amidst a hail of bullets. Indians straightway appeared from among the rocks and hills on all sides overlooking camp.

The most accessible entrance to the volunteers' camp being from the hills opposite the place where Hembree had been shot, the greater part of the Indians hastened in that direction for the purpose of throwing themselves on the camp. The Volunteers, divining their purpose, were fortunate enough to gain the most prominent and dangerous hill in advance.

They had witnessed the firing upon Hembree and the scouts from camp and Lieut. Hibler with part of Company E and Lieut. Caldwell with part of Company D rushed at once to the rescue of the fallen captain. Dashing to the deadly point, they drove the enemy from their position.

Capt. Wilbur here rejoined the detachment and handled it in its further operations. Capt. Ankeny, with a detachment of Company C, attacked and drove the Indians from an eminence on the extreme right. Maj. Cornoyer rescued the body of Capt. Hembree.

Lieut. Powell, of Company E, cleared and held the bottom to the west, while Lieut. Hayten, with a part of Company B, held that on the east, thus preventing the occupation of the brush along the stream.

On the south, before the return of Capt. Wilson, Lieut. Pillon, with Company A, charged and carried a steep and elevated position which had been occupied by the enemy. Capt. Wilson then rejoined his company and was ordered to retain the butte, as it afforded complete protection to the camp.

Lieut. Myers, with the greater part of Company D, assailed a force that had collected in the rear of Company A, dispersing and pursuing them until they had joined a party with which Lieut. Hutchinson was warmly engaged.

Lieuts. Hutt and Stillwell swept the hills northwest of the butte and drove the Indians up the creek. Capt. Burch ascended the hills on the south and led detachments of Companies B and C in eager chase of the Indians for several miles. Capt. Nevins gallantly participated in the attack and pursuit, though not in charge of any company, his own being at Walla Walla.

Col. Cornelius had taken his station on the hills to the south where he had full view of the battle. The fighting was hot until noon, when the Indians disappeared in all directions.

The Volunteers had fought nobly. The battle ground was a particularly difficult one, broken by rocky hills and canyons, in unknown country. Scouts now returned with information that the Indians were fortifying on a rocky eminence a few miles further up Satus creek.

The colonel ordered Maj. Cornoyer with detachments of all the companies except A, to dislodge them. Lieut. Dillon was assigned to the command of a company of reserves which should go to Cornoyer's assistance, if needed, while Capts. Burch and Wilson were retained in camp to resist any attack which might be made. The force of Indians, fortified in the rocks, was estimated at 300. Their position was well protected; difficult to attack.

Maj. Cornoyer dismounted a part of his men and had them go up the hill, facing the enemy's fire. Firing as they ran, dropping down to reload, then on again, they reached a point near the top of the hill. The Indians then broke and ran. One Indian was killed here and three wounded.

Ka-mi-akin, the Indian leader in this battle, when too far away for his voice to carry, had a system of signals which his warriors seemed to understand perfectly. He used a black flag, moving it to right and left, up and down, to indicate his orders. By sundown there was not an Indian in sight.

The Indians tell me that many of their people who took part in this battle were without arms. They say, too, that the Volunteers seemed to have no fear of death, advancing in a hail of bullets.

Aside from Capt. Hembree, no white man was killed in this engagement, and strange to say, but one was wounded.

No Indians were to be seen next day.

Carrying the body of Hembree on a litter, the command started for The Dalles, proceeding up the Satus canyon cautiously, then moving on over the narrow trail, scouts out on either side. Meeting two lone Indians, they shot them, without asking any questions.

Ken-e-ho, a Klickitat Indian, told me years ago that one of these Indians was his brother who had not taken any part in the war, but was hunting lost horses. He had seen the Volunteers and rode in among them, not anticipating danger.

The command was now about out of provisions, only flour enough for one meal remaining. They had not been able to procure horse meat, even in the Yakima valley, where they expected to find thousands of the animals. Consequently, they had to kill a few of their own jaded horses for subsistence, till they reached Five Mile creek near The Dalles, where they went into camp and procured supplies.

At this camp a band of warriors headed by a Klickitat Indian, Yellow-wash, who had been following, captured and drove off about all the horses of the command. He was not overtaken.

I knew Yellow-wash well in later years and he enjoyed telling me of that successful raid of his. It was only five years after its occurrence, indeed, that I formed his acquaintance, and he still had some of the captured horses in his band.

The command had carried the body of Capt. Hembree to The Dalles where the Masons took the remains in charge. He was buried at his home place in Yamhill county, Oregon.

Col. Cornelius left the command in charge of Maj. Cornoyer and went to Portland to meet the Governor. Here he received orders to disband his Volunteers. The dispersal began April 30 and continued until the last company was mustered out, May 15. At this time, Col. Cornelius met Col. Steptoe of the regular army, who was in command at The Dalles, and spoke to him of the difficulties of a campaign in Indian country. Steptoe is said to have haughtily replied, "With raw volunteers like yours, it may seem difficult, but with trained soldiers like mine, it is different."

It was not long after this that the Indians defeated Steptoe in the Spokane country and came near to massacring his whole command, taking much of the conceit out of him.

In Indian wars in the West, the Volunteers have always proved the more effective fighting force. A brave and hardy class of men, they understood frontier life. Their self-reliance and resourcefulness fitted them for Indian warfare. Moreover, they understood the nature of their wily foe and knew how to combat him. Bold and daring riders, they were the terror of the red men.

I have spent much time in ascertaining the facts regarding this fight which I will term the Battle of the Satus. As soon as Col. Cornelius' men had started crossing the Columbia, it seems, scouts of Ka-mi-akin had lighted the signal fires. Riders were sent out in all directions to gather in the warriors. It was not expected, however, that the Volunteers would make so quick a crossing. They arrived at the Satus a day sooner than the Indians had expected, so that the forces of the latter were too small to attack on the ninth. Re-inforcements coming in that night, the Indians were ordered early the following morning to take their positions among the rocks all along the high ground. They had instructions to watch for scouting parties from the white camp.

One band of about fifty Indians, under We-sah-ne-berts, head man of the Rock creek band of Klickitats, tied their horses in a deep ravine on the north side of the hill which stands on the north side of what is known as Dry creek, east of the Toppenish and Goldendale road and about a mile south of the top of the Toppenish hill on this road. They ascended the hill on foot. Soon they saw three white soldiers riding towards them. They remembered that

ARMED FOR BATTLE

Ka-ma-akin had told them that the white scouts would have spy glasses and would hunt the high points to get a lookout for Indians. They secreted themselves, therefore, in the rocks and sage brush just behind the top of the hill and lay in wait for the horsemen. We-ah-ke-lo-later, known as Satus George, was in a ledge of rocks near the summit where he could watch every movement of the scouts as they made their way up hill into the jaws of death.

Reaching the top. Capt. Hembree in advance, mounted on a mule, began to adjust his spy glasses to sweep the hills. He was not more than 30 feet from the Indian who fired. A bullet passed through his stomach. Mortally wounded, he turned and fled down the hill towards camp. About a hundred yards from where he received his wound, he fell from his mule between two large sage bushes. The Indians made a rush for his body, believing him dead. The first to reach him would be entitled to his scalp and equipment.

Hembree, however, was still alive and accounted for three of the red skins with his revolver, before he was shot and scalped by We-sah-ne-berts. The Indians killed by Hembree were Pah-ow-re, Shu-wim-ne and Waken-shear, all Yakimas.

The two scouts, the Indians tell me, were a little behind the captain and had not reached the top of the hill when their leader was fired on. As they fled down the hill, they were followed by a rain of bullets. Over 50 shots poured over them, but they were untouched, a fact which convinced the Indians that they bore a charmed life.

Though I have long hunted it, it was just recently that I had pointed out to me the spot where Hembree was shot; also where he fell. I have put up monuments of stones at both places and hope that sometime a more fitting memorial to this dead hero may be raised.

CHAPTER X.

MILITARY OCCUPANCY OF YAKIMA COUNTRY

Operations on the Nah-cheez Described by Col. Wright—Attitude of Gen. Wool to Volunteers—Wright's Journey to Wenatchee—Fort Simcoe Garrisoned.

The regulars and volunteers did not work in harmony during the Indian uprisings. Gov. Stevens did not hesitate to say that the failure of the federal troops to co-operate with him unnecessarily lengthened the war. The opposite point of view is expressed in a letter dated June 6, 1856, from Gen. Wool, commander of the federal troops for the Pacific Coast in this part of the country, to Assistant Adjutant General Thomas at New York City, who says: "Col. Wright is now in the Yakima country with eleven companies well appointed and prepared, a force sufficient to crush these Indians at once, if I can only bring them to battle. I shall pursue them and they must fight or leave the country. He has had several interviews with a number of the chiefs who appear to want peace, and remarks, 'I believe these Indians desire peace and I must find out what outside influence is operating to keep them from coming in.' It is reported to me that Gov. Stevens has ordered two hundred volunteers to the Yakima country, and that they arrived in the vicinity of Col. Wright's camp on the Natches river about 17th of May. If this should be true, I should consider it very unfortunate, for they are not wanted in that region, as there is not a settler or white man in the Yakima country to protect or defend. Col. Wright required no volunteers to bring the Indians to terms and he so informed Gov. Stevens. The latter, however, as I believe, is determined if possible, to prevent the regulars from terminating the war. Nevertheless, I think it will be accomplished soon."

Col. Wright, reporting to his superior officer, Assistant Adjutant General D. R. Jones, at Benecia, Cal., under date of May 30, states that his camp is still on the Natches, and that the river is still impassable, the Indians crossing by swimming their horses.

"The salmon have not commenced running in any great numbers," he writes, "and hence the Indians are compelled to go to the mountains to seek subsistence. It is reported that Ka-mi-akin has gone over to see some of the Nez Perce chiefs who were engaged with him in getting up this war, and is expected back in a few days from this time. I believe most of these chiefs desire peace, but some of them hold back in fear of the demands that may be made upon them for their murders and thefts. They seem to think and say they had strong reasons for the murders they committed, both of the miners and the Indian agent. The outrages of the former and the injudicious and intemperate threats of the latter, if true, as they say, I doubt not maddened the Indians to murder them."

He notes that Col. Steptoe joined him the day before with four companies, his pack train returning immediately to Fort Dalles to bring up supplies. Inclusive of detachments with pack trains, Col. Wright states that he has about 500 men with him and that as soon as the river can be crossed, he will advance to the Wenas and the fisheries and "if I do not bring the Indians to terms, either by battle or desire for peace on their part, I shall endeavor to harrass them to such an extent that they will find it impossible to live in the country. I am now throwing up a field work of earth and gabions of dimensions sufficient to contain a company or two and all our stores. This depot will enable us to move unencumbered by a large pack train."

Writing to Gen. Jones June 11, still from the camp on the Natches, Col. Wright says, "On the 8th inst., a party of Indians numbering thirty-five men with a chief at their head paid a visit to my camp. These Indians live up in the mountains on the branches of the Natches river. They do not consider themselves under the authority of any of the great chiefs of the Yakima nation, not being engaged in any hostilities and evidenced a friendly disposition. On the following day a party of fifteen Priest Rapids Indians with a chief came to see me. The chief presented me a letter from Father Pandosy. It appears that these Indians at the commencement of the war were living on the Ahtanum near the mission, but fled to the north; the chief has many testimonials of good feeling for the whites. I have also received a visit from other delegations headed by smaller chiefs. They all want peace for they doubtless see the probability, if the war continues, that their own country will be invaded. On the evening of the 8th of June, two men came to me from Chief Ow-hi, saying himself and other chiefs would come in next day. These men brought in two horses belonging to the volunteer express recently sent over to the Sound. The men remained with us and on the evening of the 9th, Ow-hi, Ka-mi-akin and Te-i-as encamped on the other side of the Natches river. The chiefs all sent friendly messages, declaring they would fight no more, and were all of one mind for peace. I answered them, if such was the case, they must come and see me. After a while Ow-hi and Te-i-as came over and we had a long talk about the war and its origin. Ow-hi related the whole story of the Walla Walla treaty; concluded by saying that the war commenced from that moment and the treaty was the cause of all the deaths by fighting since that time.

"Ow-hi is a very intelligent man and speaks with great energy; and is well acquainted with his subject, and his words carry conviction of truth to his hearers. I spoke to these chiefs and asked them what they had to gain by war and answered them by enumerating the disasters which must befall them,—their warriors all killed, or driven from their country never to return; their women and children staving to death. But if peace were restored, they could live happily in their own country where the rivers and earth offered ample food for their subsistence.

"I gave them to understand in no uncertain tones if they wanted peace they must come to me and do all I required of them; that I had a force large enough to wipe them off the earth, but I pitied their condition and was willing to spare them, and help make them happy if they complied with my demands. I have never seen Indians more delighted than these were. Five days were allowed for them to assemble here; to surrender everything they had captured or stolen from the white people and to comply with all my demands.

"Ka-mi-akin did not come over to see me, but remained during the conference on the opposite bank. I informed them they were all children in my hands. I sent word to Ka-mi-akin if he did not come over and join in the treaty, I would pursue him with my troops, as no Indian can remain a chief here in this land that does not make his peace with me. Skloom and Show-a-way, two chiefs belonging here, have crossed the Columbia river east of here. They are properly Palouse Indians,* but their people are incorporated in Ow-hi's band. Leschi was here. He came with Ow-hi and Te-i-as, as he is a relative of those chiefs and believes he would prefer to remain with them than to return to the Sound.

Col. Wright tells of completing a bridge "across the Natches after great labor," and June 11 eight companies went over it and marched nine miles to Wenas creek. Leaving the Wenas at sunrise June 17 they moved north, crossing the deep canyon of Umptan-um, where the howitzer had to be dismounted and packed on mules, reaching the Kittitas valley the afternoon of the 19th. Col. Steptoe with three companies of the 9th infantry and a mounted howitzer with artillerymen were left to occupy Ft. Natches. Wright spent several days in the Kittitas country, setting out July 4 up the "Swuck", the march next day being very difficult, "over steep mountains and obstructed trails where were many fallen trees."

"On the 6th," he writes, "we came to Pish-Pish-aston, a small stream flowing into Wenatchee river; arriving on that stream we were met by the Indians who had visited me at Natches and with them was Father Pandosy. They are willing to go at once to the Toppenish, or any place I suggest, but express fear as to their subsistence, which I believe is well taken, as they can procure food much easier and surer when they are scattered. This is beyond question the greatest fishery that I have seen. I have consented for those Indians to remain here and fish, and later move on to

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*Their father's mother only was a Palouse, they should be termed Yakimas.

Yakima. Te-i-as, Ow-hi's brother and father-in-law of Ka-mi-akin, is here."

They followed the Wenatchee river to its junction with the Columbia, and then returned in three days to Kittitas where he reports he has about 500 Indians, men, women and children, and a much larger number of horses and cattle.

"The Indians brought in," he notes, "about twenty horses that had been stolen or captured from the government. Left in my camp at Kittitas, Leschi, Nelson and Kitsap*."

Col. Wright located Ft. Simcoe in August, 1856, gathering all the captured Indians at this point. He says of the Yakima valley, "The whole country between the Cascade mountains and Columbia river should be given over to the Indians, as it is not necessary to the whites." He was a fine soldier, but a poor agriculturist and not much of a prophet.

Maj. Haller with one company of the 4th Infantry and two of the 9th Infantry was camped in the Kittitas at this time, while Maj. Garnett was at Simcoe with two companies erecting temporary quarters for twice that number. Capt. Dent was in charge of the construction of a military road from The Dalles to Ft. Simcoe, a distance of sixty-five miles.

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*Sound Indians.

CHAPTER XI.

YAKIMAS ATTACK GOV. STEVENS

Another Walla Walla council—Lo-kout's story of the Attack—Col. Wright Parleys with Indians.

Early in September one of Ow-hi's spies rode into camp with the information that Gov. Stevens had left The Dalles with many wagons and pack horses loaded with presents to meet in council at Walla Walla the chiefs of the different tribes. Ow-hi, with his sons Qual-chan and Lo-kout, and with Moses, Quil-ten-e-nock and a few warriors, started to meet him. They found him encamped with one company of volunteers as guard, Col. Steptoe and four companies of regulars being encamped five miles away.

"We could not understand," Lo-kout told me, "why all the soldiers and volunteers were not camped together until Ka-mi-akin explained to us that the soldiers and volunteers were not identical. He said that he had talked with Col. Steptoe and was informed by that officer that Gen. Wool, his and Col. Wright's superior officer, had given orders to drive all the whites, both settlers and volunteers, except those belonging to the Hudson's Bay company, from the Indian country. He said also, that the regular army had no respect for Gov. Stevens and he thought that Col. Steptoe's command would not help Gov. Stevens if the Indians should attack him; wherefore he thought it a good time to kill Stevens and all his escort. Several councils of chiefs were held and it was decided to make the attack, though the objection of some of the Nez Perces caused delay."

Lo-kout said that Stevens now began to show signs of uneasiness and sent to Steptoe for reinforcements. When these reinforcements failed to come, Ka-mi-akin was the more emboldened. But it seems that at this juncture Steptoe advised the governor to move his encampment up by the regulars, and this was done on the very night Ka-mi-akin had planned for his attack. Surprised and disappointed when he came upon Stevens near Steptoe's camp, Ka-mi-akin retired in sullen anger to await the time when the governor should set out again for The Dalles. By the 19th of September Stevens realized that no treaty could be made at this time, and ordered the return march. When a few miles away from Steptoe's camp, Qual-chan and Quil-ten-e-nock, under Ka-mi-akin's orders, began the attack. Charge after charge was made by the Indians on the governor's forces, which were marching in battle order. Quil-ten-e-nock had two horses shot under him. Qual-chan was fighting with his usual reckless bravery and had killed two volunteers, when Gov. Stevens ordered a corral made of his wagons near a creek, and used this as a breast work. As the sun was going down, Qual-chan, at the top of his voice, called out to some fifty Nez Perce warriors who were fighting on the governor's side, "We did not come here to fight red men, only the whites; and if you do not leave at once, we will wipe from the earth your women and children." The Nez Perce camp was only a few miles away. The threat of damage to their families had the desired effect, and the warriors withdrew from the fight.

It was now dark and the Indians advanced closer to the breast work. While the battle was at its fiercest, Lo-kout says, an officer of the volunteers* rushed out with a number of men and charged a portion of Indians under command of a Cay-use chief; then started to retreat. Qual-chan ordered a rush to cut them off in the rear. When the officer saw that Indians were between him and the breast work, a hand-to-hand encounter ensued, the soldiers succeeding in making their way back through the Indians, though with some loss. Lo-kout himself had an encounter with a powerful volunteer. In this duel the volunteer was killed and Lo-kout, with two bullet holes through his breast fainted. A volunteer, in passing, struck him with his gun stock, in the forehead, crushing in his skull and leaving him for dead.

But Lo-kout was not dead. Fifty years after that fight, hale and hearty at the age of 84, he came to visit me in 1906. His skull had a hole in it that would hold an egg. How he ever survived such an injury I do not know.

Finally it became too dark to fight longer. During the night Steptoe sent soldiers to escort Stevens and his outfit back to his camp. When Ka-mi-akin, in the morning, learned what had been done, he was very bitter. "Steptoe has lied to me," he said. "Only for his interference, I should have got Stevens and ended the war. He will yet learn who Ka-mi-akin is! I will be revenged on him."

Realizing that no further attack would be successful at this time, the Indians went home.

A month later, Oct. 19, Col. Wright left Ft. Vancouver under orders from Gen. Wool to establish a post at Walla Walla and, as senior officer, to ascertain from the tribes in that region their demands and their feelings towards the whites. "Warned by what has occurred," the order ran, "the General trusts you will adopt prompt and vigorous measures to prevent further trouble by keeping the whites out of the Indian country,"—a fair sample of the ignorance and downright unfairness of that arch imbecile, Gen. Wool. At this council there were present about fifty unimportant Indians, including Red Wolf and Eagle of the Light of the Nez Perces and Howl-ish, Wam-po, Tin-tin-metse and Sticcas of the Cay-uses. None of the Yakimas, Walla Wallas or Spokanes were in attendance. These latter Indians had had more treaty than they wanted in that made by Gov. Stevens in 1855, which they claimed was forced on them by the action of Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perces. During my many years' residence among the Yakimas, I have heard their side of the story many times and from many sources. I am convinced that, had a cooler-headed, less domineering and more fair-minded man than Gov. Stevens been sent to treat with them, the war of 1855-6 at least would not have occurred.

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*Col. B. F. Shaw.

The policy of Col. Wool played into the hands of Ka-mi-akin without doubt. The Indians listened to Col. Wright, who said that his superior officer had sent him to offer them peace and good will. "The bloody shirt shall now be washed," said Wright, "and not a spot left on it. The great spirit created the white and the red man and asked us to love one another. All past differences must be thrown behind us. The good talk we have had here today should grow up in our hearts and drive all bad feelings away; the hatchet must be buried to be dug up no more. Let peace and friendship remain forever. Go to your wigwams and tell the warriors, the old men and women what we have said today and let there be peace."

The Indians took back to their tribes the words of Col. Wright. War slumbered for awhile, only to be fanned again into flame in 1858.

CHAPTER XII.

INDIAN TROUBLES WITH FT. SIMCOE

Horse Thefts by David — Quil-ten-e-nock's Death — Qual-chan's Fight with the Miners—Steptoe's Defeat.

In the early spring of 1858 Ow-hi and his people were camped on the Swuck creek at the west end of the Kittitas valley gathering roots. Their horses, many hundreds, were grazing in the valley below. One night Ki-yu-ya,—the same David who had previously played a similar trick on Qual-chan, Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock,—stole nearly all the horses of the tribe and drove them towards Ft. Sim-co-e, where he was employed as a scout by Maj. Garnett, in command of the post there. On learning of this theft, Qual-chan was for going to the fort to demand their return, but Ow-hi, more pacific, said "No, let them keep the horses; we may get them back later on."

But they moved up into the We-nat-sha country to be farther away from the Ft. Sim-co-e raider. Here Quil-ten-e-nock was camped with his people, while Moses was at his favorite place, twenty miles below, in the coulee which bears his name.* The horses of the two brothers and their followers had been driven up the We-nat-sha river to a small creek, where they were considered safe, but Ki-yu-ya still hovered near and found opportunity to drive off most of the band, not leaving, indeed, sufficient numbers to carry the camp equipage. In such manner was the Indian traitor in the government employ helping to keep the peace. Ft. Sim-co-e, at that time, seemed to the Indians to furnish an asylum for all the robbers and renegades among their kinsmen.

The feelings of Quil-ten-e-nock were so outraged by the loss of his horses in such a way that he fell to brooding. "Col. Wright is now far away," he said, "and those who are in charge are not keeping faith. We have made peace, but our enemies still hound us and steal our horses with the permission of the commander at Ft. Sim-co-e. We are now so poor that we cannot move our camps. Our squaws are wailing, our old men discouraged and our papooses no longer play around our wigwams. Everything seems dead. The rushing waters speak our doom. I have now enough. The word of a pale face shall pass by my ears as the idle wind. In my poverty and humiliation I blush. I have been a bold man, born of a race of warriors who never turned their back on a foe. My father was the bravest of the brave. His name struck terror to his enemies. I have always been a free man, and shall be again. I will disgrace his name no longer by keeping this false peace."

Going into his tent he lay down upon his blankets. Shortly after an Indian came in to tell him that white men were fording the

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*The place was owned by Otto Smith in 1900.

Wen-at-sha river. It proved to be a small company of miners on their way to the Fraser river in British Columbia. Quil-ten-e-nock rose and saddled a spotted horse, the last he had. Taking his gun and ammunition, he crossed the river, telling no one of his intentions. Following up the Columbia, he overtook one of the miners who had fallen behind to fix his pack. Quil-ten-e-nock shot him. Without stopping to investigate whether the white man were wounded or dead, the Indian rode on after his companions. They had turned at the sound of the gun and had seen their comrade fall. They now opened fire on Quil-ten-e-nock, but the bullets failed to reach him. The chief retreated towards the We-nat-sha river, pursued by the miners. They recrossed the river and in the night were surrounded by hostile Indians who had joined in the fight. Sometime before daylight the Indians ceased the attack, in order to sleep, leaving a few guards on watch, who, also, must have fallen asleep, for in the morning the miners had disappeared. The Indians were soon in pursuit and overtook them among the large rocks just below the present city of Wenatchee, where a running fight was kept up for some time.

Ow-hi, at this juncture, rode up to ask Qual-chan and the others who had joined Quil-ten-e-nock to return to their lodges and keep the peace promise they had made to Col. Wright. Reluctantly the famous warrior obeyed his father, but Quil-ten-e-nock refused to go, saying, "Return if you will, but with me, from now on, it is war."

Alone and on foot he continued the unequal battle; all the fire now centered on the solitary warrior whose proud spirit had made its final revolt, the limit of insult and humiliation reached at last. It was a fight to the death with Quil-ten-e-nock.

About six miles below Wenatchee there is a small creek, Quil-tuh-cheen, flowing from the mountains near by. The miners had crossed this and were continuing their retreat when they discovered the lone warrior still following relentless upon their trail. Three of their men had already been wounded. One of the miners decided to take the chance of dropping behind a rock, just at the creek crossing, to lie in wait for the Indian. Quil-ten-e-nock did not see him until, only twenty feet away, the miner fired. With one wild yell, the Indian, whose wrongs had driven him to this madness, fell dead.

Thus perished Quil-ten-e-nock, the Roland of his tribe. When the Indians, who were following up behind, but taking no part in the action, came to where the chief lay dead, they threw a blanket over him and sent for Qual-chan and Ow-hi. When these two looked upon their favorite comrade, cold in death, the friend with whom they had shared so many battles and hardships,—hardened warriors that they were, they shed tears. On the spot where he fell, the tribe built a little mound of stones and for years, afterwards, as they traveled by, they kept the pile heaped up. When I passed the place in 1861, Indians were at work replacing rocks which had fallen off the memorial.

Wrapping the dead chief in his blanket, they took him across to the north bank of the Columbia and buried him. When the last rocks had been thrown upon his grave, Qual-chan said, "I am to blame. Had I refused my father and stayed to help Quil-ten-e-nock fight, doing my duty as a warrior, he would not now be dead. I will take up his fight where he left off. I will follow the pale faces."

Hurrying back to the camp, he mounted a sorrel which had been overlooked, and, armed with gun and pistol, set out after the retreating whites, overtaking them just below La-cost-um* near Priest Rapids. For over half a day he fought the miners till, shot through the intestines, he became too weak to continue. He had seen two of his opponents fall,—whether dead or only wounded he did not know. Bleeding profusely, he was near to death when he reached Wen-at-sha. He had been shot twice, his stomach was badly swollen and he was in evident distress. Moses, hearing of Qual-chan's condition, hastened to him and was deeply moved to think that these wounds had been received in an effort to avenge his brother's death. They had been boys together and had grown to manhood side by side,—friends in sport and in war. Taking his woven drinking cup, Moses threw cold water on the wounds, washed off the blood and then sat down by Qual-chan's side to watch for signs of improvement. They came before long and Qual-chan, in time, recovered.

Soon after this, Ow-hi met another party of miners, headed by W. H. Pierson*, at the crossing of the We-nat-sha. The chief warned them of danger if they proceeded, telling them of the experience of the party of two weeks before and stating that Quil-ten-e-nock had many friends and relatives among the Okanogan tribes who would be only too ready to avenge his death on the first white men who undertook to pass through their country. How rightly Ow-hi judged the situation, later events were to prove.

Ow-hi explained to Pierson the theft of their horses by the renegade David and told how bitterly they resented this breach of good faith permitted by a representative of the government. Pierson said, "This company of white men will return to Puget Sound; while I will take thirty or forty of your young men and go to Ft. Sim-co-e and see if I can get the commander to return the horses to you."

Ow-hi's sons, Qual-chan, Lo-kout and Pe-nah, with twenty-five others accompanied Pierson. On Sim-co-e creek, about five miles from the fort, they came upon mounted soldiers who, they afterwards learned, were looking for some deserters from the garrison. The soldiers, discovering the Indians, dismounted and drew their guns. Pierson, who was mounted on a spotted sorrel pony belonging to Pe-nah, rode forward, waving his hat and calling, "Don't shoot!" After talking with the soldiers for a few minutes, he motioned the Indians to come up, saying "I have Ow-hi's and Te-i-as' boys with me."

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*Saddle Mountain.

*Gov. Stevens' noted scout. It was he, with Doty, who carried the word from Stevens to Ka-mi-akin, arranging for the council of all the tribes in 1855. Pierson also acted as scout and messenger for Stevens on his trip into Montana as far as Ft. Benton. The governor said of him that he was a man to be trusted in any place of danger, brave, cautious, a wonderfully tough rider, a man to be relied upon.

"We all had a good talk," said Pe-nah, in relating the incidents of the trip to me many years later, "and the soldiers took out their lunches and we all ate together. When we had finished, the soldiers returned to the fort and with them went Pierson and an Indian named Sto-chan."

Pierson explained to the commander how David's theft of the horses had so aroused Quil-ten-e-nock that he had set out on the war path by himself and had succeeded in wounding five miners before falling. He told also of the friendly warning given his party by Ow-hi and urged that the horses be returned. He emphasized the fact that his interest was of a purely friendly nature, and said he believed that if the horses were sent back, peace might be maintained; otherwise war was likely to break out at any time. The commander summoned David, who said that if Ow-hi had his horses back he would fight again anyway. Pierson remained at the fort, but Sto-chan returned to the Indian camp bearing word to Qual-chan from Pierson that if the commander decided to return the horses, he, Pierson, would be at the Indian camp by noon the next day. He did not appear at the appointed time and he kept Pe-nah's spotted horse. The Indians always believed that the commander would not allow him to return.

Next morning David, riding one of the horses which had belonged to Qual-chan, dashed towards the camp, making war whoops and bantering the Indians to fight, while not far behind were soldiers on foot and on horseback. The sight of the thief on one of his favorite mounts, made Qual-chan fiercely angry. When the soldiers came close enough, they fired on Qual-chan and his warriors. Then Qual-chan said, in a loud voice, "The peace we made is broken. Soldiers have renewed the war. Now let us fight." A battle of several hours' duration ensued, in which there were no casualties on either side. The Indians, seeing a man herding mules, surrounded him. Lo-kout captured him, and after relieving him of his spy glass, turned him loose.

Starting back towards We-nat-sha, the Indians went by way of the Kwi-wy-chas, thence to the Nah-cheez and up the river to the mouth of the Nile, where they found So-happy encamped with a portion of the Priest Rapids tribe. Qual-chan, who had married a daughter of So-happy, urged him to pack up and go with them to We-nat-sha. He related the happenings at the fort that day, told how the peace had been broken and spoke of the likelihood of war, coaxing the old man to go along and help fight. So-happy stubbornly refused, saying, "I have not fought the soldiers before and I will not now. We are friends. Go your way and let us alone." And he pulled out a letter which Lieut. Allen had given him.

"Then," said Qual-chan," if you will take no part in the defense of your country and wish to become the slave of the white man, you will not need your horses. We, who do need horses, in order to fight your battles as well as our own, will take them."

As he began at once to round up the two hundred or so head of horses belonging to the Priest Rapids people, So-happy rode out to prevent it. Low-e-chicht, a Kittitas Indian with the Priest Rapids aimed his rifle at Qual-chan, but another Indian kept him from shooting. At this critical moment, a Flathead from Montana, a brother-in-law of Qual-chan's, shot So-happy dead, and then fired a shot through the heart of Wol-e-koot, another of the tribe. Shocked by the killing of their chief, the Priest Rapids made no further resistance and Qual-chan's band drove off all the horses in sight.

About the first of May, it seems, an old Priest Rapids Indian named E-la-to-moh, who had gone to Ft. Sim-co-e as a spy, was captured near the fort and taken before Lieut. Allen, who questioned him. When it was learned that E-la-to-moh belonged to the tribe of So-happy, he was instructed to go back to the chief and tell him to bring all of his people and horses to the fort, leaving nothing behind, for soldiers would be sent to all parts of the country and any Indians found would be treated as hostiles. So-happy took the advice and went to the fort, where Lieut. Allen suggested that he take his people to Wich-ram, the falls on the Columbia, there to remain until the war was over. Half of So-happy's tribe did this, but, at the instigation of Low-e-chicht, the other half had moved over to the mouth of the Nile. When the Indians at Wich-ram heard of So-happy's death, they hastened to the Nile with horses and the whole tribe returned to Priest Rapids. But the guiding hand which had held them together was gone. Their sun had set.

Qual-chan and his band, on arriving at We-nat-sha separated. The greater portion of the Indians, including Ow-hi, Moses, Qual-chan, Lo-kout, Nan-num-kin and Lot, a Spokane, and other prominent men with about 300 warriors crossed to the east bank of the Columbia opposite the present city of Wenatchee. E-ne-as and his following, about 500 men and women, remained on the left bank, refusing to fight longer. When Qual-chan returned to beg E-ne-as, his friend of long standing, to stay with him in the fight, E-ne-as replied. "I have seen enough to know we cannot win. The longer we continue this unequal fight, that much longer will our wives and children suffer. I see so much suffering among our old men that I cannot longer take the war path, for the wails of our wives and daughters have touched my heart. That I am brave, you well know. I have been in the thickest of the fight, side by side with the bravest, and I am not afraid to die; but I believe that further fighting would be a crime against the future of our race."

Qual-chan then took the hand of his friend, whom he was destined to see no more and said, "We may never meet again, but we differ. When the time comes that my race is conquered, our country no longer ours; when the hated white man shall plow up and desecrate the graves of our ancestors, I will not be here to see it. I prefer death."

So he rode away to join the warriors on the opposite bank. Had David not stolen from these people their horses, and had not the commander at Ft. Sim-co-e, Maj. Garnett, justified him in the act by refusing to return the animals, I firmly believe that this tribe of brave men would not again have gone upon the war path.

Ka-mi-akin, who, after the fight with Gov. Stevens at Walla Walla, had repaired to the Palouse country, was during this time busy working out his plans for his promised revenge on Col. Steptoe. Visiting the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes, he used the same arguments which had been effective three years before when he formed one of the greatest federations of Indian tribes ever recorded in history. His point that no white travelers or soldiers should pass through Indian country was in line with the feeling of the tribes and quickly met their approval. Til-cosx, a noted Palouse horse thief and raider, was called into council and listened eagerly to the suggestion that the best way of keeping the white men out of his country was to kill them on sight. Ka-mi-akin emphasized the fact that the peace recently made between Col. Wright and a few unimportant Indians would not amount to anything, though it would encourage miners to travel to the Colville mines. Whether or not as a result of this talk, several miners on their way to Colville were killed in the spring of 1858. These murders came to the notice of the few white settlers in the Colville valley who reported them to Col. Steptoe at Walla Walla, and he, in turn, to Col. Wright at Vancouver.

Ka-mi-akin kept himself informed of the soldiers' movements by means of Nez Perce Indians, supposedly friendly to the whites, who hung about Ft. Walla Walla. He now called upon Til-cosx to drive off, if possible, all the horses and cattle belonging to the garrison. Delighted at the prospect, Til-cosx and a few followers at once crossed the Snake and by following his usual methods, was successful in getting away with a large amount of stock.

This raid helped to hasten Steptoe's advance into the Colville valley. On May 6, the command, amounting to 136 draggoons besides officers and packers, marched out from Walla Walla. Word was instantly sent to the different tribes by Ka-mi-akin that the soldiers were on their way to Colville, a mere handful, easy to exterminate. Leisurely wending their way to the Snake, the soldiers reached it at Red Wolf, crossing near the mouth of Alpowa creek. Here

Timothy, a chief of the Nez Perces, ferried the commander across and went on with him as a guide, a circumstance which later proved extremely fortunate for the expedition.

Ka-mi-akin met the main body of his Indians at the point selected for the attack, site of the present Rosalia in Whitman county. Here were about 400 warriors, Palouses, Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes and some Nez Perces ready to give battle. The forces of Col. Steptoe came into sight May 17. Said Ka-mi-akin to his warriors, "We now have the opportunity to kill this whole command, thereby making the white man afraid forever to attempt to pass through our country."

Steptoe, before reaching this spot, was met by a Catholic priest, Father Joset, who warned him of an attack scheduled for the morrow. The battle ground selected by the Indians was a ravine through which led the trail Steptoe was following and where the hostiles could assail him on three sides. The commander, who saw no way of avoiding a fight, was not to be caught, however, in the ravine. Turning to the left, he went on for about a mile and camped at a small lake. The horses were kept in hand; not even unsaddled. A few Indians came into the camp and acted in an ugly manner, saying, "Tomorrow we will fight," but they disappeared at dark. There was no sleep in the camp that night.

Before sunrise on the morning of May 18 Steptoe's command was on its way back to Walla Walla. The soldiers had not gone more than a mile when, in the morning gloom, Indians could be seen riding on both sides of them. Steptoe, who wanted, if possible, to avoid a fight, ordered that the Indians fire should not be returned, unless some one was hit by a bullet. The attack was not long delayed. A squad of Indians in war costume and on gaily caparisoned horses, made a charge on the rear. Their bullets failing to take effect, they came closer; with only a hand and a foot on the back of each horse, and a painted face peering out from under his neck, they kept up the firing. At this charge, Lieut. Gaston's horse was shot under him, but the soldiers pressed on, still without returning the fire. A little later Gaston's new horse fell under him and a ball tore across his hand. The first volley then was sent among the howling pursuers. It was not long before Gaston fell, mortally wounded,—the first man to die in the fight, and the victim of an incompetent officer.

Ka-mi-akin was openly rejoicing as the soldiers fell one by one. Remembering how Steptoe had foiled his attempt on Gov. Stevens, he urged his warriors on to further slaughter. Towards evening, as they were approaching Te-hot-a-mi, now known as Steptoe Butte, Capt. Oliver H. T. Taylor fell from his horse, wounded. Two men, Howard and Hill, started to replace him in the saddle, when a second bullet struck him, killing him instantly. Taylor was a young officer whose wife had just come out from New York to join him in this western land. Another promising young life cut short and a young widow left without home or friends!

Close up under Te-hot-a-mi, on the north side, water was found and the command halted for rest. Many were near to exhaustion from the long day's work and the wounded were in particularly bad shape for the want of water. The sun was fast setting in the western horizon and as darkness fell the Indians, for some unknown but fortunate reason, drew off. The soldiers had scarcely three rounds of ammunition left and could not have lasted much longer. They proceeded to bury the dead, including the brave Taylor. The howitzer also was buried here, the pack train unloaded and preparations made for a rapid retreat. John O'Neil, Mike Kennedy and J. J. Roan, with eight others, were placed on guard with the understanding that the retreat would start in the early morning, but during the night the guards discovered that it had already begun and they had been left behind. Hastening to the camp, they caught up the best mounts they could find and took the trail of the flying command, leaving behind seventy pack mules and their burdens. These eleven men never knew why they had not been notified of the retreat, the most charitable belief being that, in the mad rush to escape, they had been forgotten.

It was Timothy, the Nez Perce, who was responsible for the change in the time of the retreat. Knowing the country, and knowing Indian nature and methods, he realized that the escape by night offered their best chance for safety.

The guards, following on after the command, came upon a man mounted on a mule and holding by a rope another upon which a wounded man was lashed. In his weakness, the injured soldier had turned the saddle and fallen, his body resting on the ground, while his feet were still fastened to the animal. They untied him and were about to lash him on again in as comfortable a position as possible, but he begged to be left where he was. Believing that he could live but a short time, they laid him gently on the bunch grass, with no covering but the canopy of heaven, and bade him good-bye. A short distance further on they came upon a Frenchman named Le May, lying on the ground, but holding his horse. This man had not been very popular with his mess, being notoriously lazy. It was found, later, by an examination of his effects at Walla Walla that he held a captain's commission in the French army. When urged by the guards to continue the journey, he declared it impossible and said, "I have in this revolver six loads. Five are for the Indians."

Next they overtook Sergeant Williams, who had received a serious thigh wound. He, too, had given up the fight and would not attempt to go on. It was afterwards learned that he fell into the hands of some Indians whom he begged to shoot him to end his sufferings, but who, instead, cared for him till he died.

It was not till daybreak that the guards came up with Steptoe. The whole command proceeded without halting, except for an occasional rest of a few minutes, until they reached the Snake river that night opposite the mouth of the Alpowa. Here Timothy's Indians were encamped, and they halted so that the wornout company might get some rest while the Nez Perce scouts kept guard. In the morning the squaws helped to ferry them across the river, the men, by Timothy's orders, still remaining on the watch for the enemy. With all the command safely over, they checked up the casualties and found they had lost twenty-five men, including a Nez Perce scout, or about one-fifth of the entire force. Next day, while slowly winding their way over the hills towards Walla Walla, with no further anxiety as to their safety, some one, chancing to look back, saw a great cloud of dust. Soon they could distinguish a large band of horsemen at full gallop. Though filled with consternation, they made preparations at once to give battle. On came the flying column and when the war whoop was heard, it seemed no longer possible to doubt their identity. The thought that must have come to many a man in that little band was the irony of having passed through the sufferings of the past two days only to be wiped out after all. Imagine their joyful relief when, the horsemen coming nearer, their leader unfurled the Stars and Stripes. Lawyer of the Nez Perces, consistently faithful to the whites, had come up with 200 painted and plumed warriors, having had news of Steptoe's defeat through the wonderfully quick mode of Indian signals. He urged Steptoe to return, promising that he would gather 800 warriors and accompany the soldiers, without cost to the government, making war upon the victorious Indians and effectually crushing them for all time. But Steptoe had had enough and would not go back; which was perhaps as well since his incapacity had been shown. It is said that when Gaston and Taylor, who with a handful of men had been defending the rear and doing practically all the fighting, had asked their commander to halt until they could come up to the main body, he had refused and continued his rapid retreat. These two officers won a place in the hearts of their countrymen by that day's fight, but at the cost of their lives.

This disastrous expedition of Col. Steptoe had been almost wholly lacking in arrangement. There seemed to be no guiding hand behind it. The men were totally unprepared for the sort of work which was to be expected. Then take, for instance, the quartermaster's wanton disregard of human life when, to lighten up the loads of the pack mules, he left behind the greater part of the ammunition to fall into the hands of the enemy. Such facts go to prove how incompetent were many of the military men sent into the west at this time.

When Steptoe had begun his retreat, Ka-mi-akin said, "Let us see that these soldiers do not escape. They have found out we are prepared to defend our country so that now they want to go back and get reinforcements and return. Let us show them we can fight." He had accordingly ordered his Palouses to make the attack and soon the battle became general. Lieut. Gaston's brave defense was defeating the aims of the Indian commander, who had expected that the sudden onslaught by his redskins would demoralize the command and that then the whole force of the Indians would come down on them with one fell swoop. But when Gaston and his men held the rear intact, Ka-mi-akin saw that he had an obstacle in this officer's fighting qualities and marked him for death. It was no accident that his horses were shot under him. To a Palouse warrior who was considered a deadly marksman, Ka-mi-akin said, "Two horses have gone down under that officer. See that he dies." From that moment Gaston was a target for the best shots among the Indians and his death was a foregone conclusion.

In an attempt of the Indians to cut off part of the column there was a hand-to-hand struggle in which Jacques Zachery, a brother-in-law of Chief Vincent of the Coeur d'Alenes, as well as victor of that tribe, fell. The rage of the Indians at his loss was terrible and they began to fight like demons, avenging themselves, as the number of whites killed bore witness.

Capt. Oliver Taylor, upon whom fell the burden of the fight after Gaston's death, soon attracted the attention of Ka-mi-akin and became in his turn marked for slaughter.

If the Indians had only known, in this and other wars, when they had their battles won, the history of the country might have been different. It was night and their incapacity for sustained action which beat them rather than any soldiers. When they quit firing at Te-hot-a-mi and drew off to water, many unsaddled their horses and prepared to sleep. Ka-mi-akin at once remonstrated, crying, "Our work is not finished. Let us keep up the fight. No doubt their ammunition is about exhausted. One more battle and they are ours. The dead and wounded are with them and the sight will make them fear us more. We have them now in anguish. Let them not escape. We can finish them in a short time and then we can lie down to sleep. If we do not get them now, dawn of day will not find them there, for that wily old Nez Perce Timothy knows these hills well. There is a pass up the Te-hot-a-mi by which they may escape. Remember my word. Maj. Haller eluded me in the Yakima because of our sleeping. I want this man Steptoe."

But, alas for the Yakima chief, the talk fell on deaf ears. The rest of the chiefs and warriors insisted on resting, saying that if guards were put along the edge of the butte between them and the Snake river the soldiers could not move without their knowledge and that when morning came, with renewed strength they could go in and finish them.

Ka-mi-akin, sorely disappointed, feeling his victory and revenge slipping away, turned to one of his Palouse warriors and said bitterly, "If I had the brave Qual-chan here but for an hour, there would not be a soldier left alive. He is the greatest fighter of them all; fierce as the twe-tas (grizzly bear) and swift as the whirlwind. He saved the day at the battle of the Toppenish when we defeated Maj. Haller in the Yakima."

One against many, the best he could do was to put out Indians to watch the troops, and his scouts certainly fell asleep. At break of day, Ka-mi-akin and a few warriors rode over to see if the soldiers were still there. They found a large amount of baggage and provisions and about seventy mules, but not a soldier. Arousing the sleeping warriors with the news, Ka-mi-akin harangued them sharply, calling them women. "Had we kept on," he said, "there would have been none of that band of soldiers left to tell the tale. All the tribes throughout the country would have raised the hatchet and taken the war path."

Horses were quickly mounted and the pursuit begun. The first wounded soldier they found was quickly dispatched. They came upon another, apparently lifeless, but when they rode up, he began firing his revolver, wounding two Indians and putting a hole through the war bonnet of another. The red men fled a short way, during which time another shot was fired. At a safe distance, they dismounted. The soldier's body was in plain sight on the bunch grass and they riddled it with bullets. This probably was the French soldier who was going to save the last shot for himself. After mutilating his body, they hastened on, the swiftest riders going in advance.

In the evening the van guard returned to the main body, then about ten miles from the Snake river, to report that the soldiers had reached Timothy's camp and that Timothy's men were mounted and on guard. To attack the soldiers while under the protection of the Nez Perces would surely bring on a war between the tribes, so, at a council of chiefs, it was decided to give up the pursuit.

Once more the prize, well within his hold, had slipped from the hand of Ka-mi-akin. It was the blow which broke his spirit.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPOKANE CAMPAIGN

Wright's Alliance with Nez Perces—Battle of Four Lakes — Destruction of Indian Horses — Final Submission.

After receiving Col. Steptoe's report of his defeat by the Indians under Ka-mi-akin, the war department at Washington ordered Col. Wright, then stationed at The Dalles, to proceed with a suitable force against the Spokanes, Palouses and Coeur d'Alenes. Wright marched to Walla Walla, where he further increased his strength with the available men at that fort. While there he made a treaty of friendship with the Nez Perces binding these Indians to aid the United States in war against the other tribes, and requiring the United States to assist them in the same case at the cost of the government, and to furnish them arms whenever their services were required. The Indian signers were twenty-one Nez Perce leaders, including Timothy, Richard, Three Feathers and Speaking Eagle, but there were among them none of the greater chiefs conspicuous in the other councils. The treaty was witnessed by six army officers, signed by Col. Wright and approved by the commander of all the forces on the Pacific, Gen. Clark.

This treaty was the subject for much criticism. It certainly worked well both for Wright and for the Nez Perces. It gave the former the Indian scouts who were of so much assistance in the campaign. Their knowledge of the Indian's mode of warfare and their familiarity with the country kept the army safe from ambush and sudden attack. They also knew the murdering outlawed Indians whom Wright felt must be captured and executed before peace could be maintained throughout the country. The Nez Perces, by such an offensive and defensive arrangement acquired the standing of the most powerful tribe in the Northwest.

On Aug. 17, 1858, Capt. D. E. Keyes left Walla Walla with a detachment of dragoons for Snake River, where, by the advice of Col. Steptoe, a fortification was to be erected at the junction of the Tucanon and Snake rivers. The fort was built in a deep gorge overhung by cliffs on either side from one to two hundred feet high and was named Ft. Taylor, in honor of Capt. O. H. P. Taylor, who had been killed May 17 at the battle of Steptoe Butte. The place would have afforded little security against a civilized foe, but was thought to be safe from Indian attack. A reservation of 640 acres was laid out and preparations made for a permanent post.

Col. Wright arrived at Ft. Taylor the next day and a few days later the march began, the dragoons numbering 190, infantry 90, artillery 400 and Nez Perce scouts about 30. By Aug. 31 the army had reached the headwaters of the Che-ran-eh creek, seventy-five miles north of Ft.Taylor and some twenty miles south of the Spokane river. Here the Indians showed themselves in some force on the hills and exchanged a few shots with the scouts, who were not so disguised by their uniforms as to escape detection and who, indeed, did not seem to desire it. The attacking Indians fired the grass, intending, no doubt, to make an attack under cover of the smoke. But when the grass failed to burn well, they merely discharged their guns and went back to the hills.

Camp was made in the neighborhood of Four Lakes, Col. Wright intending to give his men a rest after the long march before attempting battle, but the Indians gave him no time to rest. The next morning they were to be seen in considerable numbers collecting on the summit of a hill a couple of miles away. Wright with two squadrons of dragoons commanded by Maj. W. N. Grier, four companies of the Third artillery armed with rifle muskets commanded by Capt. Keyes and the rifle battalion of two companies of the Ninth infantry commanded by Capt. F. T. Dent, one mountain howitzer under the command of Lieut. J. L. White and the thirty Indian scouts under command of Lieut. John Mullen set out about half past nine o'clock to make a reconnaissance and drive the enemy from their position, leaving the equipage and supplies guarded by a company of artillery commanded by Lieuts. H. G. Gibson and G. B. Dandy. A howitzer mounted and guard of 54 men under Lieut. H. B. Lyon was also left, the whole being under the command of the officer of the day, Capt. J. A. Hardy. Wright had on this campaign 400 pack mules for the transportation of supplies and ammunition.

Grier was ordered to advance with his cavalry to the north and east around the base of the hill in order to intercept the Indians' retreat when the foot soldiers should have driven them from the summit. The artillery and rifle battalion with the Nez Perces were marched to the right, where the ascent was easier. It was not a difficult matter to drive the Indians over the crest, but once on the other side they took a stand, showing no disposition to avoid combat. In fact they were keeping up a constant firing upon the two squadrons of dragoons, who were awaiting the foot troops on the other side of the ridge. On this side was spread out a vast plain. At the foot of the hill was a lake and just beyond lay three other lakes surrounded by rocks, while between them, spreading to the southwest as far as the eye could see was level ground, with a dark range of pine-covered mountains in the distance. No more picturesque battle ground could have been selected.

Mounted on their fleetest horses, the Indians were decorated for war, their gaudy trappings flashing in the sunlight, their horses painted in white, crimson and other colors, bead fringes hanging from their bridles, plumes of eagles woven in their manes and tails.

Singing and shouting their battle cries, the warriors made a brilliant moving picture that bright September morning.

The troops were in possession of the elevated ground and the Indians held the pine groves, plains and ravines. The dragoons were drawn up on the crest facing the plain, behind them the two companies of Keyes' artillery battalion acting as infantry and with the infantry deployed as skirmishers to advance down the hill and drive the Indians from the coverts out onto the plain. The riflemen under Dent were ordered to the pine forests at the right and the howitzer was moved towards a lower plateau to be in position for effective firing. Moving steadily down the long slope, the infantry fired a volley into the ranks at the bottom of the hill. The Indians now got a big surprise. Instead of seeing the soldiers drop before their muskets as at the Steptoe Butte battle, the experience was quite the contrary. It was the Indians who fell, reached by the rifles of the infantry before the troops came in range of their muskets. This unexpected disadvantage, together with the orderly movement of so large a number of men—exceeding their own force by at least one or two hundred—caused the Indians to retire, slowly at first, many of them taking refuge in the woods, where they were met by the rifle battalion and the howitzer.

The Indians continued to fall back before the advancing infantry. The dragoons were in the rear, leading their horses. As soon as the latter reached the plain they mounted and, charging between the divisions of the skirmishers, created a panic from which the Indians did not recover. They scattered in all directions, pursued by the dragoons for about a mile, when their horses gave out. The foot troops, weary after their long march from Walla Walla, followed the enemy but a short distance. The few Indians who still lingered on the neighboring hilltops fled when the howitzers were discharged in their direction. By 2 p. m. the whole army had returned to camp without a man or a horse having been killed. This fight was known as the battle of Four Lakes.

For three days Wright rested unmolested in camp and resumed his march Sept. 5. After advancing five miles, he came upon Indians collecting in great numbers, apparently with the intention of opposing his progress. They rode along in a line parallel to the troops, augmenting in strength and becoming more demonstrative, evidently awaiting the right moment for attack.

As the column progressed, the grass was fired about them and, being dry, burned with great fierceness, the wind blowing it towards the troops. Then, under cover of the smoke, the Indians spread out in a crescent, half surrounding the troops.

Orders were given for the pack train to close up and a strong guard was placed over it. The companies were then deployed to the right and left, and the men dashed through the smoke and flames towards the Indians, driving them to the cover of the timber, where they were assailed by the howitzers. As they fled from the havoc of the shells, the foot soldiers again charged them. This procedure was repeated from cover to cover for about four miles, and from rock to rock as the face of the country changed, until the red men were driven out on the plain, where the cavalry charge was sounded and the circumstances of the battle of Four Lakes were repeated.

But the Indians were obstinate parties, gathering in the forest through which the route led; also on a hill to the right. Here again the riflemen and howitzers forced them to give way. This skirmishing continued during a march of fourteen miles. That afternoon the army encamped on the Spokane river, thoroughly worn out, having marched twenty-five miles without water, fighting half the way.

About the same number of Indians appeared to be engaged in this battle as in the first. Only one soldier was wounded. The Coeur d'Alenes lost two chiefs; the Spokanes two. Ka-mi-akin, who had been trying to inspire the Indians with courage, had been hit by a falling tree blown off by a bursting shell. The total loss to the Indians was unknown, their dead having been carried off the field. One of their villages a few miles away they burned to prevent the soldiers from despoiling it.

The troops rested a day in the Spokane river camp without being disturbed. Indians, indeed, appeared in small parties on the opposite bank and showed a disposition to hold communication, but did not venture across. Next day, while the march was continued up the river, they reappeared, conversing with the Nez Perces and the interpreter. It was learned that they desired to come across with Chief Garry and have a talk with Col. Wright, who accordingly appointed a meeting at the ford two miles above the falls. Garry arrived soon after the soldiers and stated the difficulties of his position between the war and peace parties in his tribe. The war party, he said, was greatly in the majority, and included his friends and the principal men of the nation, who were exceedingly angry with him for favoring peace. The chief said that he had either to take up arms against the white man or be killed by his own people. There was no reason to doubt this assertion, since his previous friendliness to the whites was well known.

But Wright responded in the tone of a conqueror, saying the soldiers had beaten Garrys' people in two battles without the loss of a man or a horse and that he was prepared to beat them as often as they wished to make the attempt. If they were tired of war and wanted peace, he said, they must come with everything they had and lay it at his feet, trusting to his mercy. When they had brought in their arms, women and children, he would give them his terms. If they did not do this, he would continue to make war on them through the year and on through the next until they were exterminated. With this harsh message he sent Garry back to his people.

The same day Po-lat-kin, a noted Spokane chief, with nine warriors, presented himself at Col. Wright's camp. They had left their arms on the opposite shore to avoid surrendering them, but Wright sent two of the warriors back after the guns. One of them mounted his horse and rode away, but the other Indian returned with the guns. To Po-lat-kin Wright repeated what he had said to Garry, and as this chief was known to have been in the attack on Col. Steptoe, as well as a leader in the recent battles, he, with another Indian, was detained, while the rest of the warriors were sent back to bring in the people and all their belongings. The Indian kept with Po-lat-kin was recognized as one who had been at Walla Walla in the spring and was suspected of being concerned with the murder of two miners in the Palouse country about that time.

Wright resumed his march Sept. 9, but had gone only a few miles when a great cloud of dust was seen where the road entered the mountains, which betrayed the vicinity of the Indians. Maj. Grier was ordered ahead with three companies of dragoons, followed by the foot troops. At the end of a brisk trot of a couple of miles, they overtook the Indians with all their stock, which they were attempting to drive to a place of safety. Instead of surrendering, as requested, they showed fight and a skirmish ensued, resulting in the capture of 800 head of horses. Returning with this booty, the dragoons were met by the foot soldiers who assisted in driving the animals to camp, sixteen miles above Spokane Falls. Since the captured horses were too wild for white riders and it would be impossible to take them on the long march yet ahead of them, Wright decided to have them killed, reserving only a few of the best for immediate use. Accordingly two or three hundred were shot that day and the balance the day following. The effect of dismounting the Indians was quickly apparent in the offer of Big Star to surrender. Since he was without horses, he was permitted to come with his village when the army passed and make his surrender in due form. The Indian suspected of murder was tried at this encampment, found guilty and hanged at sunset.

On Sept. 10 the Coeur d'Alenes made proposals of submission and, as the troops were within a few days' march of the Coeur d'Alene mission, Wright directed that they meet him there. At Coeur d'Alene lake, all the provisions which the Indians had cached were destroyed by the soldiers to prevent the continuance of hostilities that year. Beyond the lake the road ran through a forest so dense that the troops were compelled to march in single file and the wagons of Lieut. Mullen had to be left behind, as well as the timber belonging to the howitzers, the big guns having to be packed on mules. The country was rough, making it very tire-some going for the foot soldiers, who after the first day began falling out of the ranks through exhaustion, necessitating the officers dismounting and loaning their horses. On the thirteenth the army camped within a quarter of a mile of the mission, situated in a beautiful mountain valley. The church stood in the midst of a group of houses consisting of a grist mill, residences of the priests, barns for storing the produce of the farms and homes of a few of the more civilized Indians.

The following day Chief Vincent, who had not been in the recent battles, returned from a circuit he had been making among his people in an effort to induce them to surrender to Wright. Terrified by what they had heard of the severity of that officer, however, the Indians declined to see him. But a few came in next day, bringing some articles taken in the battle with Steptoe May 17, and finding that no harm befell these, others followed their example. They were still more encouraged by the release of Po-lat-kin, who was sent to bring his people in to a council, which was held Sept. 17.

The submission of these Indians was complete and pitiable. They had fought for home and country as brave men fight and they had lost all. The strong hand of a conquering power, the more terrible because civilized, lay heavy upon them and they yielded. An arbor of green tree branches had been constructed in front of the commander's tent, and here in state sat Col. Wright, surrounded by his officers, to pass judgment on the vanquished chiefs. One can imagine how bitter it must have been to those who believed this country rightfully their own to humiliate themselves before this pale-faced chief from a distant land.

Father Joset and the interpreters were present. Chief Vincent opened the council by saying briefly to Col .Wright that he had committed a great crime and was sorry for it and that he was glad his people were promised forgiveness for it. To this humble acknowledgment Wright answered that what the chief said was true, that a great crime had been committed, but since he had asked peace, peace should be granted on certain terms, namely, delivery to him of the men that struck the first blow in the attack on Col. Steptoe, that they might be sent to Gen. Clark. He wanted also the delivery of one chief and four warriors and their families to be taken to Walla Walla; the return of all the property taken from Steptoe's command; consent that troops and other white men should pass through their country; the exclusion of the turbulent, hostile Indians from their midst and a promise to commit no further acts of hostility towards white men. Should they consent to such terms, he said, they could have peace forever and he and his troops would leave their country. An additional stipulation was then made—that there should be peace between the Coeur d'Alenes

WAITING FOR THE ENEMY

and the Nez Perces. Vincent asked to hear from the Nez Perces direct. One of the scouts, a Nez Perce chief, declared that he was satisfied with the terms, and that if the Coeur d'Alenes were friends of the white men they were also his friends. Vincent consented that past differences between the tribes be forgotten. A written agreement containing all these articles was then signed. Po-lat-kin, speaking for the Spokanes, declared himself satisfied, and the council ended by smoking the pipe of peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

GARNETT'S CAMPAIGN

Death of Lieutenant Allen — Capture of Cathote's Band—Pursuit Into the Mountains.

About August 8, 1858, Major Garnett, commanding at Fort Simcoe, received orders to march at once with a sufficient force to subjugate completely the warlike tribes of the Yakima and We-nat-shas and to continue on as far north as the mouth of the Okanogan. He was to hunt out and put to death those Indians who had committed murder and attacked the company of miners at the mouth of the We-nat-sha.

Major Garnett was on his way by August 11. The third day out his Indian scouts reported a band of Indians, supposed to belong to Ow-hi, camped on the Te-an-a-way, a tributary of the Yakima. Lieutenant Jesse K. Allen, with fifteen mounted men, was ordered to proceed to capture them, moving up the Yakima river to near the mouth of Swuck creek. He hid his force until the village was located, and in the darkness surrounded the encampment. But the Indians had discovered the approach of the soldiers. Lieutenant Allen was wearing a white shirt, which could be plainly distinguished; it never has been definitely known which side fired first, but Allen fell mortally wounded. The troops charged among the lodges, surrounding them on all sides; not an Indian made his escape. Their lodges, blankets and provisions were burned and their horses captured, and the Indians were all made prisoners, except five men, among them believed to have been concerned with the attack on the miners at We-nat-sha—Schu-pascht, Too-we-no-pahl, Soo-pap-kin, Shut-tow-weh and Tom-e-nick. These men were tied to trees and shot. Afterwards the ropes were cut and the bodies fell to the ground, food for the coyotes, which abounded in that locality. During the afternoon of the same day Tom-e-nick revived and, though shot in the groin, pulled himself by his hands to the creek where, in attempting to drink, he fell into the stream and followed it down in some manner through the dense growth of brush and timber for the distance of a mile, when he was rescued by friends from another camp of Indians. Tom-e-nick was one of my cowboys from 1871 to 1876.

The troops, after finishing their work, moved down the Teanaway and crossed just above its mouth to the south bank of the Yakima, a spot later known as Indian John's ranch, a few miles below the present Cle-el-um, the place called by the Indians Tot-ton-eik-sha. Here Lieut. Allen died from his wounds and his body was taken to Ft. Sim-co-e to be buried.*

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*After Allen had been wounded, an Indian scout was sent to Kittitas valley for reinforcements and Major Garnett with a company of dragoons rode forward and met the force under Allen just before he expired.

An Indian named Cat-hote, with his following of about twenty lodges, Ow-hi's people, was camped on the Teanaway several miles above the battleground. When he heard of the fight and the soldiers' manner of dealing with the captured Indians, he saddled his horse and rode in to talk with the commanding officer. He was immediately taken prisoner and tied hands and feet.

A detachment of cavalry with the Indian scouts were sent to Cat-hote's camp, where they made prisoners all the men, women and children, burned the lodges, provisions and blankets and drove back with them to the main camp one hundred horses and cattle, nearly all of which belonged to Cat-hote. The next day the commanding officer turned all the Indians, except Cat-hote, loose without horses, food or blankets. They took the leader, together with the stock, to Ft. Sim-co-e. After being held there a short time, Cat-hote was given his liberty, but regained neither horses nor cattle.

Cat-hote had taken no part in the war. I knew him for twenty years and am sure he was in no way guilty of the crime of which he was accused, but was a victim of the jealousy and hatred of old Shu-shu-skin, who was acting as scout and identifier for Major Garnett.

The following report explains itself:

"Headquarters Yakima Expedition,
Camp on the Upper Yakima River,
August 15, 1858.

Major: It has become my painful duty to communicate to you, for General Clarke's information and that of the adjutant general of the army, the sad intelligence of the death of Second Lieutenant Jesse J. Allen, of the Ninth Infantry, who expired at this camp at half past 2 o'clock today. Lieutenant Allen died the death of a soldier. He fell at 3 o'clock this morning at the moment of accomplishing a successful surprise of a camp of hostile Indians. There is a reason, however, to fear he was shot accidentally by one of his own men, in the darkness of the hour.

I must be permitted to express here my own sorrow at the untimely death of this young officer and to thus offer officially my tribute to his worth. He was an officer of rare energy and zeal, and an acquaintance with our army of seventeen years' duration warrants me in uttering the conviction that his place will not again readily be filled in our service. His loss to this command can scarcely be overestimated. His remains will be taken back tonight to Fort Simcoe by his company commander and personal friend, Captain Frazier, Ninth Infantry, who will take charge of his effects required by regulations. It is perhaps proper to report in this connection that Lieutenant Allen's party, fifteen mounted men, captured in this sad affair 21 men, about 50 women and children, 70 head of horses and 15 head of cattle, besides considerable other Indian property. Three of the men, having been recognized as participants in the attack on the miners, were shot, in accordance with my general instructions on this subject.

Robert Seldon Garnett."

The command then returned to Kittitas valley, where Garnet divided his forces, ordering Lieuts. Crook, McCall and Turner with one hundred men to move by way of the Swuck at the west end of the Kittitas valley over the We-nat-sha mountains by Pish-pish-ash-tan creek to We-nat-sha river. He, with the main force, marched directly to the Columbia at the mouth of the We-nat-sha. The plan was that, if one command found the enemy, it should drive it against the other.

Crook, McCall and Turner, on reaching the We-nat-sha, moved up to the falls, a famous fishing place. Scouts reported an Indian encampment there. A plan of attack was agreed on and the troops moved forward. The Indians were taken by surprise and many captured, but some escaped to the mountains north of the We-nat-sha river. Among those captured were four murderers, who were strung up to trees and then shot. The balance of those captured were women and children, who were released with orders to move back at once to Kittitas valley. Those hung were Hign-shum, Click-clew-washet, Clum-stool and Has-sa-lo. Click-clew-washet revived, after being cut down, survived his wounds, and lived to a good old age.

Those who escaped were led by Bat-to-wah, Quol-ask-en and Snu-chiext. The latter I knew well. When the scouts from the rear reported the soldiers still advancing, the Indians moved further back into the most rugged and inaccessible parts of the mountains, up among the crags, where only the wild goats had their abode. Here they believed themselves safe, but, unfortunately for them, the Indian guides with the soldiers belonged to their own tribe and were as good at following as Snu-chiext's little band was at eluding pursuit. The fugitives concluded to make a circuit through the most difficult part of the mountains, then return to the fishery from which they had fled. In this they were successful, only to find their provisions gone. They set at once to catching salmon, and for two days feasted. They had some salmon partly dried when their scouts brought in news that the soldiers were only a few miles away. Again the horses were run in, saddled and packed, and the retreat began. Another race ensued between the soldiers and this band of Indians. On, up into the loftiest mountains they went, the red men bent on saving their women and children.

Quo-lask-en took command of the rear guard, in narrow places obliterating the horses' tracks in such a manner as to delay pursuit. For two days and nights without sleep, the little band of natives kept up the march. On the third day the women and children, under the immediate care of Bat-to-wah, came to a fifty-foot gorge, hemmed in by perpendicular cliffs. It was twenty feet wide and there was no way around. They began to cry, thinking themselves trapped. At this juncture Quo-lask-en, who had delayed the troops several hours, came up and took in the situation. He went at once to felling several trees which grew at the edge of the gorge, ordering the others to help him. Soon they had three trees over the chasm, filled in between with limbs so that their horses could pass over in safety. When all had crossed the bridge was destroyed. Before the Indians were out of sight the soldiers came into view, but there were no more trees to cut and they could not get over. Quo-lask-en, Snu-chiext and others who were lying in wait to watch the soldiers, sadly saw how eager were the Indian scouts, men of their own tribe, to find a way over that they might kill their kinsmen.

One of Garnett's spies called At-wine was hired to herd horses for me in 1871 in Kittitas and he often told me of this pursuit of his relatives. My brother, Moses Splawn, in company with Nan-num-kin, an Entiat Indian, saw the fallen trees at this spot in 1872.

Maj. Garnett, with his command, marched from the crossing of the Yakima over what was later known as the Nanum trail to We-nat-sha, and there awaited the arrival of the troops sent via Swuck and Pish-pish-ash-ten, which finally came in after their long chase through the mountains, and the whole force moved on up the Columbia by Chelan to the mouth of the Okanogan, where they learned of Col. Wright's victories over the Indians. Then, since everything seemed quiet, a return to Ft. Sim-co-e was ordered.

Reporting the expedition to Maj. Mackall, Maj. Garnett says, under date of Aug. 30: "The Indians here allege that there were only twenty-five engaged in the attack upon the miners. Ten of these have already met with their merited punishment. Six, as I have just said, are in the mountains west of us. The balance of them are with Owhi, Qualchin, Moses' brother and Skloom. All these, as I predicted to you in my letter of July 4 (I think), have fled to the country east of the Columbia. The three former, until a few days after the capture of Katihote's party by Lieutenant Allen, were encamped on the opposite side of the Columbia between the mouths of the Wenatcha and Su-te-at-kwa rivers. I presume it was news of that event which caused them to move further off. They are now opposite Fort O'Kanagan, some distance back from the river, and on their way, the Indians say, either to the mountains north of that place, in the British possessions, or towards the Blackfoot country. Skloom has joined Kamiakin, who is said to be in

A HUNTER'S LODGE

the country about the headwaters of the Spokane river. If I knew whether Colonel Wright's route would be such as to drive these Indians towards me, I would wait for them. As it is, however, I shall move tomorrow for O'Kanagan to show my force in that region and to see what chance I may have of catching Owhi and his party. The Indians here state that the Indians at the north of O'Kanagan* are friendly and have committed no act of hostility against whites. Into this, however, I propose to inquire further. The story of the massacre of 25 miners from Walla Walla by these Indians is here said to be untrue. One of their number was killed in 'Moses'' camp on the other side of the Columbia and nearly opposite to Priest Rapids. The remaining 24 went through safely."

Some of the officers mentioned in this expedition made names for themselves in the Civil war—Maj. Garnett as a Confederate general, Lieut. Crook as a Union general. Gen. Crook, indeed, is probably best known as the famous Indian fighter to whom credit is due for the complete subjugation of the Sho-sho-nees, who were at one time the terror of Idaho and Nevada. McCall also became a general and an excellent commander. It is safe to say that the lessons they learned while after the little fugitive band of Yakimas in the We-nat-sha mountains were not without their influence in their later successes.

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*The spelling of Indian names, it will be seen, is highly diversified. The Irish sounding fort mentioned by Maj. Garnett is the Hudson's Bay Post, Ft. Okanogan.

CHAPTER XV.

OKANOGAN INDIAN ATTACK.

McLoughlin's Expedition to Fraser River—Loss of Leisurely Californian—Battle of McLoughlin Canyon —Story of Robert Frost.

In the spring of 1858 miners began to arrive at Walla Walla on their way to the Fraser river in British Columbia, where gold had been found in paying quantities. Thousands were flocking to this Eldorado of the north by many a different route, the greater portion going by steamer to Victoria and then up the Fraser, though a good many traveled the overland route.

When Col. Steptoe reached Walla Walla after his defeat, he found there a party of men on their way to these mines and warned them against it, stating that they would not be able to make their way through the hostile Indian country. Little he understood the stuff of which frontiersmen are made.

A few weeks previous some twenty-five or thirty men living at The Dalles had made up a party to go through, but decided, after reaching the mouth of the Yakima river, that the actions of the Indians made it a dubious proposition for so small a company and turned back to Wallula, where a few weeks later, they joined forces with a larger party of Californians. Three of this first expedition, however—Joe Winlock, a man known as Sanborn and another as Charlie—continued the journey.

Three years later, when I was driving cattle through the Okanogan country, I found at the north end of Palmer's lake bones which the Indians told me were those of a white man. They were lying in a meadow on the west side of the valley not far from the trail leading up to Mt. Chopaka, the present home of James Kinchlo. I often wondered about the man who had met his fate in this lonely spot, and forty years later learned through Robert Frost, of Olympia, that in 1858 three men had continued on their way to the Fraser river when the rest of the party, of which he was a member, turned back at the Yakima. It occurred to me that the bones I had seen were those of one of these men, and I wrote to Mr. Frost for further information.

"The three men, Winlock, Sanborn and Charlie," wrote Mr. Frost in reply, "did not make their way back over the Cascades through the Yakima valley, but pushed right along up the river and must have struck the Hudson Bay Fort Hope trail, as they came out about Fort Hope. I have since become well acquainted with the Okanogan valley and the Loomis and Palmer lake district and am well satisfied that Palmer lake is where they had the fight, and that you saw the remains of Joe Winlock."

Mr. Frost says, in describing his own trip during this time of Indian activities, speaking of the three who went on, "It turned out afterwards that the Indians waylaid them and killed Winlock. Sanborn and Charlie got away, losing their outfit, and had to live on berries and anything they could find for six weeks in the mountains before they got out on the west side of the Cascades. I met Charlie and Sanborn the following winter in Olympia and got their story. It was a miracle they ever got out alive. Joe Winlock was a first cousin of the late Gen. W. W. Miller, who was one of Olympias' pioneers."

From Frank Richter, who settled at Keremeos on the Similkimeen in British Columbia in the early sixties, I learned that Hus-te-kiah was the Indian leader of the party which had attacked these men. Na-hum-son, an aged Indian, living on the Similkimeen near the place where the bones were found, said that he was traveling behind and had witnessed the fight. The three men were retreating, firing as they gave way, when one man fell from his horse mortally hurt. When Na-hum-son came up, the wounded man was not able to talk, but made motions to him, requesting that he be shot and put out of his misery. Na-hum-son, however, continued on after the fighters and saw the other two men leave their horses and take to the rocks, thereby making their escape. The Indians, returning, found the first man dead, stripped him, scalped him and mutilated his body.

Sanborn and Charlie, it seems, made their way around Mt. Chopaka to the west, striking the Ashenola, a tributary of the Similkimeen, and went down that stream to its junction, where they took the Fort Hope trail, used at that time by the Hudson's Bay Company. They were forced to live on roots, berries, etc., and reached Fort Hope in sorry plight.

Such tragedies were common in the settling of the West. But in this valley which, in a short half century, has become of the home of prosperous white settlers whose herds now graze the quiet meadows and where the iron horse goes whistling by, I think it not inappropriate to mark by some sort of monument the place where lay the bones of this early traveler, Joe Winlock—in a sense, the first white man who came to stay.

After the departure of their three more adventurous comrades. the remainder of this expedition returned to Wallula, going into camp on the Walla Walla river a mile or so above the old fort.

"We had heard," relates Mr. Frost, the only member of the famous McLoughlin expedition in this part of the country known to be living in 1901, "that a party were coming overland from California and quite a party from Oregon piloted by Dave McLoughlin from Oregon City were on the way, so we concluded to take it easy until they came along, when we would join them.

"While we were in camp at this time Col. Steptoe went out from Fort Walla Walla on his famous picnic and ran up against the Indians somewhere near where Colfax now stands, and where Captain Taylor, Lieutenant Gaston and several men were killed. We saw the men when they came back, and a sorry looking sight it was."

"It was a queer outfit," he says of the party which finally started out, "men from all over the coast; some well armed and well supplied, and some with hardly anything. I think we mustered about 150 men and fully one-half had no arms of any kind."

There was some dispute about the leadership of the party. The men had organized themselves into a company and were to elect a captain. Three men were placed in nomination, one a former captain in the United States army who had served in Mexico under Gen. Scott, and was considered a good Indian fighter; the second a Californian making his first trip to the frontier, and the third David McLoughlin, son of the famous chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company stationed at Vancouver. His mother was an Indian woman from an eastern tribe. Young McLoughlin was a magnificent specimen of manhood, standing over six feet high and weighing more than two hundred and fifty pounds. He had been well educated and had grown up under the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company employes. A man who knew Indian character well, and one well acquainted with the country through which they were to pass, it is small wonder that when the votes were counted, he was found to have two-thirds of them. The choice was then made unanimous, both competitors agreeing that he had knowledge in his favor which neither of them possessed.

The command was divided into different companies, beginning with the letter A, and in the march they took their positions in a sort of alphabetical progression, the company in advance one day being in the rear the next, and so on. Two men were appointed captains of scouts which should always be in advance of the main body. One of the men appointed to this place, and who proved himself exceptionally fitted, had been one of the candidates for the general leadership. The pack mules, which numbered about 450, always had a strong guard over them, for upon their safety depended not only the success, but indeed the lives of the party. It was expected that there would be Indians constantly hanging upon their trail, an expectation in which they were not disappointed.

Keeping on the right side of the Columbia, they crossed the Snake river at its mouth and went to the site of the present town of Ringold, then struck northerly to Crab creek through a coulee by Scooten springs. By way of Crab creek they came to Moses lake, went north to Soap lake and then to what is now known as Dead Man's spring, just south of Coulee City.

There was a Californian in the party who had always been slow about getting under way in the morning, despite the fact that he had been repeatedly told that he was taking too many chances in lagging behind. The warning seemed to have no effect on him, and one morning, when the start was made, he was stitll lingering, fussing with his pack. He never caught up with the party.

Just what happened to the man who was too leisurely I learned from Lo-kout, who was one of a party of Indians lying in wait to steal the horses of the expedition. Ow-hi's band of Indians, he said, was camped at We-nat-sha, both Moses and Qual-chan being with the old chief, when a rider brought in word of the McLoughlin party when they were on Crab creek. Qual-chan and Lo-kout with fifty warriors at once set out to intercept them and either give battle or steal the horses. Catching sight of the white men on upper Crab creek, they realized that the force was too large to attack and sent back to camp for re-inforcements, while they hung on the trail of the expedition. The vigilance of this party of experienced men, however, gave the Indians no show. They could have killed the man who lagged behind on two different occasions, but thought it better not to molest him, believing that if it were seen that he could follow behind in safety, the vigilance of the company might be relaxed.

When no re-inforcements arrived, the Indians decided to quit and return to We-nat-sha. Moses and Qual-chan then remembered the man who was always behind. Hiding in the rocks near the white men's camp, they waited until the rest of the party was out of hearing, then crept up and shot the laggard. Both Indians fired, but it was thought that Qual-chan's bullet killed him, and that he was therefore entitled to the scalp, horses and outfit.

Reaching We-nat-sha, they learned why no re-inforcements had been sent to them. Most of the men were fishing and hunting in the Chelan country.

Word came to Qual-chan at this time to bring his braves and join Ka-mi-akin in the Palouse country. Moses was interested in having an attack made on the McLoughlin expedition. He was eager for revenge for Quil-ten-e-nock's death and thought that some of the miners who had killed his brother were returning north with this party. He rode to Chelan where he found In-no-mo-se-cha, his cousin, and a chief of the Chelan tribe. In-no-mo-se-cha thought favorably of an attack on McLoughlin's party when they should reach the Okanogan and immediately set out to stir up the Okanogans to avenge Quil-ten-e-nock, who had been a great favorite in that tribe, being related, indeed, to many of their chiefs and head men.

In-no-mo-se-cha went to Su-sept-kane, the head chief, whose home was on the Sin-le-he-kin creek near the present town of Loomis. Su-sept-kane took kindly to the proposition and sent out riders to gather his forces for an attack on the miners when they should reach his country. In-no-mo-se-cha returned to Chelan and got together his warriors, forwarding them to Su-sept-kane, who was to command the combined forces.

At about the time they lost the Californian, says Mr. Frost, there was some dissatisfaction in regard to McLoughlin's leadership. "One afternoon in camp," he continues, "all hands held a council and quite a number favored a change, making a white man by the name of Jim Laughlin captain of the company. Jim was a Californian and a natural leader and typical frontiersman. (A few years ago—this was written in 1901—Okanogan Smith told me Jim was still living on the Okanogan river.) There was considerable feeling shown during the 'pow pow' and Jim expressed himself pretty freely. Dave McLoughlin picked up his rifle and drew a bead on Jim, who was not more than fifteen feet away. I shall never forget the picture of Jim who, unarmed, stood like a statue, upright and looking Dave straight in the face saying something like 'Shoot, you dirty coward.' Dave dropped his rifle when the boys jumped in and stopped it. It was smoothed over, after a fashion, somehow, and we proceeded on.

"At the mouth of the Okanogan, where we struck the Columbia, stood the old Hudson's Bay fort. Here we had to get canoes and Indians to ferry us and our supplies over, and then we had to swim our horses. We lost three or four horses in the stream and I was unfortunate enough to lose my saddle horse. I felt that I had truly lost my best friend. I bought him from an Indian in Walla Walla, perfectly wild and unbroken, but in three or four days I had him a perfect pet; he would follow me around and when I stopped he would come up and lay his head on my shoulder for a caress. After all these years I have not and never shall forget him.

"We found at the fort that the very devil was in the Indians, but they kept themselves pretty scarce and mostly out of sight. Right here I will say that I had lost all dates since the Fourth of July, when we were camped on the Walla Walla river."

In-no-mo-se-cha met the miners at Ft. Okanogan, professing great friendship, but he was really there to gather information and if possible, to induce the white men to take the route which would lead them through the narrow defile where the Indians had made plans to attack them. As soon as the miners moved on up the river, In-no-mo-se-cha went at once to Su-sept-kane's camp at Eneas creek and the whole force of warriors then repaired to the defile where they felled trees across the trail at the north entrance and piled up stone breastworks on the cliffs overhanging the canyon through which the miners would have to pass. Their plan was to let the whole company get part way through before they were fired upon, expecting that, when attacked, they would rush to get out of the canyon, run into the barricade of trees and bunch up so as to be easy prey for them to massacre.

Scouts were constantly coming and going, reporting the progress of the miners. I have questioned several Indians who participated in this fight and they all place the number of red men engaged at about two hundred.

Though the miners did not know what was in store for them, they were constantly on the lookout for trouble. They camped one night on a small bottom on the river opposite the present town of Riverside. Next morning they advanced to the mouth of Tunk creek where the trail leaves the river on account of a projecting mountain, then followed the trail to a grassy flat on top of the hill. The first man to arrive at the top waited for those in the rear to come up, it being part of their plan of march never to scatter. While the main body were fixing their packs upon their horses, the scouts proceeded until they came to the narrow defile, the appearance of which they did not like. One of the party thought he saw an Indian in the nearby rocks. They had started back when the Indians fired on them.

"As quickly as possible," says Mr. Frost in an account of the fight which he sent to me, "the horses were rushed to the rear, back to the river and all those available took what shelter they could get behind scrub trees and rocks and drew a bead on an Indian whenever chance offered. After the animals were down on the flat, every available man with a gun was up at the front. There were six of our men killed at the start. I do not remember their names except one, Jesse Rice, from Cache creek, California. He was a fine man and everybody liked him. I recollect Tom Menifee, who was after prominent to Cariboo men, having kept a road house, I think, on, or about, William's lake. Tom was very badly wounded, having been shot in several places with slugs. Wm. P. Wright, a brother of Captain Tom Wright, prominent as an old steamboat man on the Sound in early days, and Jim Lower from Vancouver, Washington; these are the only names I can recollect. Here occurred an act of bravery seldom witnessed. Jim Lower and Bill Bunton were partners. They were of the first to take shelter, Indian fashion, and fight. I think they were about twenty yards apart, having scrub pines for partial shelter. After a while Lower was badly shot down. However, he could call to Bunton, who deliberately left his shelter, ran over to Jim, picked him up, got him on his shoulder and carried him to the rear. About noon we had to give way and back across to a side hill at the mouth of the canyon where a portion played long shots with the Indians that afternoon and night. The rest were engaged in building rafts and carrying freight across the river where it was open. (An Indian will never fight you in the open unless he has a decided advantage.) Another portion were busy carrying water from the river to the men on the side hill. During the night we ferried everything across the river and by daylight we had the horses together. We ran them down the river a few hundred yards to a ford and got them safely across. The Indians followed us to the ford on a parallel on the mountain and gave us a parting shot, but the shots were too long and did no harm. We stayed in camp here several days attending to our wounded.

"Now it is very well known that the average old sailor is very handy and generally a good all-around man most anywhere, and here comes a practical illustration of it. We had an Irish sailor in the party (I have forgotten his name) who had been in the English navy and had been through the Crimean war at Sebastapol; he was the nearest we had to a doctor. Several of the boys were provided with a box of pills. He selected one and gave each wounded man a dose, then made a clean pointed stick to probe the wounds with, enough to keep them open and after washing them, laid a piece of wet cloth on the wounds and would go around twice or more during the day and probe and wash. The pills, stick, cloth and water did the whole business; they all got well, but it took Menifee the longest to get over it."

The miners kept guards out all the time and by the second day knew that the Indians had broken up, since they could be seen in small parties on the plain working towards Chelan and the Columbia river. The third day about a dozen miners went over to the battlefield to bury their dead. The Indians had stripped the fallen and mutilated them. They were buried as well as could be under the circumstances.

The journey was continued, the worst wounded—Lower and Menifee—being carried on horse litters—two long poles with two cross pieces and a blanket or two lashing them together, drawn by gentle horses. The rest of the wounded could ride without much assistance. Soon after starting some of the Californians picked up an Indian and held him as a hostage. This Indian admitted that the white men's rifles had accounted for several of his people, but he would not tell how many.

There was no more trouble until the miners reached the mouth of the Similkimeen about where Oroville now stands. Here they camped, arranging their packs in a semi-circle and picketing the horses and the captured Indian with them. There were three guards out this night, one at each end and one in the center. The guards at the south end were Californians who had a "Digger" Indian with them.

"The 'Digger' was pretty well trained by them," says Mr. Frost, "but he was Indian all the same, and the Indian instinct served us well on this occasion. This night was the only time in my life that I think my hair really stood on end. I was not on guard this night but my pack was about in the center of the circle. A friend by the name of Homer McKinney from Oregon City, who was not on guard, and myself, spread our blankets and were soon sound asleep, dreaming of home and everything pleasant, when all at once it seemed that 'the lower regions' had broken loose. We jumped out of sleep dazed; it was pitch dark and the rifles were cracking all around us, the men yelling like mad. If anyone reading this has ever been jumped up out of sound sleep on such an occasion, he can understand it. I cannot describe the feeling; I can only say that once in a lifetime is enough for me.

"When we got quieted down a little it turned out to be this way: The Californians, on guard at the south end of the camp, were sitting down quietly when the 'Digger's' ears caught something below him. He told them quietly to 'look out, the Indians are coming,' and sure enough a mounted party of them were sneaking on to the camp with the intention of stampeding our horses by making a dash through the camp and liberating their Indian, but thanks to the 'Digger', they only had time to start their dash when the boys turned their guns loose on them and sheered them off on the outside. Of course, quicker than I can tell it, every man was on his feet and luckily no horse got away and no damage was done.

"We stayed in camp next day and in the afternoon the Indians showed themselves on the hills. Some of McLoughlin's men were halfbreeds and could talk with them, and went out with a white signal and finally coaxed them into camp. I recollect Chief Tenasquot among them, and a fine looking lot of Indians they were. We made a sort of truce with them, gave them a lot of trinkets and they went off."

The miners were not troubled any more by the Indians. They went up the Similkimeen over the divide and made the Thompson river about twenty miles above its junction with the Fraser. At the junction the party broke up, some going up and some down river. Mr. Frost located on Foster's Bar, thirty miles up river, where he mined with indifferent success and operated a ferry with a large Indian canoe. In October he and five companions decided that the proposition did not look promising and returned to the West Side, by way of Fort Hope and Victoria.

I have never been able definitely to determine whether or not Chief Tonasket took part in this fight. Some Indians claim that he did, but a large majority deny it, claiming that he was at the time on his way from Ft. Kamloops, B. C., and that when he returned, he went with some of his men to the miners who were then camped at the mouth of the Similkimeen and talked with them. The miners, they say, gave him presents and he told them they would not again be molested. Neither were they. Mr. Frost's story would seem to corroborate the latter assertion.

Tom Menifee, who was an old neighbor of my family in Missouri before we all came west, I met in British Columbia a few years after the McLoughlin party made its trip; also Marion Woodward, who was in the company, and have heard them both tell the story. Of the six men killed in the McLoughlin's Canyon I have been able to learn names of but three, Jesse Rice, Hurley and Evans, all from California. I saw their graves three years after at the south end of the defile while traveling to the Cariboo mines.

Ow-hi

CHAPTER XVI.

PASSING OF THE GREAT CHIEFS.

Qual-chan Hung—Death of Ow-hi—Lo-kout Goes to Blackfeet—Last Hope of Ka-mi-akin.

After the killing of So-happy on the Nah-cheez, Ow-hi, Qual-chan and Moses left the We-nat-sha and gave up the pursuit of the McLoughlin party of miners, whose extermination they turned over to the Chelan and Okanogan tribes, while they moved on towards Spokane to avoid the troops under Maj. Garnett. They were encamped on the spot where now stands the town of Wilbur, in the Big Bend, when their scouts reported that Col. Wright was advancing in the front, fighting the united forces of Pol-at-kin, Sal-tes, Garry and Ka-mi-akin, while in their rear the soldiers under Garnett were killing, hanging and pursuing the hostiles into the mountain fastnesses. Dark clouds were gathering, forecasting the end for the red men of the Northwest. Moses, with some warriors, joined the forces of Ka-mi-akin and Pol-at-kin against Wright, fighting their last battle at White Bluffs Prairie, near Spokane. Qual-chan and Ow-hi were guarding the Indians' rear against a possible attack from Garnett.

During Qual-chan's absence from camp, word came to Ow-hi that Col. Wright had been victorious in all his battles, that the Indians had sued for peace, that Pol-at-kin was held a prisoner, Garry had surrendered and the Coeur d'Alenes had made a treaty, while Ka-mi-akin had fled to the Kootenai country in British Columbia. Ow-hi saw that the war was ended. Since he knew Col. Wright, having made a treaty with him in the Yakima country two years before—which, to be sure, he did not keep—the old chief decided to go alone to the soldiers' camp and throw himself upon the colonels' mercy, hoping thus to save the life of his son Qual-chan, upon whom he had every reason to believe Wright would wreak a terrible vengeance. Qual-chan had the reputation of being the bravest warrior among all the tribes, a bold leader, the worst with whom the army had to contend.

Col. Wright's opinion of Qual-chan, indeed, was much what Ow-hi supposed. In a report to Maj. Mackall at Ft. Vancouver, written Sept. 24 on the Lahtoo river, he says: "This man Qual-chew, spoken of above, is the son of Ow-hi. His history for three years past is too well known to need recapitulation. He has been actively engaged in all the murders, robberies and attacks upon the white people since 1855, both east and west of the Cascade mountains. He was with the party who attacked the miners on the Wen-nat-che river in June last and was severely wounded; but, recovering rapidly, he has since been committing assaults on our people whenever an opportunity offered. Under these circumstances I was very desirous of getting Qual-chew in my power."

Ow-hi wanted to save his son, even at the sacrifice of his own life. He saddled his horse and set out alone for Wright's camp near Spokane. Upon his arrival, he was at once recognized, taken prisoner, tied with ropes and ordered to send word for Qual-chan to come to him; if he refused, or if Qual-chan did not come in, his life, he was told, would pay the forfeit. Ow-hi refused to summon his son.

When Qual-chan returned to the Yakima camp from his scouting trip, he found his father gone and heard the old man's message to him not to go to Col. Wrights' camp until Ow-hi sent for him; or, if he felt he must go, to wait until evening, but by no means to go in the morning. "If one must die, it better be Ow-hi," ran the message. Qual-chan heard this while eating his supper, and when he had finished, he bade his younger brother Lo-kout bring up three of the best horses and accompany him and his young squaw, a daughter of the Spokane chief, Pol-at-kin, to Wright's camp. They rode the first night to the camp of some Indians on the present site of Davenport, Wash. After a long day's ride, the second night was passed at a small spring, with the horses hobbled that they might eat. A few hours' ride next morning brought them in sight of Wright's camp on the Spokane near the mouth of Hangman's creek. Soldiers were scattered over the plains near the main camp. Qual-chan, Lo-kout and the squaw stopped to put on their finery of beaded buckskin, etc., before riding into camp. By doing this, they missed some Indians of their own tribe, who were returning from the military camp up a small ravine. In this band was Moses, whom the soldiers had not recognized, though he was near at hand when Wright delivered his ultimatum to Ow-hi, Moses' father-in-law. He was then on his way to warn Qual-chan, but fate decreed that they should not meet.

While passing the soldiers' tents on the gallop, Qual-chan in the lead, they heard the voice of their father and saw him tied among some pack saddles.

"Why did you come?" shouted Ow-hi. "We are all as good as dead now!"

A Spokane Indian showed Qual-chan Wright's tent and he rode straight for it. When Wright asked, "Is this Qual-chan?" he answered, "It is." After talking a short time, Wright wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to a soldier, who went out and gave it to an officer. The bugle sounded, a posse of soldiers marched up, placed their guns against Qual-chan's body and marched him off. Lo-kout lost sight of his brother then, for soldiers attacked him, knocking him down and jumping on him, thus frightening his horse, which started to run. The hair rope became entangled in Lo-kout's feet and the horse dragged him a little ways, but the soldiers were on him again. Looking up, he saw Qualchan's squaw cutting her way through the troops with a sword she had seized from one of them. After that he was unconscious for a time. When he revived, he saw Qual-chan fighting his way towards his father; Qual-chan was in the act of cutting Ow-hi loose, when a rope was thrown over his head, he was dragged to a small tree and hanged.

Lo-kout now discovered that he had a rope around his own neck, that his feet were tied together and his hands behind his back. A voice in his native tongue said, "Jump on your horse and flee or you are a dead man. Qual-chan is dead, hanging on yonder tree."

He looked up to see a half-breed Colville Indian cutting him loose. Springing upon Qual-chan's horse, which was still standing where its owner had dismounted, Lo-kout fled, pursued by bullets and mounted soldiers. He headed his horse, noted for its swiftness and endurance, straight for a mountain, and the mounted dragoons were not long able to keep up the pace. Making his way back to the Yakima camp, he was surprised to find Qual-chan's squaw, who had given up all hope of ever seeing either of the brothers again. She said that when she saw the rope go over Qual-chan's head, she knew all was lost and, grabbing a sabre from a soldier, she started on the run out of camp. Lo-kout afterwards married this squaw and 50 years later (1907) they were living together at the mouth of the Spokane.

Following the execution of Qual-chan, Lo-kout did not wish to run further chances of falling into the hands of the government, so he and Pol-at-kin's daughter went into the Flathead country, joining buffalo hunts east of the Rockies, where battles with the Blackfoot tribe were common. After the Flatheads made peace with the Blackfoot, Lo-kout, who wanted fighting, joined the latter in their wars with the Sioux. After several years spent in turbulent warfare, he settled down. Lo-kout died in 1914, aged 85 years.

Col. Wright thus tersely reports the execution of the great warrior of the Yakimas: "Qual-chew came to me at 9 o'clock this morning and at 9¼ a. m. he was hung." Gen. Clarke, in reporting to army headquarters, says of Qual-chan: "This man was implicated in the murder of the Indian agent, Bolon, previous to the outbreak of 1856, and since then has been most determined in hostility. He was executed." The Bolon murder charge against him we now know was not true.

Ow-hi, tied among the saddles, witnessed the death of the son for whom he had come to give his life. "I do not want to live now," he said to a Nez Perze scout with Wright. "My favorite son is dead. We have fought together for our country and our people and lost all. There is no place for me now. The white man will take our country. I can now hear the wail of my distracted people left homeless. Better we had died in battle!"

A few days later, while the army was on the march near the Snake river, Ow-hi, who was riding beside one of his guards, as their horses stopped to drink in the middle of a small stream, made a dash for liberty. He was soon overtaken and shot by Lieut. Morgan, dying two hours later. The shooting was unjustifiable, since the prisoner was unarmed and had his feet tied beneath his horse's body. Col. Wright intended to deliver him to Gen. Clarke, who was to send him to Washington, D. C.

The old chief, when he made his desperate attempt to escape, must have known it was a forlorn hope, but perhaps he saw the curling smoke from signal fires and knew that his friends were near. A few Yakima warriors, indeed, were hanging on Wright's trail during his march back to Walla Walla to learn, if possible, the fate of their leader. They found his grave, and returned to the tribe with the sad news which sounded to these forlorn people as the death song of their race. For Qual-chan, the ever-vigilant and brave, their mainstay to whom they looked for help in times of distress, and for their fine old chief, We-ow-wicht's son, sorrowing wails came from every lodge of the fugitive band.

After remaining together for several weeks, they broke up in small bands, many staying with Moses, who was now the principal chief of lineal descent. His country embraced about all of what is now Douglas and the greater portion of Lincoln and Chelan counties. That portion of the Yakimas belonging to the Kittitas valley eventually reached their homes to find that the traitors among them, only common men before the war, were now made chiefs and in authority. Jealousy or antagonism towards their head men had caused many Indians to act as spies and scouts for the soldiers, and on the strength of their word, or their identification, men were hung, some of whom, no doubt, were innocent.

Different histories of Washington, including Bancroft's, say that Ka-mi-akin, at the conclusion of the war, went into British Columbia and never returned to Washington. In this they are mistaken. I saw and talked with him in the Palouse country in 1865.

When Col. Wright arranged for his council with the Spokanes, Sept. 23, 1858, he invited Ka-mi-akin, giving him assurance that no harm would come to him. The Yakima chief refused to attend, sending the following message: "All the fighting chiefs, Pe-peu-mox-mox, Ow-hi, Qual-chan, Quilt-en-e-nock and Big Star, are dead. There are none left to keep up the fight. Those who fell in this war were my comrades. I will not disgrace their memory by surrendering to a hated race. With my few remaining horses, I will take my family and journey to find a different people."

Ka-mi-akin went to a friend, a fur trader whom he called Wap-chien, living in Kootenai, B. C., and remained there about a year. Then he moved east of the Rocky mountains into the buffalo country and spent two years with the Crow tribe. In the meantime the difficulties between the Indians and whites in his own country had been settled, his wife was homesick and he weary of being a wanderer in a strange land. He resolved to return, even though it might mean death.

One day in 1861 there came riding down the Mullen road to the Coeur d'Alene mission an old Indian with his family, who stopped at the Indian village and dismounted. The people gathered around him full of curiosity, none recognizing him until Kil-mo-see, a Palouse chief, who was visiting the tribe, walked up and grasped the newcomer by the hand, leading him to his own lodge.

Word flew through the village that Ka-mi-akin had returned, and a council of chiefs was called. Sal-tes, Pe-al and Stil-lah were present, the two former being in favor of delivering Ka-mi-akin over to the military authorities, fearing that, if they did not, they would be involved in trouble with the government. Arguments waxed warm, but all through the proceedings the subject of the discussion sat in silence, smoking his pipe. At last Kil-mo-see asked quietly but firmly what crime Ka-mi-akin had committed that he should be handed over to the soldiers. "He has done no more than we did," said Kil-mo-see, "in fighting for our country, except that he refused to surrender, which is to his credit. He was my friend all through the war. Now I will be his. He will go with me to my home. If the soldiers want him, they will know where to find him. I and my tribe will be responsible, not you."

Rising, he took the old chief to his lodge and shortly after they departed for Rock lake in the Palouse country, Kil-mo-see's home. Here Ka-mi-akin fenced some land, built a house and raised crops. Though, under the terms of the Walla Walla treaty, Ka-mi-akin was entitled to receive from the government $500 a year for twenty years, I have the authority of Maj. Jay Lynch, for a number of years Indian agent at Ft. Simcoe, that Ki-mi-akin never collected a cent of this money.

Willis Thorp and I, in 1865, making our way back from a cattle driving trip in the Palouse country, came upon a lone Indian wigwam. The household consisted of an old man, a woman and some children. We had been out in the rain the night before and wanted to find a trading post. Willis was sick and our provisions gone. The man told us there was one a short distance away, just off the trail we were traveling. We hired him to show us the store. On our way we talked and found him very interesting. But when we happened to say that we were going to Yakima, his eyes flashed fire, he seemed to take on new life and he became at once the interrogation point. He wanted to know all about the white settlements and all the prominent Indians we knew, saying that they were his friends and that he had once lived above the mission on the Ahtanum.

It never occurred to me that this fine old man could be the great Yakima chief, because I had always supposed that Ka-mi-akin was dead or at least in British Columbia. But when at the store I heard the trader call him Ka-mi-akin, I quickly asked if he had once been chief of the Yakimas. For a moment he was silent; then, with proud mien, he stood erect and said, "Yes." Once, he said, his horses could be counted by the thousands and his cattle grazed many hills. He had fought for his country until his warriors were all dead or had left him. With none remaining to fight, he had gone into the buffalo country for a few years, but had come back and was now living at Rock lake, cultivating land.

"There is no more war," he said. "I wish to live in peace until the Great Spirit calls me to take the long trail. I have lived to see Wa-tum-nah's words fulfilled."

And he rode off, head bowed.

It took me years to learn the meaning of his parting words, but after much questioning among the Indians, I at last discovered the tradition of his family contained in the first chapter of this book.

He looked to me a hero that day. Certainly he was a superior type of the North American Indian, with his strong, sad face, and his eagle's eye, in which the fire was only smouldering now—a proud spirit subdued.

Ka-mi-akin died about fifteen years later under the delusion that an Indian medicine man had used the evil tam-man-a-was on him. Maj. Lynch learned through Mr. T. M. May, an old friend of his at Dayton, that at the time of Ka-mi-akin's death there were at his camp only his wife, two or three women and some children, and Mr. May and two or three white men living in the neighborhood made a box and buried the chief. Maj. Lynch took some steps towards erecting a monument on the spot where Ka-mi-akin was buried, but learned that the body had been removed to Nespelem.

A year after Ka-mi-akin's death, according to a custom existing among the Indians, his son, Tesh Palouse Ka-mi-akin, and a nephew opened the grave and wrapped him in a new blanket. A few years later the same son and nephew hired Indian doctors to remove the body to Nespelem, but when they opened the grave it was found that the head and shoulders had been cut off and removed. Now, Indians do not do this sort of thing, and white people, though claiming to be civilized, have too many times been caught in similar vandalism.

After Ka-mi-akin's death there was no one to defend the old squaw and children. They were driven off their land by a white man named Hansen, who never even reimbursed them for their improvements.

His brother Skloom never went into British Columbia. When he died, he was buried where the Cascade mill now stands at North Yakima, but his remains were later removed to the Toppenish creek near Ft. Sim-co-e, where they now rest.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWO GREAT MEN OF THE YAKIMA WAR

In summing up the war of 1855-8, the two characters which stand out are Governor Stevens and Ka-mi-akin. The former was a strong, forceful man of great ability. He was politically ambitious, and wished to make a reputation for himself in his new field quickly. He certainly acted too hastily in dealing with the Indians. It is contrary to Indian nature to act without due deliberation.

Had Stevens understood the red man's nature better, shown less the military, arrogant, domineering spirit and displayed more fairness and consideration, at the Walla Walla council, granting the powerful chiefs their request for another council later, the war might have been avoided. The Indians might reasonably ask for time to consider so vital a matter as disposing of their heritage.

As in many dealings between the government and the Indians, it was the civilized intellect pitted against the simple savage and, of course, the weaker party lost.

Governor Stevens had a valuable ally in Hal-hal-tlos-sots (Lawyer), the Nez Perce chief, who was looking out for promotion for himself and a larger reservation for his tribe, and who got both by joining Stevens in forcing the signing of the treaty against the wishes of every prominent chief in the council but himself. Even his own tribe was not a unit back of him, many resenting his interference.

In consequence, the great chiefs left the council ground angry, feeling ill-used. When Governor Stevens, in his report to his superior, stated that this council had ended in the most successful and satisfactory treaty signing of any hitherto held by the government, he showed clearly his ignorance of Indian nature. Could he have failed to note the dark, sullen looks of those great chiefs?

Had Governor Stevens been more tactful, the war of 1855 would not have occurred. Minor disturbances there might have been, but not the great uprising and the prolonged depredations which followed.

Ka-mi-akin ranks with the best of the great American Indians of history. He had visited the Willamette valley many times after its settlement by the whites and seen how the tribes there were perishing through disease as a result of their contact with the settlers. He was intelligent enough to know that civilization and savagery could neighbor only at the expense of the latter. He loved his people and he wanted to protect them from the baneful influence which had come into their country.

Fate was against him, of course, for the march of civilization, like the rising tide, cannot be stayed. Up to 1853 Ka-mi-akin's actions towards the newcomers had always been friendly. He advised, indeed, his powerful friend Pe-peu-mox-mox against raging a war of revenge on the Willamette settlers when the latter wanted to demand of them satisfaction for the murder of his son, Elijah Hedding, by a white man at Sutter's fort in California.

He refused to join the Cayuses in 1847 on account of the Whitman massacre, a refusal which brought this warlike tribe to attack the Yakimas at Fort Simcoe, a battle in which, however, the Yakimas were victorious. During the Cayuse war Ka-mi-akin visited The Dalles for the express purpose of meeting Colonel Gilliam, who, with his volunteers, had been waging war on the Cayuses in the Walla Walla and Umatilla country. The meeting did not take place, because, on returning to The Dalles, Col. Gilliam was killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle. To Capt. Maxon, who succeeded to the command, Ka-mi-akin did speak, and in this language, according to the white leader:

"I am sorry for the death of Col. Gilliam, for he was my friend. I and my people are friends of the Americans. We will not harbor or let pass through our country any of the murderers of Dr. Whitman and his people."

Capt. Maxon says he made a sensible speech, which was reported to the governor and printed in the Oregon Spectator, then published at Oregon City. Maxon further says of him that he was a remarkable Indian, both mentally and physically, a veritable giant, over six feet high and likewise proportioned. His appearance indicated the strength of three or four men.

Ka-mi-akin was the Tecumseh of the Pacific Coast. Had he attempted at the time of this meeting, as he did a few years later, to unite the Indians against the whites, the result would have been a massacre which would have depopulated the entire country.

Not until a powerful reason was given him did Ka-mi-akin display bitter feeling against the whites. In 1847, indeed, he went to Walla Walla and asked that Christian missionaries be sent to his people. It was in this way that the first Oblate fathers came to the Yakima valley. The chief made it his special business to protect the priests. He helped them build their missions.

White men traveled through his country unmolested until after the Walla Walla council. There he had witnessed his country torn from his people by a pale-faced stranger. He resolved to fight for it, just as the American people would do if their land were invaded.

From that time on, Ka-mi-akin was no friend of the whites, and from their viewpoint of greed and conquest gets no praise. But from the standpoint of an Indian he was a hero and a patriot, who did his duty to his people as he saw it.

CHAM-E-SUP-UM, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF KA-MI-AKIN, WIFE OF PEO

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPEECH OF LO-KOUT

"I did not come to tell you the things you want to hear for any friendship I hold for you, but to please this young man, Nan-num-kin, whose father was your friend as well as mine. He now cares for me and my aged wife. I hate the white race. Hear what I have to say.

"I am a son of the great Ow-hi and a descendant of We-ow-wicht. My mother was the daughter of Talth-scosum, the bravest warrior of his time on either side the Rocky mountains when the whites first came among us. It was said of him that in his wigwam hung many scalps of the enemy taken in battle on the buffalo plains. I am now an old man. The snows of many winters have passed over my head. I was born a warrior and have followed the trail since boyhood. I have taken the scalps of white men and in return have received many wounds.

"Seven bullets have passed through my body and you see my skull has been crushed. This wound I received in the fight with Gov. Stevens' force at Walla Walla.

"I am proud of these scars. They are the emblems of a warrior, a reminder of long ago when this country was ours and we were a proud and happy people. Once these valleys and mountains were ours. Our hunters brought in fish and game; our women, roots and berries. Our horses grazed on many hills. Our children played along the streams, while our old men and women slumbered in their lodges.

"The coming of the pale-face changed all things as a cloud obscures the mid-day sun. They took our country and drove us from the homes we loved so well. The bones of our ancestors lay buried along these mountains and streams, which to us were both the cradle and the grave.

"This land you now claim as yours was once the favorite camping ground of Sko-mow-wa, my uncle. He now sleeps beside this stream, a short distance below your house. On yonder hillside, within your fence, are the last remains of Tuh-noo-num, another uncle, whom Governor Stevens sent as an emissary of peace to this tribe during the war. That pile of rocks on the opposite hill holds the bones of Sokes-e-hi, my cousin.

"Such is the history of all this country. Is it any wonder that we fought to keep it. All our great warriors are dead. They have gone the long trail; and it is well. They are not here now to witness the sad remnants of their once proud people debauched and a vanishing race, despised by their pale-faced conquerors. The red man's sun has set. Let the white man behold his work.

"I am Lo-kout, the son of Ow-hi. I have spoken."

This old warrior had an interesting history, had seen hard service in the war, was in the first battle when Major Haller was defeated at Toppenish, and again at Union Gap (the two Buttes) when they fought Major Rains; also at the battle of Walla Walla, when the great chief Pe-peu-mox-mox was killed; also participated in the attack on Governor Stevens, a few miles above the present city of Walla Walla; was in the fight that defeated Colonel Steptoe in the Palouse country; was in the attack on Seattle in 1856, and again at Connell's Prairie. When the Indians surrendered to Colonel Wright in the Spokane country, he took his brother Qualchan's wife, and together they went to live among the Flathead tribe, who were at war with the Blackfeet, on the opposite side of the Rocky mountains. When these two tribes made peace, this soldier of fortune joined the Blackfeet in fighting their ancient enemies, the Sioux, but the invasion of the whole Indian country along the Missouri put an end to the tribal wars. They were compelled to join together against the common foe, the United States soldiers. He was at the battle of Little Big Horn, when Custer and all his men were massacred. When Sitting Bull and all the warriors retreated into Canada, he did not follow them, but told his faithful squaw, who was a daughter of Polatkin, a Spokane chief, that she could run things from now on to suit herself, as all the chiefs and warriors had gone; there would be no more war with the whites and his work was done. The squaw said, "We will now return to my country and live in peace." They packed up and returned and settled at the mouth of the Spokane.

When Col. Steptoe was defeated in 1858, he was one of the Indian sharpshooters selected by Ka-mi-akin to pick off Captain O. H. P. Taylor and Lieutenant William Gaston, saying, "These two men must die if we are to win," after which these officers were special targets of those unerring rifles. Thus fell two gallant men, victims of an ill-advised expedition.

In this old warrior I found the Indian guide Loolowcan, made famous in Winthrop's book, "Canoe and Saddle," being a son of Ow-hi and about the right age. I asked if in his younger days he was known by the name of Loolowcan and was guide to a white man from Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound to The Dalles, Oregon. He looked at me for a time and asked why I wanted to know. I said the man had written a book about that trip and had given the guide a bad reputation. He quickly arose to his feet; with flashing eyes, he said, "Yes, I was then Loolowcan, but changed my name during the war later.

"We were camped near Fort Nisqually at that time, when the fur trader brought the white man to our camp and asked Ow-hi to furnish him a guide, as he wanted to make a trip through Nah-cheez pass, and the Yakima country, to The Dalles, Oregon. My father made a bargain with him and told me to go. I did not like the man's looks and said so, but was ordered to get ready and start. He soon began to get cross and the farther we went the worse he got, and the night we stayed at the white men's camp who were working on the road in the mountains, he kicked me with his boot as if I was a dog. When we arrived on Wenas creek, where some of our people were camped, I refused to go farther; he drew his revolver and told me I had to go with him to The Dalles. I would have killed him only for my cousin and aunt. I have often thought of that man and regretted I did not kill him. He was me-satch-ee."†

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†Mean.

TESH PALOUSE KA-MI-AKIN, SON OF CHIEF KA-MI-AKIN

CHAPTER XIX.

ENTERING THE PROMISED LAND

The Author Leaves His Home in the Willamette—Passes Through Early Settlements—Reminiscences of the Pioneers—First Visit to The Dalles—Arrival at Brother's Cabin—Indian Neighbors—First Trip Into Yakima Country.

In the spring of 1859 Congress ratified the treaty made at the Walla Walla council in 1855 with the Indian tribes of Eastern Washington and Oregon by Gov. I. I. Stevens, of Washington territory, and Gen. Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon. The president issued a proclamation extinguishing the Indian title to the vast country relinquished by the tribes, declaring it open to settlement. Immediately men began to move their families and livestock out of the Willamette valley in Oregon over the Cascade mountains by the Barlow route along the southern base of Mt. Hood, and to settle along the streams and in the valleys of Eastern Oregon and Washington. Of the various settlements, Walla Walla became the largest.

A few, among whom were F. M. Thorpe and my brother, Charles A. Splawn, had crossed the Columbia at The Dalles and located in the Klickitat valley. They passed the winter where Goldendale now stands, with little loss of cattle, for the hills and dales were one big field of waving bunch grass. In the summer of 1860 my brother returned to the Willamette with glowing tales of his new home. His description aroused in me, a boy of fifteen, the slumbering restlessness of the pioneer. I wanted to see this wild land, inhabited only by the red man. After much persuasion, my mother finally consented to let me go with my brother.

It was an early September day when we mounted our horses for the trip at Brownsville, Linn county, where we had lived for two years. With a faithful old pack animal carrying bed and provisions, we rode on down the Willamette valley, Mecca of the early emigrants who had braved the desert to build their homes in a paradise; truly an empire in itself, the cradle of American settlement in the Northwest.

Before the pale-face appeared, this country had been the home of the powerful Mult-no-mah, the most noted chieftain of his time, who counted his warriors by the thousands, in the days before they had horses. In later years, Dr. John McLoughlin, for a quarter century chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, from his headquarters at Ft. Vancouver, ruled all the land from California to the Russian possessions on the north, and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean. His batteaux plied the Columbia and its tributaries for a distance of 2,000 miles, supplying the various trading posts. From these posts were sent out pack trains, called brigades, loaded with Indian goods and trinkets to be traded among the tribes for furs. The furs were either taken back to the posts or to the forts on the Columbia, from which they were sent by boat to Vancouver to be loaded on ships for all parts of the world.

McLoughlin was a man of noble qualities, a master mind that governed with an iron will. A better man never set foot on Oregon soil and few have been his equal. I remember seeing him in 1852; and, though I was only a small boy, the tall, broad-shouldered man with the long white hair made a picture which stuck in my memory. The Indians called him "the White Eagle of Oregon." The last years of McLoughlin's administration of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs marked the coming of the pioneer American settlers, whose wagon tracks have left a road from the Missouri to the Oregon. These people had come to stay and to hold the territory for the United States, thus laying the foundation for the present Western Empire.

Passing through Salem, we went by the grave of Anna Maria Pitman, wife of Jason Lee, the first missionary of any denomination to reach the Oregon country, arriving in 1834. Mrs. Lee was the first white woman married and buried in the far-off land. By her side lay her infant child. She gave her young life for the benefit of the Indian. Was he worth it?

We traveled over the historic ground of French Prairie. Here the early trappers, who had pursued the beaver from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, and had roamed all over this wild country inhabited only by the red man, had made their homes when, grown old and tired in the service, they had sought a haven of rest with their Indian wives and half-breed children. The trappers had always been welcome guests in the wigwams of all the tribes, for the Indians realized that these men wanted only their furs, not their country.

It was at French Prairie that Etienne Lucier located in 1830, the first settler in all the Oregon country. Lucier was one of the Astor party under Wilson P. Hunt, which reached the mouth of the Columbia in 1811. Nearby was the Samuel Brown farm, now the town of Gervais. The farm was located in 1831 by Montour, another of the Astor company. A little way further we saw where Joseph Gervais had settled about the same time. He was also one of the Astor party and for many years an independent trapper. Some distance beyond we passed the old homestead of Louis Paschette, one of a party of twenty-five trappers who left Canada in 1817, wintered on the plains, where they lost seven of their number, finally reaching Astoria in 1818. Further along were the homes of Louis Shangarette, Payette, Roudeau and Michel La Framboise, the latter for many years in command of the southern brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company, which annually extended its trading excursions into Southern Oregon and California. It was La Framboise who rescued furs captured from Jeddiah Smith by Indians at the mouth of the Coquille. Smith and two others had escaped, the rest of the party being killed. When they reached Ft. Vancouver and reported the attack, McLoughlin sent out La Framboise, with pack horses, to bring in the furs. La Framboise got them from the Indians and the factor bought them, paying all they were worth, and charging nothing for the service, which made Smith his everlasting friend.

We next reached the home of Francois Dupre at Champoeg, a familiar crossing of the Willamette in Hudson's Bay days. I remember the death of Dupre, which occurred in 1853 at the age of 99 years. Here we found also Robert Newell, a Rocky mountain trapper. When he chose to quit that line of business, he had bought the wagon left by Missionary Parker at Fort Hall in Idaho and, with Joe Meek, who drove another wagon sent by Chief Trader Grant to Walla Walla, they set out for Oregon, arriving in 1840. Thus came the first wagons from the Missouri river to the Columbia.

We spent the night with Charles McKay, brother of the celebrated Thomas McKay, the most daring and dreaded officer of the Hudson's Bay company. No Indian tribe cared to attack Tom, he of the strong medicine. Charlie had accompanied his brother on many of his dangerous trading trips, so here for the first time I listened to tales of Indian warfare from one who had taken part in it for a lifetime.

After a hard ride next day, we reached Foster's, a noted stopping place at the western base of the Cascade mountains. Camped here were many families with their household goods and livestock, bound for the North,—as all of Eastern Oregon and Washington was called at that time. These were a people thirsting for the great broad plains and valleys where they could once again build their homes away from the newcomer who had brought what he claimed was civilization—with its adjuncts of lying, deceit, dishonor and hypocrisy. They preferred to brave the dangers of Indian warfare, with all its cruelties, rather than to endure those camp followers who furnished the embezzler, forger and blackmailer. This class of undesirable citizens always followed the pioneer; they never went with him.

With an early start next morning, we began to climb the foothills along the banks of the Sandy. The day was beautiful. The song birds were out in full force, cheering us on our way. The roar of rushing water came from below. Now and then we passed a log cabin where the care-worn, sad-looking housewife, poorly clad, surrounded by gaunt children, hovered about the door to watch us. Scattered about the yard lay bunches of old lop-eared pot hounds, the only signs of thrift and contentment. I wondered if the possessor of all this starved the family to feed the dogs. Was it not a misfortune, I thought, to be hitched for life to a creature with so little gray matter that he would try to dig out a farm in those days among the hazel brush, fern and timber, while the great plains and fertile valleys, all ready for the plow, lay not more than sixty miles away.

Passing over a high ridge, I looked back. Spread out before me was the river, with the old swimming hole, and its many haunts of my boyhod. I was leaving behind me everything held dear,—schoolmates, the neighbors; pioneers whom I had learned to love for their goodness in time of need, who had been kind to my mother when she arrived in Oregon penniless. I wiped away the tears with my coat sleeve, lest my brother should see, and rode on away from that land of poetry and romance. The time will come when the descendents of the pioneers of Old Oregon will have and hold, in the hearts of the American people, a title equivalent to a patent of nobility.

We camped at Laurel Hill, a historic spot which many an old-timer had cause to remember. Here were the remains of wagons which could not be taken any farther by the emigrants and piles of bones of the oxen which had perished from cold and starvation. The families had been rescued by parties sent out from the settlements with supplies to relieve belated emigrants; for such was the fine spirit of those first people. Hundreds of lives were saved in this way. A sad fate to encounter, after spanning the long miles between the Missouri and the Columbia, bearing all the hardships of a six months' journey fraught with every danger, to meet a Waterloo on Laurel Hill, at the very door of the promised land.

My brother pointed to the spot where our own oxen had fallen to die from hunger in the deep snow, and to the remains of the last wagon out of three with which mother started from Missouri in 1852. Some of the wood and iron was still left to recall the suffering and distress of those unforgotten years.

All the way up the hill we encountered washed-out and torn-up roads, caused by melting snows. I noticed many trees marked with a ring around the trunk. These rings, my brother said, were made by the emigrants letting down wagons with a rope; it being impossible to get them down otherwise, on account of the steepness. In slacking the rope with a heavy wagon attached, the rings had been cut into the trees. Some of them had been made thirteen years before.

Joel Palmer,* Samuel Barlow, with the few others who were the first to mark this trail, what had they not suffered and endured in attempting to take their wagons through this way in the late fall of 1845! Their families had been thirty days reaching the Willamette, a distance of sixty miles. The wagons had to be abandoned till the following year, when these men cut out a way through the timber and made a road which was for many years thereafter the main thoroughfare across the range. Brave men and women it required to settle the west!

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*Later Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon.

Passing over the summit of this mighty barrier, source of so much distress to a wornout but unconquerable people, we beheld Mt. Hood, towering above us, only a few miles away. Now the country and climate changed very rapidly; rain, mud, heavy timber and fern giving way to sunny skies and grassy slopes with scattering pines until we reached Barlow's Gate at the eastern base of the Cascades. Beyond this an entirely new world of sunshine, beautiful valleys and waving bunch grass hills lay before us When I gazed on that enchanting sight, I felt an independent freedom such as had never stirred me before. My spirit had obeyed the call of the wild.

That night we camped in the Tygh valley, one of the earlier settlements of eastern Oregn. The lost emigrants of 1845,* under the guidance of Stephen Meek, had crossed the Des Chutes river at the point where this small stream empties into it. The story of those emigrants makes an interesting chapter in the history of the West. While encamped at Ft. Boise on the Snake, there rode into the fort a man of some reputation as a guide and plainsman, who told them that he knew a better and shorter route to The Dalles than the way usually traveled over the Blue mountains and down the Columbia. His services were engaged and the party struck out into the unknown land which was to prove for them a death trap. After weeks of wandering, becoming desperate from hardship and starvation, they concluded that Meek had lied to them, and was himself lost. Men and women became crazed from grief and hunger. The graves scattered along the trail tell the rest of the dark story.

It was finally decided to hang Meek, but the guide had intimation of what was about to occur and made his escape at night, finding his way to The Dalles, where he told the few settlers of the desperate condition of his party. Provisions were hastily gathered. Moses Harris, known among trappers and mountain men as "the Black Squire," who chanced to be at the settlement, volunteered to carry relief to the stricken party and, with several pack horses loaded with supplies, reached the emigrants in time to save many lives, and bring them safely into port.

After leaving this pretty valley, we wound our way up the steep mountain on the north and reached a high, rolling prairie where we followed the old emigrant wagon road to The Dalles. This was a typical frontier village, the rough-and-tumble element predominating. In fact, it was the first tough town I had ever seen, though I was destined to see many more of its kind in the next few years. We tarried here for a few hours, waiting for a friend of my brother, Gilbert Pell, who wanted to accompany us to the Klickitat valley.

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*Bancroft.

Curious, I began to look around town. Saloons occupied the principal street, and from within came sounds of revelry. Stepping inside of one, for the first time in my life I saw debauchery running wild. Here were men and women trying to dance to the music of the violin and harp, so drunk they could hardly stand on their feet. Above the noise and tumult could be heard the voice of the spieling gambler as he cried his wares, "Come down, come down! This is the squarest game on earth! Bet on this game and stand a chance to win ten to one!" while standing up to the long bar were reckless, desperate men, clinking their glasses with wild yells and foul oaths. I had seen enough.

As I was standing on the sidewalk, outside the saloon, a man rode up on a fine mule. Dismounting, he untied a long rope from his saddle, fastened one end to the mule, took the other and disappeared into the saloon. I noticed that he jerked the rope at intervals. Presently from within came a man who cut the rope, tied it to a post, got on the mule with its silver mounted saddle and bridle, and rode away. The rope was still jerked occasionally, while the man at the other end continued, presumably, to drink and be merry. At last he came out, sized up the situation at a glance, and demanded of me if I had observed anyone cut the rope and ride the mule away. I told him what I had seen and the sheriff was soon in hot pursuit.

I crossed the street to a saddle shop where a man was putting upon a fine roan a new and elegantly stamped saddle. After cinching it securely, he said to Mr. Gordon, the proprietor, "I will try the saddle to see if I like it." Gordon replied, "Certainly." The man mounted and rode towards a rocky bluff which he started to climb at a good pace. One of the bystanders remarked, "That man does not intend to come back; look out for your saddle." Search was made for the sheriff, but he was busily engaged hunting the mule, and no officer could be found to go after the saddle thief.

Wandering down the street towards a group of men on the corner discussing the mule episode, I noticed a man riding up on a beautiful sorrel horse. Old Bill Howard, proprietor of the Mt. Hood Saloon (the one I had looked in at), said to the crowd, "That man rides a stolen horse. Watch me get him." As the rider was passing, Howard, in a voice like a trumpet, sang out, "That is my horse. Get off double quick and drop the reins or daylight goes through you!" The man jumped and lit running, nor did he stop to look back till he had reached the bluff at the mouth of Mill creek. Howard took the animal and kept him. He certainly was a judge of criminal character.

My brother and his friend were now ready to start. We crossed the Columbia on a ferry to Rockland and for the first time I set foot in Washington, which has been my home for half a century. It was new country then, with only a few straggling settlements in all this inland empire. The coyote, jackrabbit and Indian held full sway. From down river came a shrill whistle; a steamboat hove into sight around the point of rocks. On the pilot house in large letters was the word "Idaho."* Her decks were covered with passengers, all eager to land.

The Dalles, at that time, was the head of navigation on the Columbia and the main outfitting point for all of Eastern Oregon, Washington and the present Idaho, as well as the larger part of Montana. The freight and passenger traffic was large and profitable for the Oregon Steamer Navigation company, and the service a godsend to the country and its people. In later years I took many trips on the Idaho with Capt. John McNulty and Purser Meigs, the silver-tongued story teller. These men were typical employes of the company, faithful to their trusts; dying at their posts if need be.

We camped on Five Mile creek and next morning I rode in advance up the mountain. When nearly to the top, I spied an Indian on horseback, coming at full speed. Turning off down the hill where there was a bunch of brush, he dismounted. Wanting to see a real Klickitat Indian, I followed. He was drinking at a spring which came out of the mountain side; his horse was breathing hard. After looking anxiously back in the direction he had come, as if expecting some one, he took out his pipe from under the blanket tied around his waist and proceeded to fill it with kin-ne-kin-nick and tobacco. He drew in long whiffs with upturned face, then gradually let the smoke escape from both nose and mouth, apparently the picture of content. My admiration was cut short by the clatter of horses' hoofs. My Indian arose and gazed in the direction of the sound. A band of Indian horsemen at full speed hove into sight. When they discovered the lone Indian, wild yells rent the air. Realizing the meaning of those cries, the Indian stood, looking defiantly at his pursuers, then began a chant which I afterwards learned was the death song. On came the savage band, dismounted, bound the lone stranger hand and foot, put a rope around his neck, dragged him to a nearby bunch of birch brush, threw the rope over the largest sapling, hauled him up and choked him to death.

Things were happening so thick and fast that I was dazed, wondering whose turn next. My thoughts went back anxiously to my companions,—would they never come? Yet I felt that I must stand my ground, for so many people had told me that Indians hated cowards and admired brave men. After the victim was pronounced dead, the rope was unfastened, re-coiled, tied again to the saddle. Leaving the body where it lay, the Indians mounted and, with whoops and yells indicating satisfied revenge, disappeared down a canyon leading to the ancient village of Wich-ram, below Ce-li-lo on the Columbia.

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*A Sho-sho-ne, word meaning "Gem of the Mountains."

I learned later that this Indian was a doctor who had just lost one of his patients, a chief's son, and according to the ancient custom among the different tribes, had thus forfeited his life. That vengeance follows swift and sure, can be judged by what happened before my eyes that day. Many an Indian doctor has been prematurely sent to the happy hunting ground because his tam-man-na-was (or medicine) was not strong enough. The thought has often occurred to me that if the whites had some such rule and enforced it, what havoc would be wrought among the M. D.'s of today.

When my companions came up and heard my story, my brother said, in no mild tone, "Hereafter, you stay nearer me. You can nose around and see more things in less time than anyone I ever knew." We left the dead Indian to the mercy of the coyote, and in a short time reached the top of the hill which we had been climbing steadily since morning. Before us was the Klickitat valley, the land I had longed to see. My expectations were fully realized. Off to the north lay the Sim-co-e mountains, covered with towering pines. To the east, not far from the present city of Goldendale, stood two tall, grass-covered buttes, silent sentinels, for ages past the red man's watch towers, from which were flashed the signal fires of the Whul-why-pams (or Klickitats) when their country was invaded by the warlike Cay-uses. To the northwest, rose one of those giants of the Cascades, Pah-too (Mt. Adams), while the valley below us was a plain of waving bunch grass interwoven with Indian trails. Of these paths, there were sometimes as many as sixty running side by side, worn deep into the earth, showing that they had been traveled for a century or more by these wild people whose history is yet unsolved. The eye could trace the course of these great trails as they rose and sank in the bosom of the prairie, holding on to a straight course regardless of the contour of the country. Indians make their trails as nearly as possible on an air line, which frequently provides disagreeable traveling.

As we wended our way through this valley we met many bands of Indians with their families, pack horses and dogs, en route to the great fishery of the Wich-rams at Tumwater, or the falls of the Columbia, just above The Dalles, where they traded furs and other articles for dried salmon. Tumwater has always been the great trading mart where Indians of the interior met and exchanged goods with those from the lower Columbia. It was so before the coming of the white man and has been so ever since.

Passing over what is known as the Swale, a low, broad flat which drains the snow water from the valley in early spring, we found located there a few of the pioneer settlers. Among the log cabins were those of J. B. Nelson and family, John Golden and wife and Mr. Parrott, who had the distinction of having two of the best looking daughters on the whole frontier. One married Ben E. Snipes, the cattle king, and the other Charles Pond. Farther on were the families of Boots and Burgans; on the Little Klickitat stood the homes of McFarland, Jack Ker, Alfred Henson and F. M. Thorpe, the latter having settled on the spot where Goldendale now stands. On up the creek were Guliford and old man Waters. The latter had a beautiful little black-eyed girl. Women and children were scarce in those days, so we always noticed them.

Riding through a narrow canyon for a couple of miles, we came into a beautiful valley hemmed in by rocky walls. Here was the home of Calvin Pell and his son Gilbert, who, with Charles Splawn, claimed all the land in this little paradise, the Indian name of which was Moo-sum-pah. Here was the little log cabin, my home for almost a year. It was located on the main trail between the Yakima valley and The Dalles and the men returning from the Si-mil-ki-meen and other mines to the north, as well as the Indians to and from Yakima, passed our door.

Here for the first time I saw a white man with a squaw. When they spread their blankets on the ground for a bed and rolled in together, I turned my back and wondered if perhaps somewhere an aged mother might be sighing for her wandering boy.

One evening a small band of Indians set up their lodges a short distance above our cabin. The next morning they moved away, leaving one lone wigwam. My curiosity was aroused and I proceeded to pay a visit of inspection. The only occupant was an old gray-haired Indian of noble and commanding appearance, his features indicating him to be considerably above the average of his race. His squaw, who came in later, was equally remarkable. The two dogs were of the same mongrel type usually found at an Indian encampment; but, contrary to the general rule, they were well fed. The lodge was neatly arranged, new tule mats covered the ground, making a neat and comfortable floor, and upon these were laid beautifully colored blankets and rich new buffalo robes. On the lodge poles hung buckskin moccasins, shirts and women's apparel covered with bead work in various designs. As I stood gaping, wondering if these people were of royal origin, sprung from a long line of warrior chieftains, or merely wealthy and aristocratic like some of their pale faced brothers I had met, the mat used for the door of the wigwam was raised and in stepped a young girl. She looked me over. I was equally interested in her. Her face, painted red, was clean cut, her eyes like stars and her black braids hung far down over her shoulders. She was dressed in beaded buckskin.

Very much in the manner of a fairy story she seemed to have come from another world,—a red angel. She spoke, but I did not understand her language. I had yet to learn the Chinook jargon, that medium of conversation invented by the Hudson's Bay company for intercourse with the tribes of the Northwest. She placed before me a small basket of bulb-like roots and, taking one, motioned me to do likewise. She ate hers, and I mine. It was the kamas, a favorite food of the Indians. It tasted good then, and I still like it. She then brought out from under the buffalo robes several pieces of dried venison and we had a feast to be remembered.

Her name was Lal-looh (Sparkling Water). I went back to our cabin firmly resolved to learn the Chinook language, which my brother spoke very well. With the incentive before me of better acquaintance with my little Indian friend. I made good progress and in a week I could talk it, too.

The old Indian was Squim-kin of the Klickitat tribe. He was said to be nearly a hundred. He afterwards told me of having seen the first white man to descend the Columbia,[*] of their having with them an Indian woman who belonged to the Snake tribe and of how, when the snow was gone the following year, they returned, on their way back to their native land, which, they said, was beyond the lofty mountains and down a river as large as the Columbia.[†] Squim-kin said that he was camped at the mouth of the Klickitat at that time. About five years later he was at the village of the Wich-rams after the last pack horse loads of dried salmon, when two canoe loads of white men came floating down the Columbia. They did not look so well, he said, as those of a few years before; but were poor, worn and hungry, with scarcely any clothing on them. Telling a tale of starvation, they traded a few trinkets for dried salmon, which they eagerly devoured. From them the Indians obtained the beads, the first Squim-kin said he had seen. The white men loaded their canoes with dried salmon and continued their journey to the land of the Chinooks.

This was the advance party of the Astor expedition in command of Wilson P. Hunt, sent out from St. Louis the year before to locate a fur trading post at the mouth of the Columbia. Starvation threatened them on the Snake river, near the present town of Huntington. Here McLillen, McKenzie and others, who had been with the Northwest Fur company, were inured to hardships, and of superior judgment in dealing with difficulties of the wilderness, suggested to Hunt that the company divide, the leader, with the weaker members, continuing on the western course, while they, with a smaller party, try to make their way down the Snake. This was agreed upon and the smaller company, reaching the present Asotin, obtained two canoes and made their way down the Snake and the Columbia to its mouth, where they found that the ships with supplies and men had preceded them many months. Hunt, with the main body, had followed much the same trail that later became the emigrant road and is the present line of the O.-W. R. & N. railway from Huntington to the mouth of the Umatilla. The main body suffered even more than did the men who went down the Snake river canyon.

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[*] It was a Yakima Indian, a Chem-na-pam, who drew the map of the Columbia river from Wallula to its mouth in 1805 for Lewis and Clark. The map was drawn on a skin. Indian villages were indicated by tepees, trails by moccasin tracks. Clark afterwards transferred the map to paper. The original was sent to Jefferson and hung by him at Monticello.

[†] Lewis and Clark Expedition.

At the mouth of Burnt river, where it empties into the Snake, one member of Hunt's party, John Day, was taken very sick. When it was found that he was unable to travel, his friend Crooks, who had been with him on many trips in the mountains, refused to desert him; so Hunt left them food sufficient for two days,—all they could spare from their scanty store,—and farewells were said, nobody thinking but that John Day would be dead before two days had passed. The fight these two men put up with sickness and hunger was nothing short of heroic, and the fact that they safely won through to the settlements one of the romances of pioneer history. Alexander Ross, of the Hudson's Bay company, landed at the Indian village of Chief Yak-a-tat, on his return trip down the Columbia after locating Fort Okanogan, just after Crooks and Day had left the place; but glancing back, the two men saw the canoes and returned. The gaunt, weather beaten creatures were speechless with joy at beholding Ross and his party. They were just leaving the river on the long return trip to St. Louis and having given up all hope of reaching the coast.

The John Day's river in Oregon serves by its name to recall the incident.

Out from the little cabin in the Moo-sum-pah I rode almost daily looking after the horses and cattle, making sure that they did not wander off the range or get stolen. During my rides up and down the small streams and narrow valleys or bottoms along the foothills of the Sim-co-e mountains, I have seen old excavations, holes in the ground,—used as winter abodes in ancient times by the Indians,—with pine trees, at least a hundred years old, growing out of them; showing that the ground habitations had long been abandoned. My curiosity concerning the origin of the red man became aroused. To my boyish mind the wind whistling through the pines and the music of the mountain streams seemed voices of the Indian dead come back to commune with the present. I resolved to look into their history, to learn more of this strange people. Yet, after more than fifty years' intercourse with them, I still hear the voices and still wonder whence the Indians came.

One day, while following the tracks of some lost horses along the Sim-co-e foothills, I came on a horse, a short distance from the trail, with a pack on it. This struck me as queer, so I rode closer. As I neared the horse, which was tied to a tree in a brush thicket, two white men jumped up, guns in hand. I yelled, "Are you crazy?" They lowered their guns, saying, "We were asleep. The noise of your horse awakened us. We have been dodging Indians for two days. We were fired on over on the Yakima, so left the main trail and have been wandering among these hills without food. How near are we to the settlement?" I told them how to reach my brother's cabin, then went on after my horses. After a few hours of swift riding, I overtook the animals driven by four Indians, who drew their guns when I came up and ordered me to go back.

"No," I said; "I want the horses. They are ours. We live at Moo-sum-pah. Old Indian Squim-kin and Lal-looh are our friends."

They conversed among themselves awhile, then said, "If that old man and his daughter are your friends, take the horses. We will not molest them again."

It was late at night before I arrived at our cabin and corralled the horses.

The two men I had encountered proved to be old friends of my brother, Levi Knott and J. W. Ladd. They had last met in southern Oregon during the Indian war. The travelers lived in Portland and were returning from the Si-mil-ki-meen mines, two hundred miles to the north. I met Ladd many times in after years and he never forgot the manner of our introduction.

There rode up to our cabin, one evening, a fine looking gentleman on an elegant horse, with silver mounted saddle and bridle with spurs to match. The latter, especially, took my eye and I wondered if I should ever own such an outfit. He remained with us for the night, staking out his horse with a rawhide rope, to graze on the hill. After we had gone to bed, the coyotes began to howl. The stranger asked me to take a grass rope and put on his horse instead of the rawhide, fearing that the coyotes would chew through the other and his horse get away. Not yet familiar with the coyote and his cunning ways, I approached the hill with some misgivings, but managed to finish the job. Next morning, before mounting to ride on, the man handed me five dollars. I wondered if there were many of his kind in the world; experience has shown me they are few. It was A. P. Ankeny, father of former United States Senator Levi P. Ankeny of Walla Walla.

One December day two Indians on jaded horses rode up. Brother Charles recognized them as Wilson and Stanley (names evidently bestowed on them by the whites), whom he had met the previous summer when prospecting on the upper Columbia above Ft. Colville. They remained all winter with us. Being Spokanes, they could not speak the language of our neighbors, the Klickitats, so never visited the village, returning to their own country in the spring.

Many hours I spent in the lodge of old Squim-kin and his aged squaw, who remained all winter near our cabin. The little girl and I became good friends. We talked of many things; the legends of our people and my home in the Willamette valley, which had once been inhabited by the Cal-a-poo-yas, which her tribe, led by her father and other chiefs, had conquered long ago. Five years before (1855) the government had driven the Klickitats back from this famous hunting ground to their native country. Lal-looh told me that the little valley Moo-sum-pah (Paradise) was the birthplace of her father and his people, that they had always been brave and strong, leaders in war and the chase, their strength and power coming to them from away back in the beginning when the world was young and Coyote was God.

"The Coyote, in his wanderings," she said, "had come to this little valley on a summer's day. He was tired and lay down in a damp spot to rest. He fell asleep and slept a long time. On waking, he found that he had sunk deep in the earth, nothing but his head remaining above ground. An Indian hunter came upon him in this predicament and removed the mud from around him so that he could help himself by using his fore legs. With his strong elkskin rope, the Indian managed to extricate the Coyote. Coyote said to the hunter, 'You and your race shall forever be strong and brave, victors in war and the chase. This hole I have made in the ground shall become a spring. The taste of its waters shall bring all of the animals here to drink. They will seek the marshy ground as food. This valley shall be your home; you and your descendents will live here in peace and plenty.' "

This is the Indian legend of the small salty spring in the middle of Moo-sum-pah, which the early settlers called "the deer lick."

When the cattle men began to move their herds to the Yakima valley for the winter, Mr. Allen and his son Bart were among those driving by our cabin. He asked me if I would go along to help. I was glad of the chance. My preparations were hastily made; they consisted of tying a pair of blankets behind my saddle.

Just after crossing the summit of the Sim-co-e mountains, we camped for the night. The ground was covered with a light fall of snow. The cattle were turned loose and supper cooked. The old man and his son then began to prepare a bed for the night, opening a new bale of blankets they had brought along to trade with the Indians. Deciding that not all of the blankets were necessary for a comfortable bed, they rolled up the rest and put them away. I watched the performance in silence. They did not offer me any blankets. Then and there a feeling of contempt for that old man and his son arose in my bosom and has never grown less. There was a self-reliant young Indian along who had been carrying wood to the campfire. After he had built a good blaze and piled up a bed of fir boughs, he sat down to smoke while I curled up in my scanty blankets, with my saddle on top of me for warmth. Waking up damp and cold, I found that the fire had died down and the Indian was comfortably asleep. I hesitated for a while, because I had always heard that Indians were covered with vermin; but, as I began to get colder, my pride grew less. So, throwing my blankets on top of his, I softly raised the cover and crawled in beside Koos-e-nute (Man-with-no-horses). Half a century spent on the border has failed to reveal to me a more contemptible pair than old man Allen and his son.

Next morning we moved on down the mountain to Satus creek, where we found no snow, continuing along the creek, whose high sides gave it the name of Canyon trail. At that night's camp we were joined by Ken-e-ho, a son of Squim-kin, who had been hired to help. The following day we reached the lower crossing of Satus creek, where Allen paid us all off. Ken-e-ho asked me if I wanted to see big country. I said "yes"; so we rode on across what is known as Dry creek and up to the top of the hill overlooking the Toppenish with the whole Yakima valley spread out before us. It seemed an empire. As I gazed upon its vastness, with no settler within its borders, I wondered why the pioneers had located in the Klickitat and other small valleys, leaving this Eden of the Northwest untouched. I little dreamed then that this country was to be for so long my home.

Ken-e-ho broke the spell with "We have a hard day's ride back to Moo-sum-pah and had better go." On the north side of Dry creek he pointed out to me the spot where "the great woman from the north" disappeared into the earth.*

That winter was mild, with no loss of stock on the range. A very large village of the Klickitats was located about a mile and a half below our cabin. The incessant pounding of the war drum, intermingled with whoops and yells, was a constant reminder to us of an ever lurking danger. One day we observed great commotion in the village. Horses were run in, paint daubed on the men's faces, arms gathered from out the lodges and scouts dispatched. Word had come in that the Cay-uses were on the warpath to attack them. Next morning I noticed two rock monuments, one on each of the grassy buttes southeast of the present Goldendale. The village Indians had placed them there, I learned, to deceive the raiding party, which would believe they were sentinels. It proved a false alarm, after all. In a few days the village quieted down, but the rocky mounds remained for years.

I was the handy boy of the neighborhood. Whenever a man was compelled to be absent from home over night, I was pressed into service to protect the family. In short, I represented the military force of the community. There was little money in our family and my clothes were by now showing signs of distress. One day, as I passed a cabin where lived a pretty little girl two years younger than myself, I paused to converse with her. Martha came out to meet me, but before saying anything, she stopped and looked me all over. Then she remarked, "You are ragged all over, but your pants are horrid."

I was a sensitive boy and this harsh criticism took my breath away. Hastily I mounted and rode away broken-hearted. A short distance down the trail I met an Indian friend, Tat-to-gus, wearing an old pair of buckskin pants. After unloading my troubles on him,

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*See Chapter on Legends.

I bantered him for a trade. He was sympathetic and we proceeded to exchange then and there. Emboldened by my acquisition, I rode up to see Martha again, a few days later. She was still critical, her first words being, "Jack, where did you get those pants?" I told her and she laughingly said, "I thought they were familiar. Old Tat-to-gus had been wearing them ever since we came here three years ago."

This was the end. We met years afterwards and she apologized.

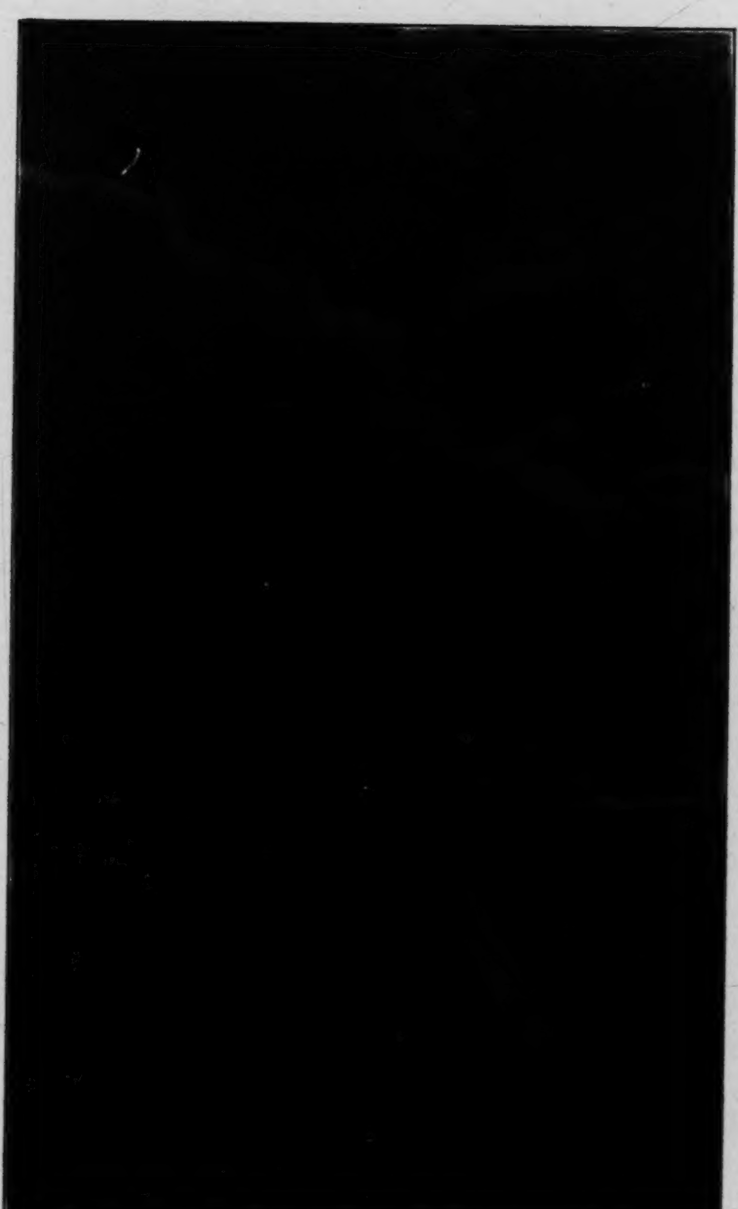
During this winter (1860) Stick Jo, an Indian, carried the mail for the government, once every two weeks, between Ft. Sim-co-e and The Dalles. He also brought the mail for us, which included the only newspaper in our part of the country, "The Dalles Mountaineer," which we eagerly read for news of the Civil war.

It was here I witnessed my first Chinook. The surprise of it, to awaken in the morning and find the snow gone! The magic of that wind I learned to reverence in after years. Many a time it has stood between wealth and poverty with the early stockman.

By April, 1861, miners and their outfits began to pass along the trail bound for the various camps up north. Then came the stock men; first John J. Jeffries and Ben E. Snipes, with their crew of cowboys to gather up the cattle which had wintered in the Yakima; their own, and all others, which they had bought, to drive to the Cariboo mines.

At this time, a reckless squaw man, Tom Reeves, built a small log cabin at the summit of the Sim-co-e mountains on the Satus trail and opened a trading post. His chief commodity was whisky, which he doled out to the Indians, thereby incurring the displeasure of "the powers that be" at Ft. Sim-co-e. He was persuaded to move on.

During the reign of "Fire Water" Reeves I traveled the trails frequently, looking after cattle, and one day had an encounter with his deadly dope which was almost my undoing. As I came over a hill, I spied ahead two Indians and a squaw dismounted. The men came running towards me. I spurred my horse, in an effort to make a get-away, but he balked. The Indians caught him by the bridle and led him to their outfit, telling me to dismount. They had a gallon of some of Reeves' firewater in a blue keg, and considerably more in their own stomachs. They ordered me to drink. I put the keg to my lips, but swallowed none. I was then told to mount. They did likewise, one riding in front, leading my horse, one behind, with the squaw and the blue keg bringing up the rear. When we got to the top of the hill above the three creeks, some seven miles from Goldendale, the big fellow in front, Ap-pol-li-klet, an Indian I knew well, accidentally dropped the rope. I gathered it up and tied it to my saddle. He rushed at me with his elkhorn whip. My horse refused to go despite the spurs. I only succeeded in dodging, which angered him, so that, maddened by drink, he came at me again and again with all the force he could master. My only weapon, a pocket knife, it flashed across me to stab him in the neck when he leaned over me. On he came, missing me. I scratched his neck and managed to slash his shoulder. The sight of blood both sobered and maddened him. Running his hand down into his legging, he pulled out a knife which looked to me longer than a fence rail. A demon now, with a fierce war whoop which rang through the woods, he came at me; but leaned too far over and lost his balance. The knife fell several feet from where he landed. I swung off to get it and finish the throat job while he was down; but a scream from the squaw made me look back. The Indian behind was drawing his gun. Back in the saddle, I dug the knife into the cayuse's hip and the spurs into his sides. He reared with a snort and dashed down the hill, tearing out rocks and dirt. The report of the gun rang out, but I did not turn my head until further removed from the scene of action. They did not follow and I reached home safely. We quit the cabin for a few nights and slept in the brush; but there were no further developments. Two years later I met Ap-pol-li-klet; neither of us mentioned the episode.



THE VANISHING RACE

CHAPTER XX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE YAKIMA VALLEY

First Settler—First Cattle for Grazing—First Wagon and Cook Stove — Indian Difficulties — The Chinook Dance — First School — Establishment of Yakima County—First Survey.

The Klickitat valley was becoming too populous to suit our neighbor, F. M. Thorp. He was a pioneer of the old school who had crossed the plains with ox teams from the Missouri river to the Willamette valley in 1844. When newcomers settled around him there, his spirit rebelled. Preferring to run the risk of Indian warfare with all its cruelties rather than to live in a thickly settled community with its bickerings and backbitings, he moved into the Klickitat. Here again he was followed. Without more ado, he packed up and started for a new wilderness.

It was in February, 1861, that with his family of nine small children, four boys and five girls, mounted on horses and with the household goods carried likewise, he moved out on the trail leading over the Sim-co-e mountains. The snow was several feet deep in places. They went down the Satus to the Toppenish, crossing about two miles above what was later known as the Indian Department cattle ranch. Then they passed over the sage brush plains to the Yakima river at Pah-ho-ta-cute, now called the Union gap, forded the river above the mouth of the Ahtanum and settled in the lower end of Mok-see, now known as Moxee valley.

They moved into a little log cabin, with dirt roof and floor, and a fireplace in the corner to serve as cook stove, which Thorp had built the previous October for his herders, John Zumwalt and A. C. Meyers, who had looked after a band of cattle wintered here. These were the first cattle driven into the Yakima valley for the purpose of grazing.

A new home was soon under construction, 25 x 16 feet, one and a half stories high with a dirt roof and puncheon floor. The floor was made from logs hewn flat on one side and placed on sills,—the pioneer's only kind of floor. One of the herders, John Zumwalt, had helped Thorp to move. He was also accompanied by Charles A. Splawn, my oldest brother, who married Thorp's daughter, Dulcena Helen, a women who would be a credit to any country at any time, one of God's noble creatures, as was her mother, Margaret Bounds Thorp, a real pioneer who bore the trials, privations and dangers with a smile, the sunshine of that little settlement.

Thorp was a man of granite and iron, possessed of an indomitable will and the courage to back it. Being inured to the hardships of frontier life, he was well fitted for the role of first settler. He knew Indian character as few others did and his dealings with the tribes were such as to command both their admiration and their fear. When other outlying settlements at that time were compelled, on account of Indian depredations, to abandon their homes and flee to Walla Walla or to The Dalles for safety,—points where United States troops were stationed,—he stayed and held the country when at times he seemed to be tempting Providence.

A few days after his arrival in Mok-see, his favorite saddle horse, a gray, was missing. He knew it had been stolen. Calling to his house a few of the head men of the tribe, he told them to see to it that the horse was returned, as he had come to live among them and desired peace and friendship; if the horse was not forthcoming, he would pursue and punish the thief in his own way. When some months later Thorp succeeded in capturing the Indian who had stolen the horse, he tied him to a tree, stripped the clothes from his back and, with a rawhide rope doubled, flayed the culprit till he fainted. The Indian lived but a short time, his death serving as a warning to others not to molest Thorp's property. The treatment was effective. The Mok-see settler never had any more stock stolen by the red men, and from that time on Thorp had a standing among the surrounding tribes that no white man before or since ever had.

Even here Thorp was not long allowed to enjoy his new home in solitude. About two weeks after he had left the Klickitat, his old neighbor, Alfred Henson, with his wife and five children, under the guidance of How-milt, a We-nat-sha Indian, moved over the same route taken by Thorp, but passed through the Yakima valley on over the hills to Kittitas, then to Pish-pish-ashten creek in the We-nat-sha country, where gold had been found the previous year. It was generally believed that many men would be working there the next year and it was Henson's plan to be first in with goods and provisions. He had about fifteen pack horses loaded with such goods as miners would require, also a few milk cows. Two white men, John Gubser and George Rearfield, were his helpers.

Arriving at his destination, he found no miners. A few came later, but failed to find sufficient pay, so moved on to Similkimeen, Rock Creek and Cariboo to the north. Henson sold out to the Indians and went down to the Mok-see, still under watchful care of the faithful old How-milt. The constant rumors of Indian depredations, reports of lone travelers found murdered by the wayside in different parts of the frontier state, caused him to be fearful of the safety of his family, so about Sept. 1, 1861, he returned to the Klickitat. In 1864 he came back to the Mok-see and settled near Thorp.

There is little doubt that Mrs. Henson and her young daughters were the first white women to see the beautiful Kittitas valley and the We-nat-sha country. A few months after Thorp's arrival, Levi Armsworthy with his family, from Klickitat, built a house and fenced some land in Mok-see, but became alarmed about Indian uprisings and moved back to Klickitat, never returning to Yakima.

My first visit to Mok-see was in June, 1861, when Jack Ker and I helped Noble Saxon drive a herd of cattle from Klickitat. We reached the Yakima on the third day and found Thorp with a ferry at Union gap. He had whipsawed the lumber for his boat and operated it with a rope cable. We ferried the horses and swam the cattle. Saxon, later in the season, drove the cattle back to the Klickitat because of the Indian scare.

The morning after our arrival Thorp sent Leonard and Willis, his two oldest boys, to the ferry with a yoke of oxen to bring a wagon which had just arrived from their old home in the Klickitat around to Mok-see. Leonard was about my age, sixteen; Willis two years younger. We had an Indian guide, Shar-low. As it was impossible to take the wagon up over the narrow trail, our guide struck down the river on horseback ahead of us. With an ax we cut our way through the timber and brush to a point just above the present Parker bridge, where we took to the hill, coming back to the valley at the old Robert Dunn place. We then followed the Indian trail to where now stands Dan McDonald's home. Here we found our first wild currants and we feasted. We followed the sage brush plain in a northerly direction; passed through the Mok-see gap and reached Thorp's at sundown. This was the pioneer wagon road, whose tracks marked the beginning of settlement.

In May of the same year Major John Thorp, father of the first settler, accompanied by Joe Evans, drove in 150 steers from Polk county, Oregon, to graze in the Mok-see. Shortly after the Major and my brother Charles gathered up a bunch of horses and pack saddles and went to The Dalles for a load of provisions to take to the newly discovered gold diggings at Orofino in the Nez Perce country. Their route lay back through Yakima to White Bluffs, then east through the Palouse to Lewiston and on up the regularly traveled trail along the Clearwater to the mines. At Orofino they found many men and little money, though it later proved to be a good mining camp. They sold the supplies and returned to Yakima just as the Indian excitement was at its height, narrowly escaping an attack in the Palouse country.

I was back in the Klickitat, and about this time decided to visit the Thorp boys in the Mok-see. Saddling my tough and wiry roan horse, Clat-a-wa, early one morning, I reached the Mok-see, seventy-five miles away, by sundown. Thorp wanted to know if I had heard any rumors of Indian troubles. When I told him that all the Klickitat families except Burgon, Pell and a few others, had moved into The Dalles, he saddled his fine gray and started for The Dalles to learn more about it.

After two days with the Thorp boys, I set out for home, going by way of Ft. Sim-co-e, which I had never seen. It had been established in 1856 by Col. Wright, who afterwards went down with the ship Brother Jonathan when she sank off the southern coast of Oregon.

I expected to find at the fort, Agent A. A. Bancroft and the agency employes, but instead saw only an old Indian, who said of the white officials, "Yock-a charko quash pe clat -a-wa copa Dalles," meaning that they had got frightened and gone to The Dalles. After asking me where I was going, he said there were many bad Indians traveling about, some of them on the road I would follow. He advised me to leave the trails and take to the hills. At that age, I was not afraid of the red men, so lit out on my journey.

Striking the military road leading to The Dalles, built in 1856 under the supervision of Capt. Dent, a brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, my horse had free rein up the steep slope to the plateau of the Sim-co-e mountains. Though I had to cover eighty miles to reach my destination before night, I had no fear that my noble roan would fail me, so went on, enjoying the beautiful mountain road, with the wild birds constantly flying up through the tall grass and lighting in the tree tops on either side. All along to the west the tall peaks of the Cascades loomed up far as the eye could reach. Not twenty miles away stood the great white giant, Mt. Adams, which seemed so near that one could almost feel the chill of its glaciers. It struck me that it was no wonder the red men should bitterly contest the invasion of such a country by the pale faces.

The country became more broken, the hills frequent. The sun was hanging low and would soon sink behind the western hills. At a small mountain stream with a grassy bottom, I rode in a ways from the road, let my horse graze and devoured my lunch. Resting here, I heard the clatter of hoofs from the direction of The Dalles. Since neither the horse nor myself could be seen from the road I crawled to a patch of brush where I could get a view of any passerby. A lone rider soon dashed into sight at full gallop. It was Thorp on his powerful gray, his long black hair hanging down his shoulders, sitting straight in the saddle, a fine specimen of western frontiersman.

As I stepped out into the road, he halted to ask, "When did you leave my home and was everything safe?" I replied, "This morning, and all was well." He said, "I met Indian Agent Bancroft about noon today near The Dalles. He told me he had left Ft. Sim-co-e temporarily, fearing an Indian outbreak. This news made me uneasy regarding the safety of my family and I have been riding hard. The many rumors of Indian depredations along the border are such that no one can tell what a few hours may bring forth. I must reach my family tonight."

He gave me a few instructions as to what I should do in case of hostilities, and galloped off, reaching home that night, covering one hundred miles in sixteen hours without changing horses,—a wonderful feat for both man and horse.

Reaching the summit of the mountains as darkness gathered, a grand sight met my eyes. Down the southern slope, on the road I must travel, the woods were ablaze. Off to the east from a high mountain signal fires were flashing out their messages, and there was the same thing to the west. I felt there was danger lurking in this neck of the woods.

Riding through the burning trees, I struck a spot where the tracks showed a large band of Indians had come to the road from both sides only a few hours before,—after Thorp had passed, indeed. I was on the alert and when, a little further on, the barking of dogs and neighing of horses warned me, I left the road, going up a small ridge to the left, from which point I caught a glimpse of their encampment. The fires shone brightly and here and there could be seen men and women, hurrying to and fro. Soon the great drum sounded. The throng gathered about the big log pile that had been set on fire, throwing its glare far out into the surrounding darkness. The dance began, whoops and yells ringing out through the once quiet woods. Tying my horse, I crawled up as near as I felt safe to watch this strange ceremony which, I afterwards learned, was the scalp dance. I had read some of the wild tales of the Wooly West, and here I was getting the whole show at first hand.

I did not return to the road, but made my way over the hills to the cabin of Calvin Pell in the Moo-sum-pah, where I made my home. The old man let me in and was glad of my return. Not long after I had gone to bed, a gentle tapping at the door awoke me. The door slowly opened and in stepped my little Indian girl friend, Lal-looh. She said, "Wake the old man up. You and he must get out of this place quick. Two Indians are now at my father's lodge who were watching this house when you rode up. They have only one gun and want to get another from my father, who is detaining them as best he can."

We were soon ready. "Follow up this creek to the forks and stay there till I come," she said. We stayed there till the following afternoon, when Lal-looh looked us up and said that the two Indians had gone, but that a big council was to be held, beginning next day, to decide on peace or war. She advised us to keep our horses hidden away in the brush along the creek and to have some food cooked ready for a start at a moment's notice. Her brother, Ken-e-ho, was to be at the council and had promised, if war was decided on, to ride swiftly to her with the news.

That little Indian girl has always been a sweet memory. The council lasted two days and two nights and for a time fate hung in the balance, but the advice of the older men, who had just passed through a two years' war with the whites, prevailed. Lal-looh brought us the news that war was averted and the Indians had returned to their homes. The older and wiser heads, it seems, had not forgotten the hardships and sufferings they had endured from war and the loss of their greatest warriors weighed heavily upon them. They knew that, though they killed some whites, far towards the rising sun this people were thicker than the grass on the hillsides; there would always be more to come on. The mournful wails of the old men, women and children, who were likely to perish in case of war, sounded all through the council.

The little settlement in the Yakima, the most remote territory, escaped without harm because of Thorp's methods, skill and bravery in handling Indian questions. In all the country no settlers remained except Thorp and his family, Charles Splawn and wife and William Hall, an old man who operated a ferry for two years on the Yakima just below the west end of Snipes mountain, a short distance above the present home of Wren Ferrell. The boat was used to ferry over the miners to and from the Similkimeen, Rock Creek and Fraser river mines in British Columbia. Hall had been buffeted about on the sea of adventure, and tossed by the waves of adversity common to a frontiersman until he had grown indifferent to life, and could adapt himself to any circumstances. He gave all the proceeds of his business for a young squaw of the Yakima tribe. During the winter of 1861-2 he basked in the sunshine of her smiles, but when the birds came in the spring, the grass grew green and the salmon began to run up stream, he stole quietly away, leaving the dusky maid to ponder over the fickleness of the pale face.

The first winter that Thorp and his family passed in their isolated home was the memorable one of 1861-2, noted for its extreme severity. Indian tradition has nothing to equal it and no white man ever saw its like before or since in the Yakima valley.

Snow fell in December to a depth of eighteen inches. Then it rained and froze up, leaving the whole country a glare of ice over which stock could not travel without cutting their legs. Men had to make wooden flails and break the ice crust on the snow, to enable the cattle to graze the tall rye grass that completely covered the Mok-see. In this manner did Thorp and my brother Charles save their cattle, while fully eighty per cent of the livestock in the Northwest perished from cold and hunger. The Yakima river was frozen over to a great thickness. When the water began forcing its way through, it caused great jams. In the swirl and crush vast bodies of ice were thrown high and dry out on the mainland, covering hundreds of acres along the low bottoms. In the breaking up of these immense gorges, the noise was at times terrific, resembling a hard fought battle where artillery held the right of way.

In April, 1862, Thorp, with two Indians went to The Dalles for supplies. From Alder creek at its mouth at the Columbia to the mouth of the Des Chutes river thousands of dead cattle, he said, lay in piles and heaps, showing that they had sought companionship in the hour of death. For forty miles the dead and dying were strewn along the way and the stench was almost unbearable. Here and there small bands of cattle would be grazing, so weak that they reeled as they walked. Bands of horses were seen with their manes and tails eaten off, showing that in their fight for life this sort of cannibalism had been resorted to.

After this terrible winter, some of the stockmen of the Northwest never again engaged in that line of business; others kept bravely on, winning fortunes later. Ben E. Snipes was one of the latter.

If the winter was hard on the white settlers, it was equally so on the Indians. There were hundreds of villages strung along the Yakima from Satus creek to Nah-cheez. The Indian ponies, though accustomed to pawing the snow off to reach the grass beneath, could not stand the icy crust which cut them whenever they moved their legs. They simply stood stupefied and died in their tracks. In the two-year war with the whites, the Indians had lost the greater portion of their horses and it seemed as if this dreadful winter would take the remainder.

They called a council at Ko-ti-ahen's village, just below Union gap. All the medicine men of the tribe were invited, large offerings of horses being made to these fakirs if they could induce the Great Spirit to send the Chinook wind. Sko-mow-wa and his son, Soke-se-hi, brought cattle to the council and slaughtered them for food. Ne-sou-tus, the farmer and gardener of the tribe, brought wheat, corn and potatoes; others roots and dried salmon in abundance. The commissary being well supplied, the ceremony began in earnest. Day and night for nearly a month the great drum sounded the pum-pum. Wails from the old squaws were intermingled with the whoops and yells of the fiery dancers,—but to no avail. The tam-man-na-was of all the medicine men who had participated up to this time had failed to work. There was one veteran doctor, We-i-pah, over whose head the snows of eighty winters had passed, who, up to this time had taken no part. He was held to be the wisest of all the medicine men of the surrounding tribes, which accounted for his longevity, since it is a custom among Indians that when a doctor loses a patient, he must himself die, or pay a satisfactory price to the relatives of the deceased. This cunning old fox seems to have been wonderfully successful.

During the weeks of the ceremony, We-i-pah had remained silent in his lodge, smoking his pipe, with his eyes watching for the dark clouds to roll up over the summit of the Cascades. He knew the signs which were the forerunners of the Chinook wind and was waiting for the psychological moment to go in and win.

When, worn and discouraged, some of the head men sought We-i-pah, imploring his aid, saying that the medicine of the other dancers was weak, and asking him to set his price for bringing the wind, he arose, cast his eye at the long sweep of sky above the Cascades, and knew that his hour of victory had come.

"Go back to the council fire," he said, "and tell our people that We-i-pah has been the salmon man of the tribe since boyhood. I have kept the waters of the Yakima flowing constantly from the great lakes at the head to the Columbia at its mouth so as to enable the salmon to make their way up this stream to the home of the red men. I have been the first to announce their arrival in the spring and have been the leader in the annual dance which celebrates their coming. I am old and poor and not long for this world. I need horses and blankets and buffalo robes. Give to me what I need is all I ask. You must send away the evil doctors who have been conducting this ceremony and give me full charge. Come back to me when the sun goes down."

It was decided to give the old man ten horses, ten blankets and five buffalo robes if he brought the wind. At sundown a committee waited upon We-i-pah and announced the terms of the bargain. "It is well," said We-i-pah. "When I notify you, send two of your strongest men to carry me to the medicine lodge. Stop the present dancing; eat and rest. I want swift work when I begin."

He brought out his great medicine costume which had served him well in the past. If he succeeded tonight, he would be known as the greatest medicine man of his time,—it had been the ambition of his life. At the lodge, whither To-mas-kin and Pah-hi-ute carried him, he was greeted with whoops and yells, for they all believed him to be the "Skookum Tam-man-na-was" who had an inside pull with the Great Spirit. Stepping to the front, he ordered the dancers to fall into line, men first, with women and children following. At a wave of his hand the great drum sounded the pum-pum, the men at the sticks sitting flat on the ground. The shrill voice of old We-i-pah was heard above the song of the dancers, as he leaped and bounded like a frightened deer. The whole tribe catching the spirit of the leader, the dance grew fierce and wild. Men, women and children fell from exhaustion and were removed to another lodge while the seething, boiling mass of red humanity, led by the wonderful old man who had never failed, kept rushing on like an avalanche that carries everything before it. Far into the night, this feat of endurance was kept up at the pace that kills. More than half the dancers had fallen by the wayside and still the ringing voice of We-i-pah could be heard urging them on to greater effort. When Pah-he-wa-tus rushed into the lodge exclaiming, "The Chinook has come!" all were silent, listening to the strong puffs of the warm wind against the lodge. Dancing ceased and the feast began. At daylight, all lay down to sleep, believing that while half their horses were dead, the remainder would live. We-i-pah enjoyed his reputation for many years more, dying a tragic death later at the age of over a hundred.

When spring came and the stock again grazed in the midst of plenty, the hardships of the settlers were soon forgotten. With renewed zeal they began to make plans for the next winter, having firmly resolved to make this new land of sunshine their home. Those first people builded better than they thought. After a lapse of half a century some of those same settlers' children look with pride upon that work of long ago.

In the summer of 1862 Albert Haynes with his young bride, Lutitia Flett Haynes, descendent of a pioneer family of Puget Sound, crossed the Cascades and settled near Thorp in the Mok-see. He was of good, straight, honest, industrious stuff and his wife a woman of mental training, well fitted for the part she was to play as first school teacher in the land. The school room was the upstairs of the Thorp house and the Thorp children were the pupils.

This same summer A. Blatchly, a mining expert, en route to the Clearwater mines, was a fellow passenger on the steamer Idaho with C. M. Walker, a former employe at the Ft. Sim-co-e agency. Walker had in his possession a piece of ore which had been given to him by an Indian. He showed it to Blatchley, who asked the privilege of assaying it and found it to be fifty per cent silver. The miner was all excitement and eager to know where the ore had been found, but Walker had neglected to ask the Indian this important question. Blatchley, however, abandoned his contemplated trip and set out for the Yakima country to hunt up the Indian and his mine. He enlisted the aid of Thorp and Charles Splawn, who had an extensive acquaintance with the different tribes. All the mountains from Adams on the south to We-nat-sha on the north were searched and every Indian legend run down to no avail. Neither the Indian nor his mine were ever found. That Walker received the ore from an Indian there is no doubt, but it might have been an Indian from some distant tribe, possibly a Coeur d'Alene. The Coeur d'Alenes often visited the Yakimas in the early days, and the description of the ore corresponds with the rich silver deposits found in the Coeur d'Alene mountains later on.

Another mine excitement was caused by a piece of ore resembling the Walker sample given to J. B. Nelson by Nathan Olney, then of the Ahtanum, who had obtained it from Soges-e-hi, a Kwi-wy-chas Indian. Provided with a chart made by So-ges-e-hi's squaw, who had been with her husband when he found the ore, and accompanied by the finder's son, I went to the spot and found scattered along a small stream not far from Bumping lake a strange looking ore, heavy and of dark color. When analyzed it was found to contain nickel, cobalt, manganese, antimony and some gold. It was located, however, in an almost inaccessible mountain. I never considered it worth much and did not look for a lead.

Those days were teeming with tales of treasure hidden by the Indians. The red men had learned what was the thing most prized by the pale faces and for various reasons would lead prospectors on the most arduous adventures. In very few instances have I known of anything worth while developing. It was much the same here as when the Spaniards conquered Mexico. The whole western hemisphere was a mineral country and most of the discoveries came from the invaders, not from the natives.

In 1863, in the summer, there settled in the Mok-see on what was later known as the Parrish ranch, two brothers named Casner with their families. Thorp took a dislike to these people and was not slow in showing his feelings. They moved out that fall and were never heard of again in this part of the country. In November two men, returning from the Similkimeen mines camped near Thorp's. The younger, Thomas Butler, was destitute, a subject for charity. When Thorp offered him a home, he gladly accepted, remaining for several years and finally going to California.

One day, during their second summer in the new home, a long string of dust was to be seen coming along the Priest Rapids trail. Thorp, with his spy glass, discovered it to be a band of Indians. When they reached the valley near the present Cameron home, they formed in line, with whoops and yells that could be heard at Thorp's, rode around and around, then formed two abreast, dashed at full speed towards the Thorp home. The settler had prepared at first sight of them for just such an emergency. With his sons, Leonard, Willis and Bayless and C. A. Splawn, he awaited them. On came the red devils, riding like demons; resolute and firm stood the little band of white men. Smo-hal-la, dreamer and head man of the Wi-nah-pums, with war bonnet streaming from his head, and closely followed by his men, rushed to where Thorp stood, but the sight of the white man, leveling his gun on a bee line with the red man's carcass, brought him to a sudden halt. "I was only showing you how well drilled I have my men," said Smo-hal-la. Thorp knew this was the time to show his nerve if he expected to remain in the country. Walking up to Smo-hal-la, he took him by the shoulders, jerked him from his horse and proceeded to beat the old renegade till he cried for mercy. Smo-hal-la's bluff had been called and Thorp had established a reputation that no Indian ever afterwards questioned. Such a man was the first settler in the Yakima valley.

CHAPTER XXI.

FERGUSON COUNTY

The county of Ferguson was created by an act of the legislature, January 12, 1863. It was bounded on the south by the summit of the Simcoe mountains, on the west by the summit of the Cascades, on the east by Walla Walla and Stevens counties and on the north by the Wenatchee river.

Of the officers appointed by the legislature, only one, F. M. Thorp, was an actual settler and none of them qualified, so that there was no county organization.

The settlers did not need it. They had protected themselves up to this time and felt they were abundantly able so to do for a number of years to come. What money they got from time to time they very much needed for their own support, and did not feel like being taxed for the upkeep of a bunch of office holders over at Olympia.

On January 12, 1865, the act creating Ferguson county was repealed and an act creating Yakima county was passed, with the boundaries reduced to some extent, making the Columbia river from below Wallula up to Wenatchee the eastern boundary. The men appointed county commissioners were Charles A. Splawn, William Parker and J. H. Wilbur. Gilbert Pell was sheriff, William Wright auditor and F. M. Thorp treasurer. The county seat was located at the home of William Wright, who was an employe at Ft. Simcoe, thirty miles from the main settlement.

Not wishing to go to an Indian agency, where there were no actual settlers, to transact business, the people felt there was no need of a county organization and went on attending to their own affairs in their own way.

The governor, believing it imperative that Yakima county should have a government, in 1867 appointed the following officers to hold until the next general election: Commissioners, C. P. Cooke, F. M. Thorp and Alfred Henson; sheriff, Charles A. Splawn; auditor, J. W. Grant; treasurer, E. W. Lyen. The county seat was established at Thorp's school house in the Mok-see.

There was but little to do. I can recall but one instance where an appeal to the law was made—when the turbulent Irishman, McAllister, who then lived in Selah, threatened to kill his neighbor, Alfred Henson, a quiet, inoffensive man. McAllister was tried and bound over to keep the peace, but he had to stay some time under guard in Thorp's old log school house, before his hot Irish blood cooled off. At last he gave the required bond and went home.

Being deputized by the sheriff, I was ordered to guard him part of the time. Noticing that the upper buttons were off his pants, I asked him if he did not want a needle and thread.

"It is no use," he replied. "Every time I think of my situation my stomach swells until I burst the buttons off my breeches."

The following spring, 1868, deputized by the sheriff and assessor, I assessed the property of Yakima county for the first time.

At the general election that year the following county officers were elected: Commissioners, Alfred Henson, G. W. L. Allen and Thomas Goodwin; sheriff, Charles A. Splawn; assessor, John Lindsey; treasurer, E. W. Lyen; school superintendent, S. C. Taylor; coroner, Henry Davis.

While assessing the property of Yakima county, I had no disputes with the people. If they were poor, I passed them up; if well to do, they set their own valuation. We needed but little and wanted no surplus.

I only touch on this period of the county's organization. The balance will be left for future historians.

In 1864 the third standard parallel was established in Yakima county by a Mr. White, the first surveyor to reach this valley. In 1865 L. P. Beach passed through Yakima on his way to White Bluffs on the Columbia river for the purpose of surveying a few townships on the east side of that stream. A barren waste it was—over forty years later before a settler filed on any of the land. Thus was the money thrown away. The following year we find him back in the Yakima valley, where he surveyed a few townships, including Selah, Cowiche, Nah-cheez and Ahtanum valleys. He fell into bad ways, his survey was rechecked and found wrong. He was an Olympia politician with all the qualifications of that tribe. The first organized effort to get mail service in the Yakima valley was made by the settlers in 1867, who agreed to take their turns every other Tuesday of going to Umatilla, Oregon, after it. This service continued for about a year, when it was turned over to a Mr. Parson for a stipulated price, until the government mail route was established in 1870. L. H. Adkins was the first government mail carrier.

In the early settlement of the Yakima valley the only wagon road from The Dalles, Oregon (the main trading point), was the military road from there to Fort Simcoe, over about the highest part of the Simcoe mountains; consequently, the early snows closed it to travel, and delayed traffic until late spring.

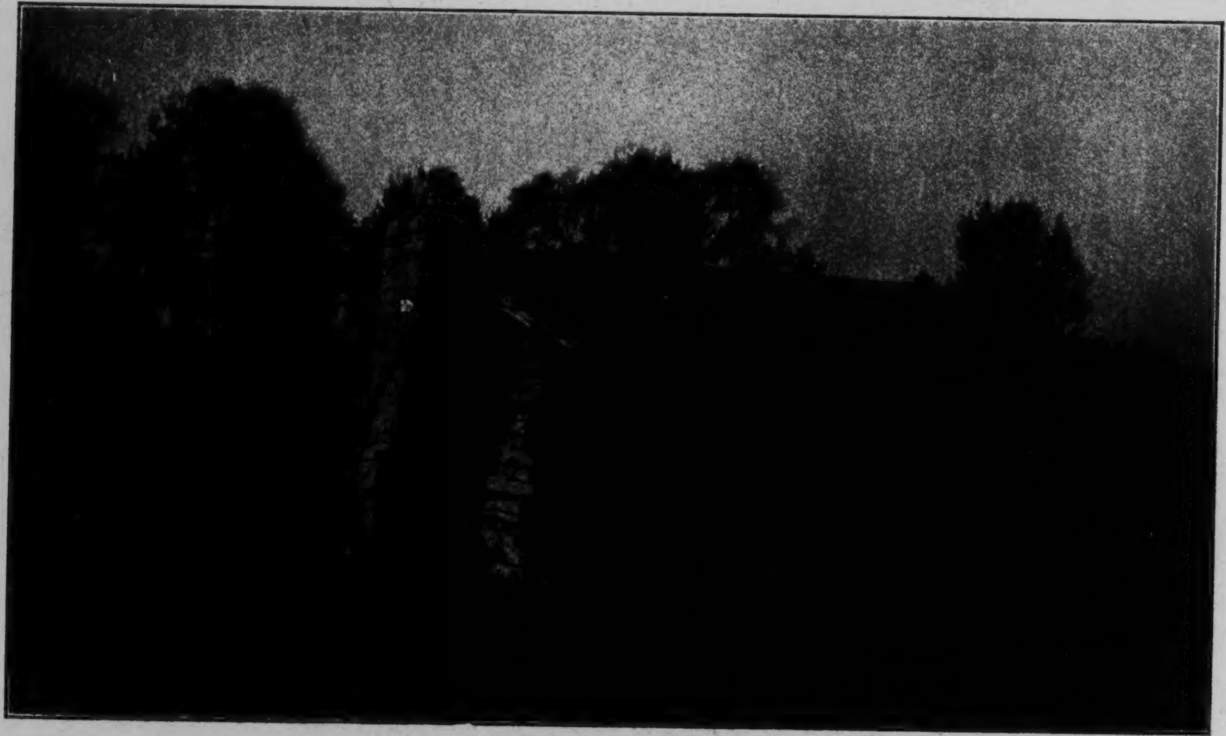
About the year 1875, the settlers of Yakima valley got together, and by donating labor and time they constructed a wagon road from Yakima City to the summit of Simcoe mountains, over the route known as the Canyon trail, which followed the Satus creek.

The citizens of Klickitat county banded together and built a wagon road from Goldendale, Washington, to the summit of the mountain, connecting with the Yakima end, thereby finishing a through wagon road between The Dalles and Yakima City, which could be used all the year.

Over this route all the traffic passed for about ten years, or until the coming of the railroad, which ended its romantic history. Over this road passed the first stage coach with passengers and mail; freight teams were strung along, and thousands of cattle passed that way for the Portland and Puget Sound markets.

On the summit of the Simcoe mountains, Al Lillie kept a roadhouse, noted for its splendid meals, and the angel face of Mrs. Lillie, who always made it pleasant for those who tarried awhile.

The coming of the railroad, which diverted the traffic from this way, was a sad blow to the old freighters who had learned to love this old route, and took from them their happy home, as every load of freight contained more or less whiskey. They had discovered how to tap a keg, draw from the bottom, and fill up at the top, thereby making life one continuous round of pleasure.



OLDEST HOUSE STANDING IN YAKIMA VALLEY

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COWBOY OF 1861

An 800-Mile Journey to Cariboo, B. C.—Indians True and False—How Chief Moses Saved Our Scalps—A Hard Winter in the North—The Outlaw.

In the year 1861, when I was only sixteen, Maj. John Thorp hired me to help drive a band of cattle from the Yakima valley to the Cariboo mines in British Columbia. With our outfit were also Joe Evans, Paul, a half-breed, and the Indians, Ken-e-ho, Eliza, his squaw, and Cultus John. Leaving the Mok-see Aug. 26, on the third day we had reached Kittitas. This valley, as it looked to me that day, was the loveliest spot I had ever seen—to the west the great Cascade range, to the northwest the needle peaks of the Pish-pish-ash-tan stood as silent sentinels over the beautiful dell below, where the Yakima wound its way the length of the valley and disappeared down the grand canyon. From the mountains to the north flowed many smaller streams, while the plain was dotted here and there with groves and thickly carpeted with grass. It was truly the land of plenty. Sage hens, jack rabbits and prairie chickens were on all sides; many sweet-throated song birds were warbling their hymns to the parting day, to be followed, a little later by the coyote's howl, echoing from hill to hill.

As we gazed, wondering how long before the settler would discover this Eden and we should see the smoke curling from the chimney of his log cabin, a horseman approached, a splendid specimen of Indian warrior. Painted and feathered, his war bonnet of eagle plumage—the first I had seen—fitted his high forehead and set off his prominent cheek bones. He had seen the smoke from our campfire and wanted to know where we were going with the cattle. We gladly accepted, when he offered his services to guide us over the mountains to the Columbia. His home, he informed us, was towards the foot of the mountains a few miles away.

Our guide was on hand next morning when we were ready to start. He was so intelligent and friendly that we were loath to part with him, but, on the main trail leading to We-nat-sha, we met another Indian, of similar get-up in dress, who said he was going our way and would gladly point the road. This was Nan-num-kin, who in many instances later proved true blue at the most critical times, when scalps were but toys to dangle on a string around the red man's belt.

We reached the Columbia and followed up its banks to where now stands the Great Northern railway depot at Wenatchee. Here, on the opposite side of the river, we could see an Indian village, apparently greatly excited at our appearance. Out from it came a solitary horseman and rode straight across the river towards us, we lining up on our side to watch his daring feat. Coming up on the bank, he asked me to whom the cattle belonged. I pointed to the Major, who was on horseback nearby. As the Indian turned to ride towards Thorp, I asked him his name. I have always thought that Providence prompted me to do it, since there was no particular reason why I should have inquired. Looking me squarely in the eye, he said, "Sulk-talth-scosum, but known to white men as Chief Moses."

I had heard of Chief Moses before, and was destined to meet him many times afterward. He and the Major conversed for some time. As I watched them, it came to me what a splendid picture they made of contrasting types of strong men. Maj. Thorp was an Oregon pioneer, who had crossed the plains in 1844, a magnificent specimen of manhood, standing over six feet tall, with the undaunted eye which marks the fearless soldier—and truly he knew no fear. Moses was tall and commanding, with a massive frame, a large head set on broad shoulders and keen eyes ever on the alert; he sat his blue roan like a centaur.

After finishing the parley, Moses rode back as he had come, and we moved the cattle on, crossed the We-nat-sha river and camped where now stands the beautiful home of Michael Horan, where our stock was on fine grass. Supper over, we retired, but the mosquitoes were so numerous that we could not sleep. I got up and went to a nearby hill (later the Horan peach orchard), which seemed to be freer from the pests. I shared my discovery with the rest of the party and we all picked up our beds and moved. We had not been asleep long before we were wakened by the sound of horses' feet. In the moonlight we could see approaching a band of Indians, painted and feathered, from which arose loud voices suggesting argument. Presently there dismounted an aged Indian, who spoke in low, earnest tones as if pleading, but we could hear only a few murmurs of assent. Not realizing our danger, I was fascinated. To me it was just a wonderfully interesting sight, the moon shining full and bright, the war bonnets bobbing around; but to the Major, who had gathered knowledge of Indian character from a long life on the border, it meant something more. His set lips and flashing eyes warned me of danger.

Now there rode out in plain view one who seemed to be of some note. He was mounted on a milk white horse and commenced a loud harangue, which seemd to strike a responsive chord, for whoops went up on all sides and the war cry was raised. At this exciting moment, we heard horses fording the river. The Indians heard it, too, and waited. Two horsemen came riding swiftly past us towards the war party. The foremost one jumped from his horse, threw his blanket on the ground before him and waved back the hostile Indians with his hands till the hill was cleared.

Our deliverers were Chief Moses and our friend the guide, Nan-num-kin, who had arrived thus opportunely. A few years later I learned from Nan-num-kin that he had overheard the plan to massacre us and steal our cattle. Some, he said, did not want to do this, but went along, hoping to persuade the others that Moses would disapprove such an act. Nan-num-kin knew how futile would be any attempt on his part to dissuade them, so he stole away, swam the Columbia and told Moses what was about to occur. Moses, who admired pluck above everything, said, "No. The old man is brave; he must not die. And the boy with the white hair is no cowardly dog to be killed so. My people are bloodthirsty." Mounting the blue roan, which he always kept staked at the door of his lodge, he and Nan-num-kin rode hard and managed to be there in time.

As I looked at Moses that night, realizing how heavy the odds had been against us, and the unselfishnes of his act, I knew that he claimed no reward beyond the friendship one man gives to another. We shook hands and went our separate ways. I would not meet many such men, I knew, even among my own race.

A few miles further up the Columbia next day we came to a narrow trail leading around a perpendicular rock, where only one animal could pass at a time. Along the shore below us were many canoe loads of Indians, all eager and expectant. They were waiting in the hope that some of the cattle would stumble and fall. The year before, it seems, a band of cattle had passed that way and many had fallen over the bluffs, the Indians getting the carcasses. When all our cattle passed over safely, an angry murmur arose. The Indians threatened to take one by force and left their boats to come towards us, but we paid no heed, driving along indifferently, while they continued their uproar. After a while they sullenly returned to their canoes and floated back down to their village.

That night we camped at Entiat, next day reaching beautiful Lake Chelan, and crossed the river at its foot to camp on the north bank. Here we saw a lone grave and learned that a man named Matheny had been killed a few months before by Tomlinson, a squaw man. During my early years on the frontier those solitary graves, scattered by the wayside, unmarked and unknown, were no uncommon sight. Usually no one could tell who the dead was or whence he came. Many homes have waited and watched for loved ones who never returned, the desert sands, hillsides and plains of the far west seldom giving up the secret of their graves. Such sights always made my heart softer. One was apt to grow harsh in this rough life on the borderland.

It was at this last camp that we met In-no-mo-se-cha, chief of the Chelans, a noted warrior, who had taken part in the Indian war of 1855-56. His was not a pleasant face to look upon; a sullen, cruel expression and a combative head marked him as an ugly foe. He had with him his young son, a boy about my own age. During our day's travel together the boy and I became good friends and afterwards he saved my life at the crossing of the Chelan river when I was attacked by Indians. When he grew to manhood he was known as In-no-mo-se-cha Bill, and was one of Chief Moses' ablest lieutenants, a splendid type, brave to a fault, but with a fatal weakness for the fire water distilled by his white-faced brothers, which sent him to the happy hunting ground long before his race was run.

At the end of three days' travel from Chelan we camped on the Okanogan river near Loop Loop creek. Here we found a large encampment of Indians covering a flat of more than a hundred acres. Hundreds of horses grazed the hillsides, while swift riders dashed here and there keeping their individual bands separated from the others. The neighing of the horses, barking of dogs, whooping, yelling and wailing, the cries of those watching the gamblers and horse racing made one grand tumult, the like of which I had never heard before. The only thing lacking to make this a red man's inferno was fire water. It was so nearly dark that we were forced to camp near the village. Our Indians herders protested loudly and bewailed our fate if we did so, but necessity compelled—and oftentimes, in dealing with the Indians, a brave stroke saves the day.

The cattle were turned loose to graze up the river. After supper our Indians took the horses into a bend of the river to guard during the night and I believe that they did not sleep. For a while, after darkness came on, the stillness was unbroken. Then, suddenly, the sound of the great war drum rang out on the night; wild whoops and piercing yells told us the war dance was on. I was curious to see it, but knew that the Major would certainly object, so I stole away without telling him, worked through the Indians, sometimes crawling, sometimes running, until I reached the great wigwam where the warriors were in the midst of their wild dance. As fascinating a sight as I ever beheld was my first war dance. But after a while, looking on did not satisfy me. To be one of them was the call of the wild which had made me worm my way into the circle; catching the rhythm, my long tow hair streaming behind, I was soon swaying and chanting with the best of them.

Suddenly I was conscious that the other dancers had withdrawn to one end of the room, leaving me alone in the center. Whether to run or to stand my ground became a serious problem, but only that day the Major had said, "Don't show the white feather and you win an Indian's respect nine times out of ten." So I stuck to my dance—and a blessed thing it was that I was ignorant of the tremendous risk I was running.

After a short parley, the celebration went on as before. A scalp fastened to a rope was brought out, thrown in the air, then trailed in the dust. Men and women jumped on it and kicked it with their feet. That grewsome plaything had belonged to a white man's head, for these Indians were not at war with any other tribe then, nor had been for some time; and the scalp was fresh, with short hair. As it came close to me, I wondered whose head it had covered and whose would furnish the next one. The thought sobered me, and while they were at the height of their mad frenzy, I slipped back to our camp where, you may be sure, I received one of the severest lectures of my life.

We were up and away early next morning. We found the cattle a short distance up the river and had driven them several miles before we counted them. To my chagrin, the Major reported "Six head shy, boy; but we are lucky at that." I didn't look at it that way. I was mad to think that we had let a band of breech-clouts steal from us. When I made a proposition to go back after them, Joe Evans refused to accompany me; in fact, they all did, thinking more of their cowardly hides than of those six steers. I wheeled my horse and lit back on the trail. I had gone only a few miles when I spied twenty Indians driving our cattle towards their camp. Hurrying along, I rode in front of the cattle to turn them back, but it was no time at all before it dawned on me that twenty could do more driving than one. Those cattle had become like friends to me and my mind was made up to have them. Whip in hand, I rode hard into their midst, striking at the Siwashes in all directions, hitting as many as possible. The Indians rode off to a hill and did not follow me. The Major shook his head when informed of my proceedings. "Don't do it again, Jack," he said. "I don't want to lose you."

As I learned more of Indian nature, their reason for not killing me and taking the cattle became clear. They knew that to do the latter necessitated the former and they remembered the talk of the head men the evening before, when leniency had been shown me at the dance. They deemed it best to let me go this time for fear of being called to account; another time, perhaps, they would dangle my head dress from their belts. My hair caused me much annoyance in those days. There seemed to be a premium on the yellow-haired scalps.

By next night we had made the mouth of Johnson creek, where now stands the little town of Riverside. Here a band of Indians passed us, going up the Okanogan, and among them I recognized some of the cattle thieves of the previous day. That night, with a blanket tied behind the saddle, I followed the cattle. When they lay down, I did likewise; when they traveled, I trailed behind, resolved to be strictly on the alert so that no redskin might run off any. Just at break of day, six Indians approached from a nearby canyon and before I could move around in front had three steers cut out and on the run. A full well-directed shot did the required work. One Indian reeled and would have fallen from his horse had not his companions supported him. They beat a hasty retreat up the canyon. When the Major overtook me and was told of the skirmish, he was grave and shook his head. "We must make the boundary tonight," he said, "though it is a hard drive."

Next morning, having reached an ideal spot between the Similkimeen and Okanogan rivers, where the town of Oroville now stands, where there was plenty of grass, no mosquitoes, and we were only a few miles from the Canadian customs house with its sturdy inhabitants, Mr. Cox, collector, and Okanogan Smith, the well known pioneer, we resolved to rest up for a day. The Major was clearly uneasy and had told me to stay close in. About noon, while we were resting quietly about camp, our Indians sleeping near the river bank, we heard a sound from the nearby hill and saw a band of red men coming towards us headlong. The leader was a grand-looking fellow, big and strong. The Major, gun in hand, stepped forward with arms upheld as if ordering a halt. Just at this stage of the proceedings, our Indians began their "death song." I felt like choking them. In no mild tones the Major bade them cease. The strange Indians came to within fifty yards of us, then halted and their leader advanced. He was dressed in buckskin from tip to toe, his war bonnet the finest I had seen yet, and he was mounted on a beautiful spotted horse with eagle feathers tied in its foretop, mane and tail. Dismounting, this man of importance approached us. The Major advanced and shook his hand. The Indian looked to me like a good fellow.

"I am Chief To-nas-ket," he said. "I was told that a boy with a band of cattle had shot and fatally wounded an Indian. They are now singing the death song for him. I come to find out." When the Major had explained to him the circumstances, he replied: "Well done. I hope he dies. He is a bad one, a renegade, not of my tribe. He has killed one white man, maybe many, but the spilling of blood is always bad medicine for young warriors. If they smell it, they want to taste more. I will send some of these men of mine along with you for a distance of fifty miles, till you reach Lake Okanogan, where your danger from this source will be over."

These newcomers were attractive, all wearing buckskin suits, neatly made, the artistic decoration of which in silk and beads showed much skill in needlecraft and original designing. They were on the whole the most peaceful and thrifty set we met.

To-nas-ket himself was intelligent and fine-looking, without the harshness which had characterized some of the head men of other tribes. He was a Catholic, I learned in after years, and was always the white man's friend. There is an Indian school, built at the mouth of Bonaparte's creek on the Okanogan, named in honor of this good chief, and a town on the railroad from Pateros to Oroville bears his name.

At the customs house we paid the duty of two dollars per head and were allowed to enter British territory, where I was destined to spend over a year. Under guidance of the escort given us by Chief To-nas-ket, we reached the foot of Okanogan lake on the third day. This perfect inland sea, ninety miles long and from one to three wide, was good to look upon. Our route lay up the west side through a country that was sometimes mountainous and where, in places, the trail was only a narrow line between the lake and hill. Many small streams flowed into the lake and these were so full of trout that we killed them with rocks in the shallows. I have seen in my day many creeks and lakes accounted excellent fishing ground, but none to compare with these trout streams. The Indians had acres of scaffolding full of trout drying in the sun.

One afternoon we overtook the Major sitting by the lake in deep study—he was a man of moods. Looking up as I came along, he said: "Jack, some day this lake will be full of steamers and the hillsides dotted with towns. You will live to see that day and may travel this way, but not I." I decided I had better keep a close watch on him; he was certainly taking leave of his senses. Forty-four years afterward I went back over the old trail and down the lake on a first-class steamer. How truly the Major had prophesied!

Somewhere along here we were overtaken by a man, much dressed up. He wore a British uniform and rode—or tried to ride—a beautiful sorrel horse with one of those "pancake" saddles, the scorn of the cowboy. His system of riding seemed ridiculous to me, that constant pitty-pat, now up, now down, with every jog of the horse's trot. It was ungraceful, to say the least. The man was a courier for Gov. Moody of British Columbia, who was only a short distance ahead, making treaties and establishing reserves for the Indians. We overtook the party next day. The governor was much taken with us and, to show his good will, sent his page to our camp with a sack of beans and his compliments. The Indians and I danced for joy. Our rations were not over abundant, and to have food thrust upon us could not be taken calmly.

Ken-e-ho, whose sense of humor was not anywheres up to his appetite, suggested that we put some of the beans on to boil at once. As we were resting that day, we kept up the fire, holding the beans at a steady boil, hoping to have them for supper done to a "queen's taste." By supper time, alas! they had parted with none of their flinty characteristics. We were so disappointed that Ken-e-ho, undaunted, resolved to put in the night cooking the beans. Picture his chagrin in the morning to find them much as they were before cooking at all. He looked at me and said, "Jack, don't laugh. I have a hungry stomach. Tell me, do you think British beans are different from American?" I thought they must be, but he packed that kettle, resolved to make one more attempt when next we camped. It was all in vain. We held a council and decided, after due deliberation, to follow Ken-e-ho's suggestion, bury the beans and pile up a monument of rocks to the memory of the governor's generosity and good will.

We traveled five days up this lake before reaching the head, which opened out into beautiful valleys and hill slopes, well watered and covered with grass. It was a delightful country, one I have always remembered. After leaving it, we passed through a heavily timbered belt and then into the open again, well named Grand Prairie. As we rode along, the Major's cheery notes rang out. He would ride for hours deep in study, then burst out with that old familiar ditty, "Polly, put the kettle on, the kettle on, the kettle on, and we'll all take tea." When we heard this, we always knew that something pleasing was about to occur. This time it meant that we should soon reach white man's abode again. Not far ahead was Kamloops, a trading post established by David Stuart of Astor's Pacific Fur company in 1812.

Stuart and his companions were the first white men to visit this part of the country in 1811. They had passed the winter with Shus-shwap Indians on a fur trading expedition, which proved highly profitable. The post later passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay company, which had continued to occupy it. It was here that Black, a Hudson's Bay factor, was murdered by an Indian boy. The boy was later captured. While crossing the Thompson river, he saw the Indians lined up on the opposite shore, under their old chief, Ni-ko-li, waiting to kill him. He overturned the canoe and floated along with the current singing his death song. Ni-ko-li shot him. It was the first and only trouble the whites ever had with the red men at this point.

At Kamloops we overtook a Mr. Cock, who had driven a band of cattle over the trail ahead of us. He was in trouble; his money had been stolen and he suspected a man who had been traveling with him for some time. The frontiersman's court convened, consisting of a jury of six men, the pick of Kamloops. I was one of the number. The prisoner was brought before us. He was unable to give any account of himself, or of his suddenly acquired wealth; in fact, he had a sullen, hang-dog expression that we did not like. After talking the matter over, we decided that he had a thief's face, anyway, and that, if not guilty of this particular theft, it was probably because he had not had just the right opportunity. We thought he had better hang to avoid future complications. As the rope was being prepared for the execution, a former magistrate of Kamloops, Mr. McLean, appeared and demanded an explanation. Mr. Cock gave it. To hang a man on that kind of evidence was hardly safe, McLean thought, and he advised that we give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. Not being wise to British laws, we turned him loose.

Mr. Cock and the Major decided to join forces and drive their herds together. The first day brought us to Cherry creek, where we found a man in charge of a band of cattle belonging to Snipes & Murphy of The Dalles. The stock had been driven up from the Klickitat valley several months previous to our arrival and, as no sale could be found for it at the time, the owners had left it to be wintered here, while they returned to Klickitat.

We crossed the Thompson river at the old landmark kept by Savanos, a French-Canadian, who had come to the New Caledonia—the name first given to all of British Columbia—with the Hudson's Bay company at a very early date. He had a small ferry, on which we crossed the horses, while the cattle swam. Another day found us on the Bonaparte, near the mouth of Cash creek, where was the main road from Ft. Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser river, to the Cariboo mines 200 miles to the north. Hundreds of miners were coming out for the winter. The outlook for beef was not good. The Major did not sing now; he was at his wits' end to know what to do. He went for advice to Mr. McLean, who had been for forty years Hudson's Bay factor in this northern territory, though retired now from active duty and living on a farm. A good brainy Scotchman he was, even if he did have a squaw for a wife and a dozen half-breed children. He told the Major to move the cattle to Hat creek, twenty miles further, where the grass was better, and to hold them there for a while. The Major decided to do this, if he could not sell.

Mr. Cock and I went on to Lillooet, fifty miles distant on the Fraser river, to get provisions, of which we were in sore need. This town was full of drunken miners, packers, traders and all-around men of the border, all on a prolonged debauch. It was my first experience with reckless, wanton disregard for decency and with the pure cussedness of man. What came under my observation that night and next day was worth more to me than all the temperance and moral lectures I could hear in a lifetime. I had a deep feeling of relief when we packed our horses and bade good-bye to this inferno of the north.

Major Thorp said, after our return to Hat creek, that he would have no further use for our Indian helpers and would send them all back to Yakima. I was truly sorry to part with them. They had been my companions over that long, dangerous trail, they had been faithful and willing. I had learned to like them, and when they set out for home, I could not keep back the tears.

Time hung heavy on our hands now. Visitors did not often come our way, but one day there rode into camp a typical frontiersman—a finer looking or better one I never met—Bill Parker. I

had seen him in the Klickitat when, with his pack train, he had camped a few miles above us. We met many times in my wanderings through the Northwest, but it was in the Yakima valley that we became fast friends.

One morning we awoke to find the ground covered with snow and prospects good for a heavy fall. Mr. Cock and I gathered the cattle and started them down the mountain for Bonaparte. It was well into the night when we reached the wayside house of Scotty. This was a real hostelry of the early type, built of logs and consisting of two rooms, one a kitchen, and the other a general purpose affair. Just now it was filled with sleeping miners. The proprietor cooked supper for us and gave us, for bedding, some old blankets which had done service under someone's pack saddle for a score of years at least. We lay on the floor, finding in one corner a place to squeeze in.

Bright and early I was up next morning and out after the cattle. Scotty hailed me as I passed the kitchen door. Standing with his arms akimbo, his hands dripping dough, he talked earnestly to me, asking my age, who I was, where I came from, and ending up by begging me to go home to my mother out of that God-forsaken country. All the time I was thinking what a good medicine talk it was, I was enjoying a good joke I should have at Mr. Cock's expense. On each side of Scotty's nose, as he talked to me, there was a patch of dough. He had cleared his organ, frontiersman's style, during the process of bread-making. Mr. Cock loved biscuit, but was so particular.

The Major and the pack horses arrived next day and we camped near Scotty's. A few days later a man giving his name as James Batterson rode into camp and bought our cattle, agreeing to return in ten days to receive and pay for them. We were hilarious, our thoughts turned homeward. The Major was anxious to get back to his business and I wanted to see Yakima again. Our hopes were destined to be dashed on the rocks of despair. Ten days brought no Mr. Batterson. The Major ceased his merry jingle, "Polly, put the kettle on," and sat with drooping head. At the end of three days' grace, the lawful limit, the Major said: "I am a fool, sure, to have put confidence in that smooth, oily-tongued individual. I believed him so thoroughly that no bonus was asked. Nothing but honor bound the bargain and that seems a weak string in this case. He did not suggest a part payment and I hated to ask it."

This wily gentleman of the crooked way, it seems, had a deal of his own on. Our cattle were in his way for a little while, so he pretended to buy them, rightly understanding that the Major would consider himself bound by his word. By the time the Major awakened to the situation, he was well out of the way. It was my first experience with deceit and dishonor and it taught me a lesson.

Whenever after that I encountered an oily tongue, I came up sharp on the bit, put both hands in my pockets and had to be shown.

Our disappointment was keen. Our feathers draggled in the snow again; we were down below zero. Nothing remained but to winter the cattle and await another summer. On the advice of McLean, we moved back to Cash creek, fifteen miles down the Bonaparte, while Mr. Cock went into winter quarters eight miles above. We settled down for the winter, the stock ranging between Cash creek and Thompson river and along the Bonaparte. The cattle made no attempt to wander away, except to a barren flat adjoining Cash creek, where I would find them every morning and drive them back to the bunch grass. One day Mr. McLean saw me and asked me why I did it. The weed-like growth on the flat, he said, was wormwood, or white sage, and contained great fattening qualities. I guess he was right, for the stock insisted on going back to it, and I concluded that cattle knew better than man what was good for them.

The Major was very anxious about his business in Oregon. One day he asked me if I thought I could take care of the cattle during the winter. Very readily I answered, "Yes, we can make it." Joe Evans was still with us, but a very weak man. After making arrangements with a merchant at Lillooet to forward me provisions and clothes, the Major started for home. An early storm set in and the stuff never reached me. Mr. McLean let us have some flour and coffee. When it was gone, and no provisions had come, we killed a beef and sent word to Mr. Cock to bring down a horse and take part home. He brought in exchange some salt, of which we were out. He, too, was reduced to a beef diet. For seventy days we ate beef straight, part of the time garnished with icicles. It was a case where the pot could not call the kettle black.

In about a month the packers began to arrive with their mules and horses to go into winter quarters. Small log cabins went up in no time. Among the packers I remember Harry Haws, Jesse Kent, Charley Conner, Marion Woodward and Red-headed Davis, besides a number of Spaniards. On the Thompson river not far away was another camp of them, consisting of John Cluxton, Louis Campbell, Bates and others. Like all the men I knew up there, they had squaws. Nevertheless, they were brainy, though environment had lowered their moral standard. Most of them became wealthy later on.

Grown gaunt from hunger and almost naked, I had patched and repatched my clothes with every conceivable old thing I could get my hands on, until I was only a patch. About this time Red-headed Davis took pity on me. If I would carry wood and water for his squaw, he said, I could have my board at his wickiup. I was astonished at the offer, since there was wood all about him, but gladly accepted and immediately changed my abode. His house was made of poles covered with canvas, fashioned after a wigwam. His squaw—well, she was the limit for looks; a big, coarse creature, weighing 160, while Davis was a little fellow of 125 pounds. She had fish eyes, her large face was tattooed all over, and from her ears dangled rings as big as cart wheels. With all this, and her thick lips, she looked like an escaped side show. But to a hungry boy, these things were of small consequence.

I counted the cattle every day, rain or shine. Sometimes the wind whistled around the corners pretty freely, but I had ideas about doing my duty with which comfort could not interfere. The north wind kept up for over ninety days. There were horses to ride, but my attire was too scanty to permit of this mode of traveling; I should have quickly frozen. Becoming discouraged with the long siege of cold, the cattle left the hills for the river bottoms, where the rushes grew. The day they made the change was the severest of the winter. I had become so exhausted from short rations that my growing body was about to quit on me. The packers warned me not to go out that day, but I had to know that the cattle were all right. I tramped all over the hill without finding them, and by the time I got down to the bottom, where they were, my limbs ached, the wind had cut my face, and I was so tired and sleepy that I sought shelter behind some brush and lay down to be covered up with snow. Just as my eyes were closing, something called me. Arousing my half-numbed senses, I struggled on down the river on the ice. Borne on the wind came a dog's bark. How it revived me! I halloed as loud as I could, again and again. Finally an answering voice came out of the distance; then nearer and nearer, guided by my feeble cry, until an old Indian stood over me. He took me to his dug-out, fed me and kept me for the night, sending word to camp that I was safe. This escapade cost me two frozen toes, and it taught me to be more careful.

We never knew how cold it was. The only thermometer in camp registered 39 degrees and it froze up early in the fall and remained so until nearly spring. A packer came by the camp one day to tell me that Mr. Sanford, better known as "Boston," who was herding Davis' horses and mules near Thompson river, had a suit of clothes for me, left by a man who had been to Lytten. How I prayed that the provisions might be there also! Christmas day I started for Boston's camp and ran the whole twenty miles, so anxious was I to get my clothes. Boston was expecting me and had made doughnuts. Not a doughnut had I tasted since leaving my mother a year and a half before. That Christmas dinner was glorious, the clothes fitted; I felt a new boy. But the provisions had not come and the clothes were not those the Major had ordered. They had been left for me by someone who had seen me in my patches and knew how badly they were needed.

On my return to camp, I was greeted with admiration by the squaw, Davis and the pappoose. I had not taken many trips up the river, however, before my clothes were falling apart and in two weeks they were rags. I bought a pair of Hudson's Bay blankets from Davis and made myself a suit. Well, I looked like the stuffed man our old Quaker neighbor used to put in his corn patch to keep off the crows, but at least those pants never ripped nor bagged at the knees.

There had been a storm brewing in the Davis family for some time. In the still hours of the night the rumbling of the sleeping volcano would burst out and then subside. One night, when Davis' hot blood had reached the limit of endurance, pandemonium broke loose. He stroked Mrs. Davis' face with a heavy underclip. It was a free fight. Pans and kettles went over. The pappoose was knocked down and tramped on. I hastened to its rescue. Davis was the better man at the start, but he did not last. The squaw gained strength with each round. Grasping a burning stick from the fire, she brandished it, striking Davis on the head and setting his long red hair on fire. The coals from the blazing stick fired the tent and I was busy for some moments putting it out and fixing the pappoose O. K. Then I followed the combatants outside. She had chased him to the creek; he had crossed it and there they stood, two smoking wraiths.

I finally persuaded the squaw to make peace by drawing her attention to the neglected child, trampled underfoot and left to die. Her mother's heart touched, she ran to the tent, the fight all gone out of her. It then became my duty to examine Davis. His hair was badly singed, he had a slash over his left ear and he had been completely worsted in the fray. He hesitated about returning to the tent, and finally did, but from that moment ceased to be the power behind the throne. Peace reigned forever after in that wigwam. To Mrs. Davis all praise must be given for the many kind things she did for me. She had a whiter heart than her pale-skinned husband.

At the main camp of packers down the creek the social season was on. Squaw dances became the rage, at which the elite in full dress held high jinks. This particular set consisted of Skookum Dan and Cultus Liz, Tenas George with Klat-a-wa Kate, Mam-ma-loose Jim and Hi-u Jane, with several others, who would trip the light fantastic toe to the music of tin pans beaten by relays of the strongest natives they could find. The breeze bore the sound of the revelry of these hardy but depraved men to our ears into the small hours of the morning.

The long continued season of cold and snow, the severest that had been known in that country, began to tell on the cattle. I had been moving them into new rushes as they ate out the old, but they finally became so weakened that they refused to cross another rocky point around a bend to a new field. They stayed where they were, feeding on brush. I was terribly blue and discouraged. Still I went every day to look at them. They seemed to expect me, and would look up at me so reproachfully that tears came to my eyes; I was only a boy. I should have been broken-hearted if one had died. I knew how much they meant to the old Major, who was at an age where it would be hard for him to make another start.

One night near the first of April I was awakened by a great roaring. Hastily getting into my clothes, I went out to investigate. A soft, warm breeze brushed my face. Oh, joy! It was the royal old chinook blowing in its grandest style. A burden slipped off my shoulders, and I danced. Daylight found me among the cattle. They, too, seemed to know, for they grazed towards the hill. By night they were there eating grass and not a dead one in the band! Like the Major, I sang "Polly, put the kettle on."

Mr. Cock paid us a visit a few days later. He had lost only six, but was still on a beef diet. Warm sunshine came. The grass fairly sprang up. Joe Evans had made his way through the winter with the packers. The Indians now began coming out of their holes in the ground, where they lived like bears all winter.

In the latter part of April—it was now 1862—I was going towards the packers' camp when a man came slowly climbing the hill towards me. He sat down to await my approach; it was the Major. When he recognized me, in my strange garb, he grasped my hand, saying, "Thank God, you are alive. How did you make it, boy? I have been wondering how I should ever face your mother and tell her where I had left you."

When he heard my story, he was astonished. He wept frankly and said, between the chokes, "Jack, there is no one like you." That was reward enough for me. It seems that when he got to Lillooet, navigation was blocked and he could not get home. Neither could he get back to me on account of the deep snow. So he had spent the winter only sixty miles away.

With the coming of May, the packers gathered up their horses, mules and squaws and moved nearer the head of navigation, where they could get freight for the mines. Boston brought Red-headed Davis' mules in and now became one of the family. His name implied his origin. I believe he was of good stock, a man of education and fair intelligence. Though all the earlier precepts had been forgotten, still he was not vicious. As the major part of his information about the west, before coming out, was stories of border ruffians and their gun plays, he arrived equipped with the belt and necessary implements, a bowie knife and six-shooter, which girded his loins by day and served as a pillow by night. He fell in love with Jessie, the daughter of the Indian who had saved me from freezing to death, married her, became an adopted Englishman, homesteaded land on Cash creek and took to raising wheat and children. Before long he was wealthy.

The Major had procured provisions and we now occupied the best of the cabins deserted by the packers. We still had 200 miles of our drive to Cariboo to make, and preparations were under way. While at Lytten, procuring supplies and having our horses shod, a measly white cayuse with cream-colored eyes struck me with his forefeet, the rough nails in the shoe tearing my eyelid. When I came to, I was in a little hotel kept by a woman, a one-armed doctor standing over me. He did the best he could, and the woman was kind, but the eyelid was badly frayed and the pain almost unbearable. I was just able to be about when a note came from the Major, saying they had lost the cattle and the whole crew had been unable to find them. Seizing my coat and hat, I started on foot, despite the protests of the doctor and the landlady. The loss of an eye seemed a small thing to me then as compared with the Major's loss of his cattle. I reached camp after two days' tramping through the hot sun, covering the sixty miles on foot. Next day, mounted on a good horse, I went over to the Thompson river and in four hours had brought back every head. I told the Major he had better fire his whole gang and hire an Indian boy. I knew that we could make it better than a lazy outfit which could not find 150 cattle in eight days, and they only five miles from camp. The Major did as I suggested.

The evening before we started there rode into camp William Murphy, a partner of Ben E. Snipes, one of the owners of the cattle on Cherry creek. He had ridden 600 miles overland from The Dalles. From him we learned of the hard winter throughout Eastern Washington and Oregon. He said that dead cattle by the thousands were piled up all over the hills. He had come to see if by any chance a few of those left to winter here had survived. He felt pretty good to find them all right and sold the band later for $150 apiece.

We went a short distance up the Bonaparte, through beautiful country, then over a high plateau covered with tall, scattering timber, to Clinton, thence to Loon lake. There we saw more ducks and geese in one-half hour than I have ever seen since. The whole country was covered with them during our four days' drive along this chain of lakes. The mouth of Canoe creek on the Fraser was our next stop. The creek got its name from being the point where Simon Fraser of the Northwest Fur company, after descending the Fraser river to this place in 1807, cached his canoe and traveled on foot to the site of Ft. Yale. Here we found a farmer with a herd of cows, and for the first time in eighteen months we had milk to drink, at the minimum cost of twenty-five cents a bowl.

At Williams lake the road divided, one branch going by the forks of the Quesnel river and the other by the mouth of the Quesnel for the Cariboo. It was here that the Major was offered $150 a head for the cattle and here again we met Mr. Cock and joined forces. At Soda creek we learned that there was a slide between there and the mouth of the Quesnel which it would be impossible to get over. A trapper, familiar with the geography of the country, knew of a way around by cutting a trail ten miles through the timber. We eagerly set to work and were soon at the Quesnel river, all safe and sound. Mr. Cock disposed of his cattle here and started a ferry. When it became known that a way had been made around the obstacle, the pack trains began to arrive and our friend had a thriving business.

The Major went to Lightning creek with part of the cattle, while I remained here with the balance. While in this village, I was surprised to see, one day in September, a large raft, with people on it, floating down the Fraser river. I aroused the inhabitants of the place, who were all in the store and saloon, playing poker. Picking up ropes, they ran to the river bank. The occupants of the strange craft were pulling towards the shore with oars. When near enough, they threw a rope to us and willing hands pulled them in. They were a sorry sight, twenty men, gaunt and almost naked, with four poor oxen, all that was left of their once promising outfit. They were a portion of a party of over a hundred men who had left Canada overland for Cariboo via Edmonton and Peace river. At the Rocky mountains the party had separated, a small portion aiming to reach Thompson river and descend it. They never reached Kamloops, nor were they ever heard of again. The present party had kept on the course of the main traveled trail of the Hudson's Bay company to Ft. George, where carts were abandoned and the oxen killed for food. Many had already lost their lives in the long stretch of uninhabited country, and many more had starved or been drowned in the turbulent waters. This handful of men, without means or implements of labor, was the sum total of that expedition. This was pioneering, hewing the way, with blood, for a succeeding generation.

During my wandering through the mountains after my cattle, I came one day to a camp of golden-haired Indians, with fine features and the most musical language humans ever spoke. Their throat sounds were like the notes of the forest birds around them. There were several lodges, about forty in all. I never saw them again, nor learned anything further about them.

I got orders to move on to Cottonwood creek, thirty miles further north, where there was plenty of grass. Here we first got sight of the mining. All along the gravelly bed of the creek were Chinamen with rockers washing gold out of the ground. They worked with their tongues as well as with their hands, making a gabble worse than a flock of geese flying south. Besides these there were a hundred men on the lower Lightning. We killed an occasional beef. It was worth a dollar and a half a pound and the offal brought us thirty dollars. The main meat market was thirty-five miles up Lightning creek at Van Winkle, where a bunch of cattle was driven every week. On one of these drives I met a Mr. Mosher, son-in-law of Gen. Joe Lane, of Oregon. We had met before at The Dalles, his home being below that town on the Columbia. He was coming as fast as his horse could carry him. Without stopping, he shouted to me to turn back; robbers from whom he had just escaped were ahead. Mosher was no coward and would not take the back track without cause; but, having no money, and feeling sure they would not want cattle, I felt safe enough. Shortly after we came to the spot where the hoof prints told that the pursuers had given up the chase.

The incident aroused my suspicions. A strange man had been in Cottonwood a couple of weeks and had become quite friendly with me. One evening we had a talk. He asked me if my people had not come from Missouri, said that his parents and mine had been neighbors back in the good old state, and that my older brothers had been his playmates. Then, looking steadily at me, he said, "My name is Boone Helm. Did you ever hear of me?"

His was the most revolting face a man ever had, the look in his eyes was indescribable—something like that of a fiery vulture—and they were turned full upon me when I replied in the affirmative. Who had not heard of Boone Helm? The very name spelled blood and crime. He came closer and almost hissed in my ear: "You waste your time here. You are young and you will never get ahead. Join me; make big money. This country is tame. We will make one big haul, then skip."

I shuddered at the thought of being linked with such a creature. He had stopped at nothing. Cannibalism, even, had been laid at his door. When he and his companions had been driven to the wall and starvation stared them in the face, it was said that he had killed his partners in crime and sustained himself by living on their bodies; had been seen, it was claimed, with the shoulder of a human being.

Chief Justice Begbie, of British Columbia, who was considered authority on all matters pertaining to mining, as well as all other law, came with his retinue of court officials to abide among us at this central point of the mining district. He was an inexorable man, the only kind which could quell the spirit of the border ruffian. Among the inhabitants of the village was a negro of much self-importance, a braggart and always in search of trouble. My people were of southern origin and I had had instilled into me the difference between the black and the white. This negro had heard a remark of mine to the effect that he could not eat at the same table with me. He came in one day as I was eating a late dinner, his hands covered with mud, fresh from daubing a log cabin, and began diving into the food. I inquired if he had not already eaten. He made a retort; my fist flew out. He was larger than I. Blinded with rage, my hand sought the nearest weapon, a hand-ax, and after him, up the trail, I flew. My ax had grazed his shoulder when a friend stopped the fray. A few hours later Judge Begbie's page, a boy about my own age, rigged out in green velvet and brass buttons, called to summon me to court. It was with some misgivings that I approached this iron man of the law, who sentenced to the chain gang for merely looking crosswise. It was a hard place to do time in, too. My charge was assault with a deadly weapon upon the person of one Mr. Johnson. The judge asked what there was to be said in my defense and I told him the story straight, adding that I had to defend my honor; my mother had raised me that way. He dismissed me with the admonishment not to repeat the offense.

The Major seemed to stand godfather for all the miners on lower Lightning creek. They ate beef and I delivered it, but they never paid a red cent. It became monotonous. One day they came in to get drunk and ordered their beef delivered. I flatly refused to carry another pound. They appealed to the boss, who gave them the beef, but thereafter they carried it away with them. We were on foot one day, the Major and I, not far from where these individuals camped, and sat down on a log off the road to rest. Voices could be heard coming down the trail and from the conversation it could be guessed that they belonged to the Major's late friends, leaving the country, their meat bills unpaid. One bewailed his hard luck. "I would have been out of here long ago," he said, "if it hadn't been for that darned old Major's beef. Ha! ha! We fooled him. Hope others do the same. He's easy." Another loud "Ha! ha!" and they had passed. The Major sat, limp as a rag, staring in amazement. Finally he said, "Did you hear that? Well, profit by my weakness."

Summer had come and gone and now the snow was to be seen on the highest mountain peaks. How I yearned to leave this inhospitable region, where the yellow metal was the only inducement for entering its borders. The Major wanted all the cattle brought in so that they could be slaughtered and packed in the snow for winter use. They were hard to gather and it took time. A man had to go ahead to break the trail. Finally we got to Beaver pass and stopped at a road house, where we found the Major on his way out. He had given up expecting me back and thought the cattle lost entirely, but there it was, every hoof, and it meant $10,000 to him. After much persuasion, he consented to go to Cottonwood and wait till I got there; if it continued to snow, he was to go to the mouth of the Quesnel, where he would avoid the possible danger of being snowed in. I drove the cattle to Van Winkle and procured the butcher who had done the work for us during the summer. The miners were overjoyed to see more beef. They paid me on the spot for most of it; the remainder was left with the butcher to sell and collect for. I learned afterward that it brought a big price. With a light heart and $7000 in gold dust I set out for Cottonwood and when I reached there that night, the Major was overjoyed.

Now that we were ready to go out, the horses must be gathered. Going after them, I found that they had been driven off down the road towards the Quesnel River. Next day, with one horse and $20,000 in dust, the Major and I struck out through the snow. At Quesnel we overtook two friends. The Major and these men embarked in a canoe for Ft. Alexander while I, with the horse, followed the trail, hoping to overtake a pack train ahead which, I believed, had driven off our horses. Sure enough, when I came up, there were the horses, but the drivers refused to give them up, saying that they had a license from the government to drive out all horses left in the mountains. I cut out my horses and drove them off, but before departing, I asked them if their government licensed thieves for their business. They bluffed around, but I quietly worked my horses ahead and made my getaway. That evening I overtook the Major at Ft. Alexander where we bought saddles and camp outfit for the 200 mile trip to the head of navigation at Ft. Yale.

During all the Indian skirmishes through which we had passed the Major, if he felt it, had never expressed any fear. We were traveling along now as merrily as two children, the Major humming his jingle and I just bubbling over to think we were leaving that awful country behind. The second night out, I woke up to find my companion sitting up by a big fire, his weapons close at hand. When I sang out to know what the trouble was, he motioned silence. I rose and went over to him. "Jack," he said, "Boone Helm is in this neighborhood. He hung around Van Winkle, you know, till a short time ago, then disappeared. Well, I dreamed just now that he was creeping up to camp with an ax ready to strike. I saw that fiendish look in his eye right over me." The Major actually shuddered. If Helm were around, the Major must have been beside himself to sit in the glare of the campfire as a target. We smothered the fire and sat in darkness till morning, and we kept guard after this. Passing our old camp at Bonaparte, I cast it a farewell, vowing never to go back there again. We were six days reaching Yale where we sold our outfits and took a canoe, propelled by three Indians, for New Westminster which we reached the second day. Our passage was expensive, but they held a monopoly of the transport business up the Fraser river and this was their harvest time. It was on this voyage that I saw, for the first time, the ebb and flow of the tide. When the water began to flow uphill near the mouth of the river, I was in a panic and wished for the hurricane deck of a cayuse horse—his habits being more familiar to me.

We took passage for Victoria on the Caledonia, a slow old craft which had long since outlived its usefulness. As we crossed the Gulf

COWBOY OF 1861

of Georgia, a storm came up, the waves played football with the old tub and we were a sorry sight when she reached port. Two days later we took the steamer Eliza Anderson for Olympia. The first person to greet me aboard was Boone Helm. He was full of whisky and his tongue wagged at both ends. Grasping my shoulder, he burst out with an oath, "What's the matter with the old man? What's his card, bub? Hey? I would have had you at Deep creek, but the old son-of-a-gun got up. A knock in the head is good medicine, damn you, when there's dust around. What did he build that big fire for, and you sit up too?"

Eluding the ruffian, I hunted up the Major and told him that dreams sometimes were true. He intended having Helm arrested at Olympia, but during the night the outlaw raised a disturbance, shouting for Jeff Davis, and was taken off at Seattle. The vigilantes hung him a few years later in Montana.

Once I traded for a beautiful gray horse which, it turned out, was one Helm had trained and with which he had eluded a posse for seven days. The horse was windbroken, but alert and active as a cat. If he heard another horse on the trail, he told me, but never would he call to horsekind. When his bridle was removed that he might graze, he would come as fast as he could to me, if I whistled.

I believe the animal delighted in work, and certainly a better cow horse never lived.

At Olympia we met Henry Cock, our friend of the North. In a two horse hack to Monticello on the Columbia we had the time of our lives, walking most of the way and carrying a rail to pry the rig out of the mud holes. At last we were aboard a steamer bound for Portland. It was homelike to hear the rain's gentle patter on the roof singing the same lullaby that used to put me to sleep and keep me there when I was a little boy in the Willamette valley.

At Portland we parted company. The Major went to his home at Independence, Polk county, while I returned to Yakima. At The Dalles I met a Satus Indian from whom I hired a horse and on the third day reached my brother's home in the Mok-see.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BACK OVER THE OLD TRAIL

In the month of August, 1905, having occasion to visit British Columbia, I found myself in New Westminster on the Fraser river. Here, back in 1862, I had stepped from a large, Indian propelled canoe to board a steamer for Victoria on my way home from the Cariboo mines. The desire seized me to return to Yakima over the old trail and witness the changes wrought by time.

New Westminster, when I first saw it, was a busy, important town, the head of navigation for all sea-going vessels. On this later visit, it appeared as a city, but the busy life was gone. The old, hustling pioneers who started the place are either dead or have moved on elsewhere. Their places, it seemed to me, were filled by a sleepy people who showed not the slightest signs of vim or spirit. I wondered, indeed, if they could be aroused when Gabriel toots his horn.

A Canadian Pacific east-bound train took me to Yale, which had been forty-four years ago the head of navigation for river steamboats, a busy, outfitting point for the Cariboo and other mines. There was nothing but the locomotive's whistle and the conductor's cry of "Yale" to remind of the once hustling town.

Up through the big canyon the iron horse puffed and groaned with its load of human freight, packed sardine-like in their seats, sweltering in the heat. I looked out from the window upon the overhanging cliffs to see if the old wagon road, built by the government in 1862 with its sappers and miners, was still there. A great work, it was, the road blasted out from the cliffs which projected over the turbulent waters of the Fraser. Along it, in the old days, the stage coach whirled with its load of passengers. Looking over the side, they could see, hundreds of feet below, the boiling waters, rolling and dashing against the rock walls on either side. In such places, the list of a wheel or the shy of a horse meant death to all concerned. The old road, I learned, is now used but in a few places.

The little village of Lytten at the mouth of Thompson river, once an important point, has gone to decay. One misses the wild yell of the drunken miner, the reckless actions of the fearless packer, the cold nerve of the well-dressed gambler and the slovenly-looking squawman. The present inhabitants are more civilized, but less ambitious.

Ashcroft is a modern town, built with the advent of the railroad and is the point of departure for Cariboo, Chilcatan and other northern points.

At Savanos, in the long ago, a French trapper settled, at the foot of Kamloops lake, and when the Fraser river gold excitement started, he built a ferry. All the overland miners crossed the Thompson river here. The ferryman was there in 1861. How long he had been there, previous to that time, only the annals of the Hudson's Bay Company could tell.

Historic Kamloops brings to mind David Stuart and his French companion of the Astor Fur Company who passed the winter of 1811 among the Shu-shwap tribe, being the first white man to visit the country between this point and the mouth of the Okanogan river. They returned the following year with pack horses and established a trading post. The war of 1812 compelled Astor to dispose of all his fur trading interests to the Northwest Fur Company, and Kamloops was maintained for seventy years by the Hudson's Bay Company.

It was here in 1841 that Chief Trader Black of the Hudson's Bay Company was killed by an Indian, and old John Todd, later in charge of the fort, surrounded by a thousand warriors under Chief Nicoli. Rolling out of the fort three kegs of powder, crushing the heads with his heel and holding his flint in hand, Todd yelled defiance at the painted band, saying that the first shot would be the signal to ignite the powder which "would blow up every inhabitant from there to Okanogan lake." Knowing the man, and understanding powder, the savages raised the siege and the fort was saved.

When I first saw it in 1861, the fortress stood on the north bank of the Shu-shwap river at its confluence with the Thompson and was surrounded by a fifteen-foot palisade with gates on two sides and bastions on two opposite angles. J. W. McKay was chief trader in charge at the time and Major Thorp and I, who were camped across the river, visited the fort and were well received. It was the first establishment by white men we had seen since leaving Yakima. It is on the spot where we camped that now stands the busy city of Kamloops. Its citizens are intelligent and energetic, the surrounding country is productive and the people wealthy. The old fort has long since disappeared.

At Shu-shwap I spent the night with a Mr. Shaw, owner of a farm of several hundred acres of bottom land. Rising to catch the early morning train, I made my way on foot to the railroad depot a mile away. What a change fifty years had wrought here! Along these banks, when I first saw them, dwelt the flower of the Shu-shwap nation. There were still to be seen along the river bank a few old holes in the ground spared by the plow, which had once been their winter abodes. Indians by thousands used to winter in this country and their abodes covered many acres. I stood in a city of the dead. From across the river came a mournful wail, the familiar sound taking me back to my boyhood days. They were the loving notes, I knew, chanted by some faithful old squaw in memory of dear ones long since gone to their happy hunting grounds.

Another of my old camps was encountered at the head of Okanogan lake, where the little town of Vernon stands. Here, for the first time on this trip, I met the enterprising real estate man, he of the glad hand, the bland smile and the wonderful staying qualities.

From Vernon the journey is by steamer to Penticton, eighty miles away at the southern end of this beautiful lake, a body of water varying from one to three miles wide. Now towns are strung along on either side, the shores and hillsides covered with orchards. The sight reminded me of what Major Thorp had said on one of our cattle drives many years before: "Jack, when I came to Oregon in 1844 the Willamette valley was little more than a wilderness. This is a beautiful body of water here and a fairly good country. You will live long enough to see steamers running on the lake and the shores and hillsides cultivated."

I had thought he was losing his mind at the time, but here was his prophecy come true before me. And I am the only one left alive of the little band which passed this way over the trail the time those words were spoken.

Penticton was well supplied with its real estate men trying to start a land boom, and diligently fishing for suckers, apparently with small success. It was not the biting season.

Here we took stage for Keremeos on the Similkimeen river. The driver was a good sample of the English remittance man who gets his timely contribution from the old folks at home. When he gathered up the lines of his four horses, I blushed to think of such a successor to the drivers of the Oregon and California stage lines of half a century ago—Hank Monk, Cal Scovel, Jack Morgan, Ed Payne and many others worthy of mention who had graced the profession. To a man who had ridden behind one of those princes of the lash, it was humiliating to have to ride with this man, who was constantly getting his lash mixed up with his back-seat passengers, in his efforts to touch the leaders.

At Keremeos, my friend Frank Richter and his big-hearted wife urged me to stay over night with them. Mr. Richter was the first settler in the Similkimeen valley and owned the first farm in British Columbia. He owned also, several thousand cattle, and was a man in every way.

Next morning his good-natured son, Haunce, was ready with two spirited horses hitched to a fine buggy to take me to the boundary line at Nighthawk mine. Another rig landed me at Loomis at 3 o'clock that afternoon. Loomis I had seen eight years before for the last time. The same old houses were still there in the sand; the same old faces on the street. With the same old confident look on his face that no misfortune could mar, the proprietor of the Hotel Wentworth met me as I alighted. John was still talking of the great mines yet to be found in the recesses of the Okanogan hills. In the matter of hope, Nature had dealt kindly with him.

Looking across the street toward Woodward's old saloon, I noticed that the hole in the ground near-by was vacant. I asked at once for old Whisky Riley. In all my visits to Loomis, covering a period of ten years, I always saw Riley. When his load grew too heavy to carry comfortably on his legs, he would lie down in this sand hole and wait "till the clouds rolled by."

"He died two weeks ago," said John, "and we buried him on yonder hill."

Thus passed away a frontier character who for twenty years was seldom sober.

On the spot where we used to camp under the lone pine tree on the banks of the Similkimeen near its junction with the Okanogan, stood the thriving town of Oroville. In the old days it was a council ground for several tribes of Indians. With the railroad passing through the town, it had become the largest place in the county. When I first knew it, it had the distinction of being the only town where fat cattle could be gathered from the streets.

Riverside had been built on another old camping site, at the mouth of Johnson creek—which, by the way, derived its name from a friend of mine, Jake Johnson, who was connected with John Jeffries in a cattle drive from Yakima to Cariboo in 1864. He cut out all the poor and weak animals and remained with them at this point for two months.

Pard Cummings who had settled here many years ago and developed a fine ranch, was the whole push in the village now. He had seen hard days while pioneering, his bill of fare had not always been of the best and his clothes sometimes showed signs of rapid decay, but he had borne these inconveniences with a smile. I was glad to know that the clouds of adversity had passed and the sunlight of life come to stay with the fine old man.

A great flood, a few years before, had swept houses and fences away, doing much damage, and when the waters receded there was left near Pard's house a carp pond which he was still enjoying. Needing a housekeeper, he had hired a beautiful widow with two sweet little girls. There was no limit to the value of this little woman. She was dressmaker, barber, doctor, artist and cook all in one. Pard was tall and strongly built with massive frame and mild eye and it was no surprise to anybody that he should win the affection of this splendid woman whom he married.

On down the old trail another camp is passed at Loop Loop. Here I had seen the scalp dance with a white man's scalp in evidence. The place was now owned by Mr. Mallott, a fine gentleman, who kept the postoffice. Eighteen miles below was Brewster where we had often camped, and where used to reign supreme such characters as Dancing Bull, Tenas George, Whistling Bill, Wild

Goose Bill, John Harrison, Jack Ingraham and Bill Hughes, all squawmen. They had purchased their women for about two ounces of gold per head and were for many years the lords of this part of the Columbia.

Another camp, at the mouth of the Methow, has now become Pateros. Chelan stands on the spot where was buried one of the pioneers of old Oregon, Mr. Matheny, killed by a squawman named Tomlinson.

Entiat was the home of my loyal old Indian friend, Nan-numkin, who passed over the long trail many years ago. On our old camp ground at Wenatchee I found the fine home of Mike Horan, one of nature's noblemen. Meadows and orchards cover the spot where our cattle and horses grazed. On the hill where we were once surrounded by Indians and our fate hung in the balance, grows Horan's fine peach orchard. The old ford is no more, superseded by a modern bridge.

In five hundred miles of country where, in our forty-day drives, we never saw a white man, there is a succession of cities and towns. Practically all of our camps have become settlements. Fields and orchards have arisen in the desert, the old trail has been obliterated and great thoroughfares taken its place.

I am glad to have lived in those days; to have had experiences which a later generation can never share.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISCOVERY OF THE BOISE BASIN GOLD MINES

My brother, Moses Splawn, and ten other prospectors were the first white men to discover the gold fields of the Boise Basin and news of the discovery started a stampede of ore hunters in that direction. I give the story in my brother's own words:

MOSES SPLAWN'S STORY

While I was mining in Elk City, Idaho, in the summer of 1861, there often came to our camp a Bannock Indian who would watch us clean up the sluices and gather the gold after the day's work was done. Towards the end of the summer I went to a new discovery near Salmon river. I was among the first arrivals in the camp at Florence. Here again I met this Bannock Indian who still showed his interest in the yellow metal that was being taken out of the ground. When the early snow had come, rendering mining difficult, I saddled and packed my horses and started for Walla Walla, where I intended to pass the winter. While camped at the mouth of Slate creek on the Salmon, I met the Indian for the third time. While we smoked and talked around the campfire that night, he told me that in a basin of the mountains far to the south, he, as a boy, had picked up chunks of yellow metal such as he had seen me work out of the gravel. His look was so earnest and his description of the mountains so painstaking, that I not only believed his story, but felt that I should recognize the place he described, if I ever came upon it.

I thought about the Bannock's story often during the winter and in the spring determined to find, if possible, the country he had talked of. It was no easy matter, as the Indians were known to be hostile, and it was necessary for a reasonable number of men to travel together to insure any degree of safety. At Auburn we found Captain Tom Turner with fifty men from the Willamette valley, bound for Catherine creek above the Owhee mines in search of the "Blue Bucket Diggin's," a lost mine, reported by a company of emigrants in 1845. The name was derived from the fact that the emigrants claimed that they could have picked up a blue bucket full of gold—the blue bucket being a large kind of water pail used in those days. We agreed to join Captain Turner's company with the provision that, if he failed to find the lost mine, he would go with us, on the north side of Snake river, to search for my basin. The agreement being accepted by both parties, we started on our journey.

A diligent search for the "lost mine" failed to reveal it anywhere. Here we found, however, what was later known as the "Silver City Diggin's." The men who found gold here were Jordan, Jack Reynolds and some others of Turner's party. All this time something seemed to keep telling me that I could look into the distance and see the mountains for which I was searching. I asked Turner to fulfill his part of the agreement. I made a speech to the company reminding them of the arrangement, in case the "lost mine" was not discovered, and telling them of what I hoped to find. My position was then voted upon, several of Turner's men voting to go with me. Turner then said: "If you will go with me to the next creek emptying into Snake river above here and we fail to find what we are looking for, then I agree to go on the north side of Snake river with you."

We went with him to the creek. But when, next morning I heard him giving orders to move further up the river, I called his attention to his promise. He made no reply. I then made another speech and called for a vote. Only seven men answered. With these seven, I turned back. Below the Owhee river we met George Grimes and seven men, hurrying to overtake and join Turner's company. We told of our experience with Turner, our fear of total failure, and our reasons for wanting to go over towards the Payette river. They decided to go with us, making our party sixteen strong.

We camped that night on Snake river, just above where old Ft. Boise stood on the opposite side. We could see cottonwood trees on the other bank and decided to cross here, making a raft with our tools, and to use the trees for building a boat. We got over safely on the raft, but landed on a bar just below the mouth of the Boise river and had to wade a slough before reaching the main shore. Once on land we discovered that every gun excepting mine was wet. To add to our dismay, we saw an Indian boy riding over a hill not far distant. Since, in order to guard the men who were building the boat, we must have ammunition, we resolved to return to camp for more. We shoved the raft out into the stream, but did not make the full crossing, landing on an island where we fastened the raft to a pole which we stuck into the ground, cooked our supper and went to sleep, leaving one man on guard. In the morning our raft was gone, and of the five of us on the island, one could not swim. Out of a few sticks lying about, we constructed a small raft, so small, indeed, that when we put our outfit on it, and Silvi, the man who could not swim, it sank so low that the water came up to his knees. There was another island just below us and we had to float down to the lower end of it before we could strike out for the opposite shore. The cold water began to chill and numb us. Two Portuguese grew tired of helping push the raft and swam to the shore. Grimes followed them, but returned to help me push the raft with Silvi on it. We took turns pushing, the one off duty beating his breast and throwing his arms about to keep up the circulation. In this way we reached shore, more dead than alive. Seeing an alkali lake near, we ran and jumped into it. It was in July and its waters were warm. The Portuguese who had deserted us in the river now came up and we all returned to camp.

When we were rested a debate arose. Part of the men wanted to continue the trip; the others to return to their homes. D. H. Fogus and I held out to continue and cross the river, but all the others positively refused to attempt the river again. I stated that I had every reason to believe we could go back to Owhee and find timber to make a boat with which we could cross safely. It was finally decided that Fogus and I should see if there was suitable timber at Owhee, and if so, they would help with the boat. We found the timber and all returned to Owhee except John Casner, Silvi, Martin and one other, who returned to Walla Walla. It took us twenty-one days to build the boat which we ran down to the Snake and crossed just below the mouth of the Owhee. One horse we led beside the boat, the others swimming loose. Grimes, the two Portuguese and myself were the last over. Having the riding saddles, our load was very heavy, the boat was leaking and we had to bail constantly. When about twenty feet from the shore, it sank, but the men who had crossed before came to our rescue and we saved everything aboard.

I had said all along that I wanted to follow up the Payette river, but on leaving here our course was up the right bank of the Boise in quest of a ford. At the first canyon, we saw granite hills. Here we constructed a raft and crossed to the north bank. When they asked me if we should go towards Payette, I said, "No, for in this granite formation we may find what we are looking for."

We went into the hills and camped. Here something occurred which made me uneasy. Grimes and Westenfelter were in advance of us and I heard the report of a gun. When they returned, I asked if they had shot anything. They said "No," but I had my doubts and made up my mind to be on guard. We hobbled and staked our horses, dug holes in the ground for defense and put out a double guard that night, for I believed that the men had shot or fired at an Indian while ahead of us. At daylight we were up, brought in our horses and tied them good and fast in camp. I then told the men I would go to a nearby butte and take a view of the country; if they saw me start to run towards camp, they were to get out their firearms and make ready for battle. While standing on the hill, I saw a party of Indians, stripped naked, all mounted and riding at full speed up the creek towards our camp. I ran, barely getting to camp before the Indians. Our men were all in line to do battle. With outstretched arms I cried, "Don't shoot until I tell you."

On came the Indians till not twenty yards away. I stood motionless, the men ready with their guns waiting for the word. Our nerves were well tested for the Indians did not halt till within twenty feet of us. Had we been less firm, there would have been one more fearful tragedy enacted on the frontier. After standing still and waiting for a moment, one of the Indians called out in good English, "Where are you going?" It was Bannock Louie. I replied that we were going into the mountains to find gold. He asked if we did not think he spoke good English. We said he did, and invited them to breakfast with us. They readily accepted the invitation. The Indian who spoke English said the trail we were following would lead us over the mountains to a large basin. My heart leaped at the words, for I had been thinking how much our surroundings tallied with the description given me the year before by my Bannock friend. Louie also told us that in this basin were more than a hundred warriors of the worst type and that, unless we were on the lookout, we would lose our scalps. After breakfast we saddled, packed our horses and moved on to the top of the mountain where we camped for noon.

When the time came to start out after dinner, Grimes and I differed as to the route we should take. He wanted to follow the ridge leading to Payette. Now this had been my first idea, but I felt convinced, from my own impressions and from what Louie had said, that the basin to the right was the spot described to me by the Indian with whom I had talked on the Salmon river. We called for a vote. As all the men but one, voted with Grimes, we followed him. We had not gone far, however, when Westenfelter, who had been behind, overtook us and, riding up to Grimes, asked him where we were going. When he learned, he said, "I understood Splawn wanted to go down into the basin. We are following him now, not you. I want you to remember that he is the one to say where we are to go."

Some sharp words passed between them, they both dismounted leveling their guns, the barrels coming in contact. I jumped off my horse, got between them and succeeded in making peace. Both were brave men and we did not have any brave men to spare. When Grimes was asked why he did not want to go down into the basin, he answered frankly, "I am afraid of the Indians." Westenfelter said, "If we are afraid of the Indians, we should not have come here at all and had better return home." This confession of fear on the part of Grimes struck me as strange, for he was well known to be bravest of the brave. I spoke to Westenfelter, saying that we had put the question of our route to a vote, and Grimes had won, so I would follow him. We had not gone far, however, when Grimes stopped and said, "I will get behind and bother no more."

I then turned back on the trail, the pack horses driven behind me, and we went down into the basin and camped. I walked on to look out our future trail and see if there were any signs of Indians, remembering the words of caution given us that morning. I soon saw freshly blazed trees and returned to camp for my horse. Joe Branstetter rode back with me. From the top of a little hill we saw Indian lodges. Turning back, we concluded to go around the lodges, but seeing an Indian dog, thought the Indians were in the lodges ready to shoot. Making up our minds to have it out, we rode at full speed towards the lodges, but found them empty of Indians, though well filled with salmon, both fresh and dried. After we had gone a little further up the creek, it occurred to me that the squaws had probably seen us and gone to tell the bucks. We went back to the lodges and I took all the salmon I could carry back to camp. We had not been there more than a few minutes when we saw fifty warriors riding at full speed towards us. Some of our party were in favor of giving them blankets and trying to make friends with them, but I had been raised in an Indian country and knew too much of Indian nature to think of such a thing. "Get out your guns," I said, "and remember to be firm; no gifts."

Insisting on this display of bravery, I took up my gun and went forward to meet them, as I had no intention of allowing them to run into camp. I waved my hand at them, thinking they would stop, but still they came on. When I leveled my gun, they halted. Branstetter and Grimes were soon at my side. Grimes could talk good Chinook jargon and I asked him to tell them that if they wanted to come into camp, they must lay down their arms, take off their blankets and leave them out where they were; also that not more than ten at a time could come in. The Indians agreed to this and the two chiefs, each wearing a plug hat and a cutaway coat, doubtless the spoils from the massacre of some defenseless emigrants, came first. Grimes, stepping some little distance in front of us, smoked the pipe of peace with them, while we stood, guns in hand.

The parley was soon over and we prepared to move again. Some of our men wanted to return the way we came, but the majority were for going on. Again I led the way, with the pack horses driven after me. We had gone only a short distance when I heard the clattering of horses' feet just over a small hill to our right. I expected trouble when we came to the crossing of the creek a short distance above. At this place Branstetter rode up beside me and said, "We see Indians on our right riding at full speed and they may intend cutting us off somewhere."

I said, "We are in for it. The only way to act is with total indifference. Be on the alert, ride on and if we have to, we will fight."

A little further on, near the crossing of the trail, stood an Indian. I asked him how far it was to the stream. He pointed in that direction, though knowing that I had been there before, since our horses' tracks could be plainly seen. At the crossing there were more Indians, but we paid no attention to them, continuing on our way and camping on the creek at the place where the town of Centerville now stands. It was here that Fogus put his shovel into the dirt and gravel and from the first shovelful washed out about fifteen cents worth of gold. I felt then that we had found the basin of my dreams. The story of my Indian friend was true. This basin has proved a benefit to mankind, and a direct cause of the birth of a new and great state, so that the story of its finding should have its place in history.

We moved on to where Pioneer City now stands, camped here two days, then went over to Pilot Knob and camped on the creek at noon. Mounting a horse, I rode to the head of the creek where I climbed a tall fir tree and cut a Catholic cross in the top of it. From this tree I could see a cut-off which we afterwards used in our retreat. Coming down from the tree, I saw Indian and bear tracks in the snow. Riding down the hill and through the underbrush to the creek, the entanglement was so dense that my pants were torn off, my shirt in shreds and my limbs and body cut in many places. I arrived in camp after dark, bruised and sore. The men made mustard plasters and put on my back, and gathered fir pitch to put on my cuts.

The next day the men were busy sinking prospect holes. Provisions were getting low about this time. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while one of the Portuguese was making me a pair of pants out of seamless sacks, and I was sleeping, Grimes came in and woke me, saying:

"There is trouble here. These Portugese say the Indians have been shooting at them while they were sinking prospect holes."

I got up and looked around, but, seeing nothing, and being still sick and sore, I fell asleep again. The sound of voices and of fire-arms awakened me. I got up and saw George Grimes with his shot gun in hand, close by. Taking my gun, I went to him, and together we made a charge up the hill in the direction of the shots. As we reached the top, it seemed as if twenty guns were fired in our faces. Grimes fell, his last and only words being, "Mose, don't let them scalp me."

Thus perished a brave and honorable man at a time when he was about to reap his reward. I called for the rest of the men to come to the top of the hill. Leaving a guard there, we carried Grimes' body to a prospect hole and buried it, in a deep silence. He was our comrade; we had endured hardships and dangers together; and we knew not whose turn would come next.

We now commenced our retreat. It was nearly dark and we had nothing to eat. I decided to take the route I had seen the day before and rode in the lead for about a mile. When near Pilot

Knob, we saw a small campfire on a creek below. Feeling it necessary to know if this was a band of warriors, I told the others to wait until I went down to find out. I left my rifle with them, taking only the pistol; and told them if they heard firing and I did not return within a reasonable time, they were to assume that I was killed and go on. Going down a ravine, I crawled to within a few yards of the creek, but saw no sign of life. Becoming impatient and making up my mind to end the anxiety, I rose and walked rapidly to the creek bank. To my joy and surprise there was no camp; the blaze I thought I saw was only fox fire, the first I had ever seen in the mountains. I hurried back to the men and we rode on to where Centerville now stands and tied our horses until morning. We then climbed a steep hill, over which our horses had grazed a few days before, leaving tracks all over the slope. This put the Indians off our trail and they failed to find the route we had taken. From the top of a peak, which I climbed, I could see them riding in a circle, their war whoops reaching me faintly from the plain which we had left.

We made our way towards the Boise over the same route we had come in. In a little valley on the way down we saw some squaws digging camas. A little further on some of the men pointed out a wonderful sight. "A thousand Indians," they said, "on white horses, ready to bar our way."

I was dazed for a moment. Then it occurred to me that there could be no such number of white horses. Taking a good look at the seeming Indians, I saw that there were only white rocks. Turning to tell my companions, I found not one of them in sight. Hurrying after, I asked where they were going. They said they wanted to avoid those Indians, At last I persuaded them that there were no Indians about, only a few squaws. We camped at the Boise river, still without anything to eat. Coming next morning to the place where we had crossed on our way into the basin, we saw behind us a great dust. Through our field glass it looked like a string of Indians two miles long. There was also a cloud of dust on the opposite side of the river, going down, and we thought it must be Indians going to attack Auburn. We decided the best plan for us was to get into a bunch of timber nearby on the Snake river and fight it out until morning. Just then I was startled by the report of a gun behind me. Looking back, I saw Joe Branstetter who called out that he had killed a rattlesnake. The report of the gun brought into view on the opposite shore several white men camped behind some timber. Some of them came to the river and we learned that the dust was caused by emigrant trains of which Tim Goodell was captain. We crossed by raft to where the emigrants were camped. Though we had been without food for two days, at first the emigrants thought we were allies of the Indians and would not permit us to

FORT BOISE

come into camp or give us anything to eat. Next morning, however, they relented and fed us.

When we got to Walla Walla and told of our find, fifty men joined us and we returned to the Basin.

The only shadow on our joy at discovering the gold country was the death of Grimes. They day before he was killed, he shaved and afterwards took out the picture of his little girl and gazed at it for an hour. He remarked that a fortune teller had told him he would be killed by Indians. "Wouldn't that be hell," Grimes had added. When he was killed on the hill, the bark and slivers from a fir tree flew in my face and knocked me down, so that I was dazed for a few seconds. Fogus and some others were fighting to prevent the capture of our horses.

The names of the band of prospectors were George Grimes, Moses Splawn, Jake Westenfelter, Joe Branstetter, D. G. Fogus, Jack Reynolds, Wilson, an Englishman and four Portugese. The Basin was found in August, 1862.

CHAPTER XXV.

GOING HOME

Winter Trip from the Yakima to the Willamette—An Indian Sweetheart—Life at The Dalles—Two Months in Civilization.

After wandering for two years over the Indian trails along the border of civilization, reaching as far north as the Cariboo mines in British Columbia, my soul began to long for home and mother. I was only fifteen when I left her three years before in the Willamette valley. In January of 1863, though the snow was deep and the weather bitterly cold, I was ready to go home. A hungry longing kept gnawing at me and mother's good face came before me to urge me on. I was at the Thorps in the Mok-see. A band of Satus Indians, headed by Ken-e-ho, who had been one of my companions on the long forty days' cattle drive to Cariboo two years before, were visting the Yakimas whose main village stood south of Union gap. I sent word to him that I wished to join his party when they returned home, since their route and mine were the same for about forty miles. Two days afterwards, when I saw the Indians winding their way around the bluff south of Mok-see, I saddled in a hurry, tying on behind a pair of blankets which were to stand between me and zero. There were no spring mattresses in those days and not a very bounteous supply of covering, either.

The Indians, when they came up, said "Hi-ack" (Hurry), so we started at once, wading the deep snow. At Parker Bottom, at a point later known as Eugene Flint's ranch, there was an Indian village of fifty lodges where my friends halted for refreshments, dried salmon, kous and camas being set before us. I joined in the banquet with an appetite unsurpassed by any. Then the pipe of peace was brought forth, filled and lighted. After the headman of the village had blown a whiff to each of the cardinal points, it was handed to the headman of the visitors and so on down the line. When it came my turn, I sent the smoke whirling towards the top of the lodge.

The Yakima river was running full of ice, but we waded it without any mishaps and struck out over the plains where Toppenish now stands, reaching the Indian camp at dark. As there was no grass near camp, I tied my horse to a tree and left him to the mercy of the elements. Ken-e-ho took me to his lodge, the largest in the village, where Eliza, his squaw met me. How well I remember her noble character. Though her skin was red, her heart was spotless white. Kind and good, she was the peer of many of her pale faced sisters. She arranged a place where I could roll up in my blankets, and placed food before me; so, amid smoke and smell, I began to devour dried salmon and olalies (berries). Soon the familiar songs that belonged to an Indian village arose from the surrounding lodges. Some were singing; others wailing. Some danced, while the rest gambled. Dogs snarled and fought. Above it all could be heard the pum-pum of the medicine man as he vigorously pounded the drum to drive away evil spirits and render homage to the great Me-ow-ah.

In the midst of the noise and confusion a young girl in beaded buckskin dress, with great strings of beads hanging round her neck, entered the wigwam. After speaking a few words to Ken-e-ho, she came to where I was resting by the fire. There, before me, stood the little princess, Lal-looh, whom I had not seen for two years. She was as beautiful as she was good, she had saved my life, and, as she stood there trying to persuade me to join her tribe, she looked every inch a queen. She said I was too good a boy to belong to the white race who, with their forked tongues and fire-water, were trying to destroy her people. She said that she could pick berries, dig roots, dry salmon, set up the lodge and keep it clean, that she would cover my buckskin coat and moccasins with the wonderful beadwork she had learned to make. Her aged father, Squim-kin was no more and her mother's eyes were blind. When first I had seen her, all was sunshine; now her sky was dark and the birds no longer sang. When I told her where I was going, she replied that it was right for me to visit my mother but, when the grass came in the spring, to return to her. I never saw her again, but learned, afterwards, that she died two years later.

I left the Indians and set out alone for the remainder of my journey shortly after midnight. Morning found me in the timber with the snow getting deeper all the time. My horse floundered so that I dismounted, going ahead to make a path for him. We had seven hours of such traveling before we reached the summit where the snow was frozen hard enough to hold up the horse. Then I mounted and rode towards the Klickitat valley which, at that time, contained very few settlers. It was not long before we got into soft snow again and had to repeat the experience of the morning. After digging the horse out many times, we reached Mr. Pell's cabin, two miles above the present Goldendale at midnight, more dead than alive. Lal-looh had given me a little sack of dried beef and salmon when I left the Indian village and it kept me alive that day.

After resting here a couple of days with my old friend, I set out again. At the Columbia the privilege was given me of turning my horse out on the hills with a band belonging to a Mr. Hickenbothom. With so many horse thieves infesting the banks of the Columbia, I feared, when I unsaddled and turned him loose, that I was taking a last farewell of him; but curiously enough, on my return, I found him still there.

I reached Celilo on foot the same night. There were above fifty men here, most of them miners returned from the different camps throughout the upper country, broke and making a living as best they could by gambling, drinking and robbing travelers. This bunch of outlaws was making Rome howl. No doubt it was my youth and ordinary looks which kept me from being robbed. The night carousal soon took on a gait that was fast and furious, resulting in one dead and two wounded, besides the usual number of black eyes and ear marks common in those days. Daylight found me on the road to The Dalles. In my hasty departure from the roughhouse I forget to ask if it were more than an average night.

The Dalles at that time was a typical frontier town. Virtually the head of navigation on the Columbia and the most important outfitting point east of the Cascades, it was the rendezvous of border ruffians. Gambling hells with music and songs were on every side; clinking of coins around the tables told the old story that the fools were not all dead yet. I noticed a young man bucking what was known as the ten dice game, a feat requiring more nerve than an attack on a buzz saw. When his pockets could not longer produce the cash, he lost his nerve, began to cry and beg for the money he had lost. A knock on the head with a heavy revolver closed the scene. He was dragged to the door and thrown out into the street. Business went steadily on; it would take more than a human life to stop the game. Matt Bledso, a red-headed cut-throat who had become notorious for killing a few innocent men, was here. The noted Hank Vaughn, then a boy, was also attending this school of science; his later career showing him to have been an apt pupil.

As I was eating supper at the Empire hotel, kept by big-hearted Tom Smith and his noble wife, a tall dare-devil looking man, came in and sat down at the table. Smith went up to him and said, "Frank, you have been boarding with me for six months and have never paid a cent. I am no Vanderbilt and I can't stand it."

With a sympathetic look, Frank replied, "Then, Tom, sell out to some one who can, for I must eat."

I later came to know Frank Tompkins well and a better-hearted man never hit the trail. In course of time, too, he paid his board bill to Tom Smith.

On the Steamer Idaho, with Capt. John McNulty at the wheel, I set out on the last stage of the trip to the Willamette and the place where I used to swipe the big, red apples from the old Quaker. On reaching Corvallis I found mother who had received no word of my coming and was surprised enough to see a big, hardy boy in place of the pale-faced youth of three years before. Mother wanted me to remain with her and become a minister of the Gospel, but I had not seen a school house for three years and had grown some, consequently could not bear the idea. It brought to mind the calf class I was put into as a two-year old. Realizing that I had eaten too much bunch grass ever to become a preacher, I turned the proposition down.

I remained two months at home and saw something of what was called civilization where push and energy seemed to be no part of the people's make-up and sleep their long suit. I longed to behold again the vast, wild country with its mountains, streams and valleys, its rolling bunchgrass plains interwoven with Indian trails, the country where the jackrabbits roamed at will, where sage hens and prairie chickens had their peaceful abode, where the warbling birds sang their noonday songs and the voice of the coyote was borne on the evening breeze, where, in the quiet night the rising moon revealed to one's gaze the boundless plains, unmarred by the habitations of man or by barbed wire fences with trespass notices to make it sure. The feeling would not let me rest. I bade good-bye to mother and, with her blessing, departed again for the promised land.

SPIRIT LAKE

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SIDE STEP INTO THE WILDERNESS

A Pack Train Through Pa-ni-na's Country in 1863—Another Trip to Cariboo—Early Gold Camps.

During the month of March, 1863, my brother, William, and I gathered about thirty horses and rigged them up with pack saddles and other necessary equipment, loaded them with supplies and set out from The Dalles for Canyon City in the present Grant county, Oregon, where some prospectors on their way from California to the Boise basin, had discovered gold. This was a wild country then, uninhabited save by thieving, treacherous Snakes and Piutes under the leadership of that redoubtable old warrior, Pa-ni-na, who proved a barrier to the approach of white men into his country. There were one or two settlers without families in Antelope valley, a beautiful spot about sixty miles from The Dalles, but beyond that, for 120 miles to Canyon City, roving bands of Indian raiders constantly hovered along the trail, stealing horses and murdering the whites whenever an opportunity offered. Many lives had been lost on this route, and many pack trains had their horses and mules stolen, never to be recaptured. The cargoes and rigging were left by the road, to be carried later to their destination, by some more fortunate pack train on its return trip, empty after delivering its goods.

We encountered one of these raiding parties of about forty warriors. During the day they could be seen riding along the nearby hills, but lacking the courage to attack us. They seemed to want only our horses and preferred to take the chance of stealing them, to fighting for them. We always camped early in the evening, so as to give our horses a chance to graze under guard, then tied them up in camp for the night, selecting the camping site with a view to defense. There were four of us, two standing guard, while the other two slept. At night we could see the Indians on all sides crawling through the grass, their bodies smeared with salmon grease, the odor of which was very distinct, making the horses restless and causing them to snort and pull back on their ropes in an effort to break loose. We were expecting this, however, and always saw to it that they were securely fastened. One night they crawled up so close that my brother, not wishing to fire on them except as a last resort, and yet wanting to let them know that he was there to defend his property, picked up a rock and threw it, striking an Indian so hard that it made him howl. If they attempted to rush in and capture the horses ,they must have known that it meant some of them would pay the price with their lives. This was the fifth night we had been thus annoyed. By this time we were all awake and ready to do battle. If they intended to put up a fight, we felt this was the time it would happen. But nothing did.

At Camp Watson, which we reached next night, there was a military post of fifty soldiers, established for the purpose of giving protection to travelers. Here we looked for relief and a chance to sleep, but when my brother asked for a detail of soldiers to guard our camp for the night, he was refused on the grounds that the captain had no men to spare, the Indians being so numerous he feared an attack on the post. He offered to lend us a howitzer, but since it could not well be dragged from the horn of his saddle, Billy told the captain our little band had come so far unaided and he guessed we would be able to get along without help from his cowardly bunch. The night passed alongside this garrison of United States troops was the hardest of any yet.

Next day two officers overtook and passed us on their way to a trading post twelve miles in the direction of Canyon City. An hour afterwards they came flying back on the trail, shouting to us, "Turn back. The country is full of Indians." We went on, however, and soon discovered the cause of their haste—two Indians, who rode out of our way, continuing with whoops and yells their hot pursuit of the officers who were lying low on their horses and riding for the lives they held most dear. Such were specimens of the men the government first sent out to conquer the savage.

Much to our delight, this was the last we saw of the Indians. They turned back on the trail and next night captured fifty animals belonging to a pack train loaded for Canyon City, leaving no horses behind on which the owners might follow. Such depredations continued along this trail for three or four years. The military took up the task of keeping this and other ways of travel clear from the raiding bands, but this particular trail was not safe until a bullet from the rifle of Howard Maupin put an end to old Pa-ni-na, the scourge of that part of eastern Oregon. Pa-ni-na and seven warriors had stolen some cattle from the ranch of Clarno and Casper on the Canyon City road. J. N. Clark, whose house they had burned, with William Ragan and Howard Maupin, all ranchers, took up their trail, coming on the Indians as they were feasting on one of the stolen animals. The white men opened fire, killing four out of the eight, and one of the four was Pa-ni-na. With his death, the raiding in this territory ceased.

Pa-ni-na had spent the latter part of his life repelling the white faced invaders from his country. He waged such a merciless warfare that the emigrant road leading through his country in the early days was abandoned. After his death, his tribe was constantly harrassed by the great Indian fighter, Gen. Crook, to whom they finally surrendered. Such was the difference between the first military men and those who came later on.

Though, after my first trip to Cariboo, I had vowed never to go there again, in April, with my brother Billy, Philip Phillips, his brother Charles, and the owner of the cargo, Long Tom, I found myself once more on the way to the British Columbia mines. We had a pack train of forty animals loaded with bacon. The owner of the bacon was Long Tom whose real name I have forgotten. We called him so because he had recently arrived from the locality of that name in the Willamette valley, Oregon, where his father, a well-to-do farmer, had grown rich in the hog business. Wishing to start his son on the right road to prosperity, he had given him this bacon to sell, the proceeds of that year on the homestead.

We met Long Tom at The Dalles and bargained to carry his bacon for fifty cents a pound. As he had no money, we advanced him sufficient for his personal expenses. A few days after the start, while encamped on Toppenish creek where the bridge on the Satus-Goldendale road now crosses, there rode up an Indian on a splendid gray bob-tailed horse. I was riding a beautiful spotted one which did not possess sufficient stamina to keep him alive. I struck the Indian for a trade; without making much headway, however. During our parley, he had espied a blue keg which contained gin and from which he had seen the boys take an occasional drink. He wanted to know what it contained, and, when we told him, to taste it. We said it was too expensive to give away.

The Indian remained all night in camp, and, knowing Indian nature pretty well, I took the keg to bed with me. Next morning he still insisted on sampling it. We had begun packing our horses when he offered me all the money he had, fifty cents, for a drink. I refused, but said I would give him the spotted horse and a small bottle of the fire water in exchange for his bob-tail. He agreed. I put the saddle on his horse and handed him the bottle of gin, very much weakened with water. He proceeded without delay to pour its contents down his throat and by the time our horses were loaded, had finished the bottle, without showing any signs of intoxication. He made pronounced objections to the results of his booze; said he had got some at The Dalles which put him to sleep after the second drink. He had supposed ours was that kind, but since it had totally failed to meet his expectations, he wanted his horse back. We casually remarked that we had not understood we were doing business with a woman; had, indeed, thought we were dealing with a man who would be too proud to go back on his word. He then threatened to go to Ft. Sim-co-e and notify the Indian agent, A. A. Bancroft. We needed that bob-tail for the long, hard journey ahead of us and thought we had better do something to delay the arrival of the Indian at the agency. So we left him tied hand and foot, with the spotted horse hitched to the brush nearby and the parting injunction that, if he told the agent, we would fight him next time we met. It was two years before I saw him again. He told me that after we had gone, he whooped and yelled all day to attract attention, and that about sundown two squaws came and cut him loose. We were good friends ever afterward.

A few days later we came to the great council and root ground at Che-loh-an,* where the plain was covered with hundreds of wigwams. It was one of the largest encampments I ever saw. Thousands of horses grazed the hillsides and valley. In the village the medicine men were beating the pum-pum in ceremonial devotion to the Whee-me Me-ow-ah (the far-away chief). Groups of men and women were scattered here and there engaged in their native game of ithel-e-cum (bone game), the gambling going on amid weird song and clatter of sticks. Now and then came the wail of some old crones weeping for the dear ones gone on the long road. The earth seemed to tremble with the whoops, yells and clatter of hoofs while swift riders dashed by with their great droves of horses on the run. It was a wild sight, not to be forgotten, and never to be seen again.

We camped a few miles above the village in a canyon where we were soon visited by about twenty Indians. One hard-faced fellow, in taking inventory of our stock, espied the blue keg, asked for a drink and was refused. On taking leave, he informed us that he would return, take the keg, our scalps, horses, in fact everything that we had. I spoke up and said that if we had been cowards, we should have remained at home with the women, and I warned him to stay away, but when they were gone, I told the boys we were up against it. I was the only one of the party that could talk the Chinook jargon so I translated for them the Indian's threat. However, I had been over the same trail when things looked much worse. The more level-headed Indians knew that a party as large as ours would be missed and vengeance follow swift and sure. The two Phillips boys began to bemoan the day they had ever joined us on such a perilous trip. Recalling to mind some remarks previously made by these two in regard to the manner in which Long Tom would act were we to meet difficulties, we asked Tom to take his rifle, go down the trail to a certain rocky point and watch for Indians, reporting if any passed that way. He shouldered his gun and went off without a word. We guarded the camp that night, while Long Tom watched the trail. The Indians did not bother us.

While we were loading next morning, an old Indian came riding by and we hired him to guide us to the Columbia river since the trail I had traveled two years before over the We-nat-sha mountains was covered with snow. We struck the river at Quil-quil-meen, where the guide left us. Before going, he told me that the Indian who, the night before, had threatened us with annihilation, was Me-cheil, a desperate renegade of Smo-hal-la's tribe of the Wi-nah-pams (Priest Rapids) and that he had tried to get up a party to attack us. Several chiefs, it seemed, had called a council and decided to keep Me-cheil under guard till we were well on our way. One of the chiefs who had seen us passing the encampment had said, "That young boy belongs to the Thorp settlement in the Mok-see; he passed this way two years ago, and if any trouble comes to these people, we will have soldiers after us." This old Indian who acted as our guide, Chief Shu-shu-skin, later became a good friend of mine.

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*Che-loh-an (place of plenty food) is situated in northeast part of Kittitas Valley, Washington. Its location is described thus: southwest of the southeast (¼) quarter of Section 8, Township 18, Range 20 East. The large spring of water marks the meeting place covering many acres. The council ground for the surrounding tribes.

Alexander Ross makes mention of it in his Fur Traders. He was here trading for horses while in the employment of the Northwest Fur Co. in 1814, and he and his companions narrowly escaped with their lives. He states that he had been at this spot before while in the employ of the Pacific Fur Co. during the year 1812. Without a doubt he and his companions were the first white men to behold this beautiful valley and the Yakima country.

At the mouth of the Methow river, about a week later, we came upon another Indian village. The water was high and we had to ferry our cargo across. The Indians wanted $150 to ferry over the freight, which was highway robbery. When, after two days, we failed to come to a better understanding, I concluded to swim the Methow and ride up to the Okanogan on the chance of finding some miners on the bar at the mouth of the latter river. We had heard before leaving The Dalles that gold had been found on this bar the previous fall. Selecting a powerful roan, known to be a good swimmer, I started. The Indians on the opposite shore immediately wanted to know where I was going. Learning my intention, they came down to the water's edge, guns pointed at me and said, "If you attempt to cross, we will kill you. No white men are near." I sang back, "You cross our freight for $20 or I swim across. Kill me if you can. There won't be any left to mourn for you. You will all be dead before two moons." As I made for the water, they shouted for me to wait until they came across. We soon made a bargain and they did the work for the $20.

A few miles above we found about fifty miners at work on the south side of the Columbia. The place was afterwards known as Richbar, a spot where many thousands of dollars were taken out by white men and later by Chinamen.

We moved on up the Okanogan valley, rich in grass, fish and game. The Indians here were well dressed in buckskin clothes worked in designs with beads and silk thread. At the boundary we met Mr. Haynes, the British customs officer, and a Mr. Low, two very fine gentlemen, who treated us well. On reaching Cariboo, we found the price of provisions much lower than we had imagined. Bacon, which constituted our entire cargo, was selling for fifty cents a pound. Upon weighing ours, we found that it had shrunk about one-fourth since we left The Dalles because of the long trip through the hot sun. We were therefore shy on our freight, while Long Tom was completely put out of business. We left him, a dejected object, his overcoat made from a green blanket with a hole cut in the center to put his head through, his pants thread-bare and his shoes worn. He was a thousand miles away from his old dad and home, penniless. He secured a job with a pack train and I met him the following winter, none the worse for wear and still in the hog business with the home folks on the farm.

My brother and I sold our pack train of horses to an Irishman known as Oregon Jack. We received part payment down, the balance to come in sixty days. Those days were long drawn out, for Jack was too crooked to lie straight in bed and truth held no place in his make-up. We entered his employ until the time was up and we were paid. Jack was an interesting character. During the few months we worked for him, certainly, he never washed his face or hands. We notified him he could not eat with us in that condition, and always set his food to one side. He said, "Gentlemen, you are entirely too particular. I want you to know that for ten years I was chief cook in the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans."

One day we were on the bald mountain between Quesnel river and Williams creek, the Cariboo mines proper. The snow was gone, but the mud was deep and horses were floundering with their packs and falling down. We would unpack, get a horse up, repack him and a few minutes later have to do it all over again. Our progress was very slow, with about two-thirds of the horses down at one time. To make matters worse there came up one of those fierce mountain storms. The rain fell in torrents, thunder shook the mountain sides, while the lightning tore through the trees. Oregon Jack had given us a code of signals. Our train was strung out for some distance along the narrow trail in the timber and when help was wanted in front, we were to yell "Ya-ho;" if in the rear, "Ya-ho" twice.

In the midst of this terrible din, I heard the "Ya-hoo" of Jack and moved forward. The horses were down all along the line. Jack was standing on a log. No doubt he had been yelling "Ya-ho" for some time, but such peals of thunder could silence even his strong lungs. Evidently he had reached the limit of forbearance for, shaking his fist at the fiery elements which seemed to have no terrors for him, he shouted, "Roll on, thunder and lightning. Lay low the trees and roll the rocks down the mountain sides. Make all the damn noise you can. I will get out of this in spite of you."

Looking around, he saw me and wanted to know why I had not come before; said he had been yelling for nearly an hour. Worn out and disgusted, I replied, "You are not the only one in trouble. We are all in the same boat. Because you were not created with a voice strong enough to be heard above the thunder, is no fault of mine. You should know that the storm king is in the saddle and the Lord is running things to suit himself. Fewer 'Ya-ho's' and more work would sound something like business."

After three days of such work we reached Barkersville on Williams creek, the richest spot I have ever seen, where gold was almost as thick as the gravel and nearly the size. That mining camp is still being worked, a constant producer for fifty years.

We made our last trip into the mines about the first of November, loaded with turnips raised near the forks of the Quesnel. The freight to Barkers, a distance of fifty miles, was thirty cents a pound. All the other pack trains had gone out for the winter. I was anxious that Oregon Jack should make the trip since it would mean money enough to finish paying for the horses and my wages—my brother had gone out a month before.

On the second day out it began to storm and continued until we reached our destination, the snow reaching a depth of several feet. When the owner of the cargo began to weigh out for Jack the amount of dust due him for freight, I asked that the amount due me be weighed out of that. Jack said, "No," A pick handle was standing by. After that landed on his head, he said, "Weigh the boy out what I owe him." With the dust in my pocket, I was a happy lad and when news came that a party of miners was about to start out on a different and less difficult route, I concluded to join them. At this point Oregon Jack came to me with tears in his eyes and begged me not to desert him. The other two men who had come in with us refused to help. Feeling that I was partly responsible for the trip, I promised to see him beyond the snow.

At daybreak we left Barkersville and struck up on the great bald mountain. The snow was up to the horses' sides, but it was light, and by changing lead horses, we made about ten miles that day. Since there was nothing for the animals to eat, we tied them to the trees and left the rigging on them. As soon as we could see, we started again, and felt better when we were descending to the lower level. Still the snow began to fall rapidly and our horses, having been four days without food, tired easily. We had a steep mountain to climb. The large black horse which had been our mainstay in breaking trail, quit on us. Oregon Jack then broke down and wept. His pitiful cries, as they echoed through the great white wilderness, almost chilled the marrow in my bones. I moved up through the snow to where he was leaning against a giant cedar, sobbing out what he thought was his last lament. Since the horses could not climb the mountain, our only alternative was to leave the trail and go down towards the Quesnel river where by chance we might find a swamp in which the horses could feed. I made out to Jack that we could surely do this successfully and he consented.

Putting the bell on the roan horse, I led him, the rest following. The snow became less and we were fortunate enough not to encounter any fallen timber. Before dark we had reached a spot of grass. As fast as the horses came up we removed the saddles which had not been off their backs for five days. Jack came up singing.

We cooked supper and went to bed. The sun came out bright next morning and we could see the lay of the land. We were on the first bench above the Quesnel. While the horses were eating, we went down the ridge to locate our route and a few miles further on found another spot of grass, to which we moved down that day. We made slow progress next day, encountering much fallen timber. There was no grass, but we felt we were near the little town of Quesnel Forks. We reached it next day. The people there had given us up for lost.

Here I quit Oregon Jack and on foot followed the Cariboo road to Ft. Yale. About thirty miles along I came to a roadhouse kept by a man named Bates, one of the packers who had wintered on the Bonaparte two years before when I had charge of Major Thorpe's cattle. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The place was full of lawless men, drinking, gambling, swearing and fighting. With all my worldly possessions in my pocket, I felt uncomfortable. I was standing in a corner behind the stove when three men came in from the barroom drunk and discovered me. One sang out, "Here is a boy. We will initiate him." They all made for me. I always carried a stiletto. Drawing it, I backed against the wall, ready for trouble and said, "Bates, I came to stay with you, expecting to find a friend and a gentleman. During the last two years you certainly have degenerated. If you value your lives, don't attempt to touch me, you cowardly dogs!"

Bates, in a changed tone, asked me who I was and where I had known him. When I told him, he ordered the men off, saying I was his friend. I started for the door. Bates asked where I was going and when I said, "To Tom Menifee's," exclaimed, "Why, Jack, that's twenty miles."

At that age, and under those conditions, twenty miles did not mean much to me. I got a welcome at Menifee's as he had been an old neighbor of mother's in Missouri. Next morning, on my way, I overtook an elderly man, of fine physique, though slightly stooped, with sandy hair and a rugged face which was somehow familiar and yet which I could not place until he told me his name was McKinley. He had visited at my home in Champoeg, Oregon, ten years before, but did not know me until I told him mother's name. During the day's travel he became reminiscent. He was sad and disappointed. All his possessions, a large store and grist mill on the Willamette, had been swept away in a flood two years before. He had come up here to make a new start, but, after wandering over the mountains and along the streams of the Fraser between Alexander and Peace river, he had failed to find gold in paying quantities.

Archibald McKinley had been a factor with the Hudson's Bay company as early as 1831, first at York Factory, then at Ft. Geary and later at Ft. St. James on Stuart's lake west of the Rocky mountains where he traveled in one year 2400 miles on snowshoes. He was then placed in charge of Ft. George on the Fraser river, going next to Ft. Alexander and then to Ft. Hall. He married, in 1840, Sara Julia Ogden, daughter of Peter Skeen Ogden. His wife had been the first white woman to live in the Salt Lake country. McKinley was a great friend of Marcus Whitman, whom he knew while in charge of Ft. Walla Walla from 1841-1846. While there one day it became necessary to chastise a young Indian for theft. His chief with fifty warriors came in, bent on revenge. Rushing into the store, McKinley picked up a copper can of powder, took off the lid, showed them the contents and stood over it with flint and steel ready to strike. "You cowardly curs," he said, "you are many and we are few. You seek to scare us. One hostile move, and we all die together."

A few years ago, while at Kamloops, B. C., I learned that Archibald McKinley was buried on the banks of Thompson river at Savanos, where the old brigade trail from Ft. Okanogan to Alexander crossed the river—a fitting resting place, near the great trail he helped to build.

After a forty mile walk, we reached Deep creek, where McKinley remained. During the night Fred White, whom I had met two years before in the Klickitat, arrived on a mule. He persuaded me to buy a horse and ride out with him instead of taking the stage. I hunted up an outfit and we reached our destination that night the same time as the stage. Fred had been a packer with Bill Parker for the government in 1858 during the military occupancy of Ft. Sim-co-e. In that capacity they had accompanied Maj. Garnett on his campaign against the Indians through We-nat-sha to Ft. Okanogan. He said that once he was captured by Skloom, Ka-mi-akin's brother. It happened just previous to this campaign of Garnett's. Fred was herding a band of mules on Toppenish creek. Skloom took him to White Bluffs and held him a prisoner for two weeks, though treating him well. At the end of that time his captor gave him a horse and saddle and sent him back to the fort.

The second day, as we were nearing Lillooet on the Fraser, we came to a tent near the road with a sign "Horses Bought." I told Fred here was my chance to cash in my horse, since it was only ten miles to the point where I would take the steamer, and anyway, the stage was coming behind. I sold the horse, but the buyer insisted on a bill of sale; nothing else would do him. The stage was close behind and had passed before the paper was made out. The passengers, guessing my predicament, threw fun at me. We had been bantering back and forth with the stage people for two days. I started on foot, but soon began to throw off ballast—first my blanket, then my old fur coat. Striking a lively clip then, I came to a large trail leading down hill. While debating where it led, a man on horseback came by and told me it was the trail to the ferry, the road making a long detour around the hill. This was fun. It was my turn to laugh when the stage drew up and found me arrived ahead. The passengers could not figure out how I made time, but I said that all that had kept me from traveling faster before was my horse.

From Lillooet I went by the lake and Portage route to Fraser river and down to New Westminster; then by steamer to Victoria, where the old side wheeler, Eliza Anderson, was waiting to go to Olympia. I reached Olympia too late to get the stage out that day, so they gave me a horse to ride, a roan of the old spanish type, with instructions to take two days for the trip. Distance riding was my long suit. I landed in Monticello, ninety-six miles, a few minutes after the stage, and in time for the boat next morning to Portland; then on to The Dalles and by hired horse to Yakima.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PASSENGER TRAIN TO THE BASIN

An Indian Raid—The Strange German—Encounter with Matt Bledso, the Desperado—Packing to Rock Island—Chinese Passengers—Meeting with Chief Moses—Sil-co-saskt.

By 1864 this part of the country was gold-mad. Every steamer from Portland to The Dalles was loaded with miners and prospectors. Hundreds were outfitting at this point for the different camps throughout the Northwest. Spreading out like a fan, the gold hunters invaded every hole and corner of the mountains. Horses were in great demand. My brother, William, and I had brought a few horses up to The Dalles from the Willamette and quickly disposed of them. It looked like a good business opportunity for us, an undertaking in which my long acquaintance with the Indians was an asset. I would cross the Columbia to the north side, go a few miles out among the rocks and wait till some Indians passed by, then bargain with them for horses. Trade was brisk. We made money fast, buying horses from the Indians and selling to the outfitting miners. By this means we became possessed of a fair sized train of animals, with sufficient means to equip it with riding and pack saddles, so advertised to carry passengers to Boise basin for $100 per head. In a few days we had thirty passengers, our required number. It was in March. With a few extra pack horses for baggage and provisions, we struck out over the old emigrant trail by the Des Chutes and John Day's rivers, via Butter creek to Umatilla and over the Blue mountains, through deep snow, to the Grande Ronde valley; then, through Powder river valley, where now stands Baker city, to Burnt river. Here we were nearing Indian country and we were constantly on the watch. Riding ahead of the train down the long hill leading to the Burnt ranch, a noted camping place, I noticed on a tall peak to the south a figure which disappeared while I was looking. Sure that it was an Indian scout, and suspecting that plans were on foot for a raid, I told my brother, as soon as we had reached the ranch, and arranged for hay and the big corral for our horses.

There were several packers camped here but, when we told them of the scout, they said to me, "You are a great boy if you get frightened at this stage of the game. You had better go back." My brother and I both slept at the corral gate that night. Towards midnight we heard a stampede of horses and mules, bells ringing, hoofs beating, Indians yelling—there was some uproar on that creek. Gradually the noise receded. At daybreak some of the packers came to us wanting horses to follow the Indians. Picking out the fellow who had laughed at me, I said, "You had your warning, and spoke discourteously to me last night when I gave it. My advice to you is to return to a more densely populated community. If you overtook the Indians, they would whip you and no doubt we should lose the horses we loaned you. Besides we have contracted to carry these passengers through in a certain time."

There were nine pack trains camped there at the time and they all lost every animal they had. Later, I learned that none of the horses and mules were ever recovered.

Next day we put as many miles behind us as possible, since we were in Pa-ni-na's country, and at the section of the trail where many raids had been made. After making camp above Old's ferry on the Snake, I took a ride around the hills. I saw no signs of Indians, but did discover a bend in the river with good grass, a spot which could be easily guarded. After dark, we drove the horses up there, tying two of them to a bunch of brush and spreading our blankets nearby. Either Billy or I were on guard all the time. I was on the last shift and sometime after midnight heard horses' hoofs on the trail moving towards our camp. Then I heard them back on the hill, growing fainter. When daylight came, there were signs that a large war party had been near, but, failing to find our horses, had probably moved on to get the horses of those less vigilant.

Reaching the mines, a few days later, we found the whole camp covered several feet deep with snow. The town bore the name, Idaho City. Hundreds of men were at work here, night and day, taking out good pay. Saloons and gambling houses were also working over time. Our passengers were about all Irish and they soon began to fill up their tanks on bald face whisky; in less than an hour there was not one sober enough to stand on his feet. We, however, recognizing the national characteristics of our passengers, had been thoughtful enough to say good-bye when they dismounted. They were a fine, agreeable band of men.

During our stay, the horses were compelled to stand in snow three feet deep, tied to a log, without food, so we did not linger, starting back over the trail at daylight, reaching grass that night. At the road house, near which we camped, were many pack trains on their way to the mines. A big, red-headed tough stood behind the bar, dishing out rot gut whisky to the packers who were leaned up against the bar, their backs towards us as we entered. One of them had the seat of his pants patched with a flour sack which bore the brand, "Self rising." It looked original to me and I wondered who the man was. He turned around and it was my old friend Bill Parker. Since we parted in Cariboo two years before, he had settled in Yakima, in the district which now bears his name.

Traveling down the Payette next day we met many miners and packers. Towards evening a lone horseman came up, claiming to have been lost three days. While we were eating, he told us of a beautiful valley hidden away to the north which he had discovered.

As we did not consider this dangerous Indian country, we hobbled the horses and turned them loose, but, when we heard them stampede in the night, decided we had been mistaken. As we could not follow Indians on foot, we sat there till morning, trying to make the best of it. Our new friend, who was a German, consoled us by saying, "I hope all our horses are stolen and that we will never see them again. That would give us an excuse to steal others, and we can hide them away in my beautiful valley. We will not steal from the rich, for they might follow. We will steal from the poor, who can't follow and make them poorer." He certainly had the dope.

At daylight Billy and the Dutchman went to look for the horses and, surprisingly enough, found them quietly grazing a few miles further on. Something had frightened them in the night. Billy and I held a consultation and decided to inform our guest that he better move on, putting as many miles between this neck of the woods and himself as possible, or his weight at the end of a rope might break his neck. He lost no time in going. Doubtless the vigilantes got him later on.

We remained two weeks at Umatilla, one of the principal freighting and outfitting points on the Columbia, but failed to get a load of freight for the mines. We did make a little money in horse racing, having a few swift ones in our bunch. Our principal opponent in the races was Matt Bledso, a big, red-headed desperado who had six men to his credit and always seemed to be hunting for more. We had him about broke. One day, in his anger, he started a wordy war with Brother Billy, but he had found his match and beat a hasty retreat. A few night later he shot and killed a stranger, whom no one knew—a common occurrence on the border.

Since the outlook for a cargo was discouraging, I decided to visit my older brother, Charles, in the Yakima. At the mouth of the Yakima river I found the family of my old friend, J. B. Nelson whom I had known in the Klickitat. At this time, he and his oldest son were in Montana in pursuit of some horses which had been stolen from them. They found them, too, and brought them home. Starting from Nelson's early in the morning, my horse being a good one, I made my brother's home in the Mok-see by dark, the distance over the winding trails being over eighty miles. A trader named Comstock was there. He kept a post on the Columbia at Rock Island below Wenatchee. Hundreds of Chinamen were at this time mining along the bars of the Columbia for a distance of 150 miles, and the trade with them, he said, was good, and I made a bargain to carry his freight.

I stayed a day in the Mok-see, then started back. Reaching the lone tree near where Prosser now stands, I saw a trail leading in the direction I wanted to go, over the hill to the south. The day was hot and I knew that a desert lay between me and the Columbia. I took a big drink from the river, then started up the hill on the new trail. I got to our camp, seven miles below Umatilla that night, a ride which, I believe, came near to the hundred mile mark.

For the rest of the year we carried freight from The Dalles to Rock Island, a splendid road, wood, grass and water all the time. There was another trading establishment a few miles above Rock Island on the southwest bank of the Columbia where the Great Northern railway crosses, kept by a Mr. Wing. Here was perhaps the largest camp of Chinamen on the river. About a hundred yellow men had bought this large gravel bar from white miners the year previous and finished a large ditch which the former owners had started to build. From my observations as they were sluicing, I believe that in the few years that they worked the bar they took out a large amount of money. I know I carried many big buckskin purses of dust to be deposited for them in Portland, during the two years we ran the pack train between Rock Island and The Dalles.

On one of these trips we found at Rock Island B. F. Yantis, an old man, traveling alone to Olympia. His son was trading with Chinese miners further up the river. Yantis expected to travel by way of The Dalles, since it was November and there would be considerable snow in the Cascades, and went part way with us; but, at Chief Shu-shu-skin's village in the Kittitas he learned that a party of Indians was to start over the mountains via the Sno-qual-mie pass. This would shorten his journey by more than half, so he joined the Indian party, making the hard trip safely. I met him a few years later, a very old man. He had been a pioneer of Thurston county, filled many public offices with honor, and had a good, comfortable home, but his spirit was restless and he was only happy when roaming along the border.

While stopping in the Mok-see, en route for The Dalles, there came along one July day two Chinamen headed for the Columbia below Wenatchee. They had two pack horses, but they were walking. They wanted to hire two saddle horses and buy two beef cows of Thorp, having them driven to the camp. We agreed to furnish saddle horses and drive the cows to their destination for $100, they to board me on the way so that I need not take an extra pack horse. After I had the cows tied up and the chores finished round our first camp, at Squaw creek, I went up, good and hungry, for supper. There was just one little kettle of rice with a slice of ham boiling in it on the fire. I wondered if that constituted the bill of fare. It did. Having learned to get in early and avoid the rush, when we sat down to eat, I dived for the ham and got it. Next morning it was rice straight. I hoped we would meet some Indians from whom I might buy dried salmon, but not an Indian appeared. That kettle of rice got on my nerves, but there was nothing to do but humble my pride and eat it. When we reached the Columbia, about eight miles below their camp, the Chinaman, who had always been in the rear, now rode in front. Shortly after, I saw two Indians, coming towards us. When they met the Chinaman one of the Indians began to beat the yellow men with the elkhorn handle of his riding whip, while the other Indian came straight for me. He was a powerful man and he grabbed my horse by the bridle, setting him back on his haunches. When I jumped off and shoved a gun up against his body, he yelled, "Wake pooh, nika cultus he-he" (Don't shoot. I was only joking). With the gun still pointing towards his red body, I ordered him to go back and make his companion stop beating the Chinaman. He did this, then turned to me and said, "I am Chief Moses. Mika skookum tum tum ancutta nika nanich mika copa We-nat-sha." (You are brave. I saw you before at Wenatchee.) I remembered well, but did not care for his actions at this time. The Indians rode away and I gathered up my Chinaman, badly bruised, but no bones broken. When at the camp, the bunch of Chinese saw their mutilated brethren, a howl went up like the noise from a flock of wild geese fired into suddenly.

One of the cows was soon slaughtered and we had beef for supper, after which I felt better, though the memory of that three days' diet of rice never left me. Next day, when they weighed me out my gold dust, they gave me an extra ounce for saving the lives of their comrades. Driving the saddle horses in front, I made the ninety miles to Mok-see by evening, and the ninety-five to The Dalles where our train was next day. They were tough horses and tough riders in those days.

We made our last trip to Rock Island in December, 1865. The snow was heavy in the Sim-co-e mountains and we had to break trail through four feet of it. Finding grass at Satus creek, after dark, we turned out the horses and set about getting supper. We heard cattle coming over the trail we had made and soon a horseman rode up to our fire. It was Ben E. Snipes.

"I am glad to find you here, Jack," he said, "for I am hungry and about worn out, following your trail all day with those cattle." His cattle would follow down the creek now to the winter range, so he stayed with us till morning.

We had snow from there on to our journey's end. At the crossing of the Yakima, near the present Granger, my brother left, to go to the mouth of the Ahtanum to build a cabin to winter in. An Indian we had with us also left, fearing he would die from cold. This left Al Churchill and myself to look after twenty animals. We were both young, but not quitters. We packed up and started for the Columbia. When we got to Priest Rapids the wind was blowing a gale from the north. It was so cold that the atmosphere looked blue. Finding some cord wood cut up on the bank—evidently the work of white men—we used it freely, for no amount of covering would keep us warm. Passing an Indian village next morning, we tried to hire two helpers, but the inhabitants only looked out from their wigwams and shook their heads, saying "Halo" (No). So we had to go it alone. The snow was getting deeper, and the grass was covered. By the time we reached Quil-quil-meen, our horses were worn out—and twenty miles yet to go.

Camped here was Sil-co-saskt, head man of the Entiat tribe, who owned many horses. We bargained with him to take our horses down the river twenty miles to grass, hiring us twenty of his to carry our packs to Rock Island. We also wanted an Indian herder to look after them, and horses to carry our pack saddles down to our own horses. Most of the Indian horses were unbroken, but we knew how to load a horse and when we put the pack on one, it generally stayed, no matter how much it kicked and bucked. After they had been traveling a few hours in the deep snow, it was easy enough to catch them. We tied them in camp that night to keep them from leaving us, and next day came to an almost perpendicular hill. If we did not tackle the hill, we would have to return two miles and take a long way around. With some misgivings, I picked out a fine looking white horse belonging to the Indian and tried to lead him up the hill. His pack tipped him over backwards and he rolled down several hundred feet. Six more, attempting to follow, went the same way. It did not seem possible that any of them could be alive, but when we reached them, they were suffering only from some cuts about the head. Even the packs were O. K., the loads consisting of flour. After we got them repacked and back on the flat, we decided that we had better go back and around a trail that the Indian boy, who was along with the horses, told us about. It was nearly dark when we reached our road again, so we concluded to travel all night, to save the trouble of unpacking and packing. The snow was about three feet deep; the night was bright with moonlight, and cold. After several hours, the Indian boy, who was in the lead, stopped, saying, "Here is where the route to the store leaves the main trail." Since I had been over this part of the trail many times, I now took the lead, which turned out just as well, for a little further on, I found a dead Indian lying in the snow, Since it was only a mile from the trading post, I concluded there had been trouble up there. I did not want the boy to see or know about the dead Indian, so I dragged him to a rocky bluff nearby and threw him into the Columbia. With some of the lead horses, I tramped out the marks in the snow.

The post was in charge of Jack Ingraham who had bought out Mr. Comstock's interests. He had given us up, believing that we could not get through. When I told about finding the Indian, he said that the fellow had given him much trouble and, to get rid of him for all time, he had given him strychnine. He was very glad to know the body was now in the river.

When, on our return, old Sil-co-saskt saw his favorite white horse scarred up, he began to roar, wanting an extra hundred dollars for damages. I concluded that one was enough at a time to get angry, so let him kick. He informed me that if I did not pay the amount he asked, I would not live to see another sun. When I told Al Churchill, who could not understand the jargon, what he said—"For God's sake, pay him," cried Al. "If necessary, I will pay half out of my wages." I told Al to let me work it out my own way.

When he started to spread out our blankets, I told him, "I am going to sleep in that old Indian's lodge." Al thought it would be walking into the lion's den, but, picking up our blankets, we went into the lodge, crowding the dogs, dried roots and salmon sacks. Sil-co-saskt looking astonished, asked if there were no room outside. I said it was not often we had a chance to sleep in a great chief's lodge, so would sleep there tonight. He made no further objections. I knew well that it was not their custom to kill an enemy in their own lodges, fearing it would anger the Great Spirit. The Indian boy who had been with us on the trip slept next to me and when the old chief was asleep, I woke the boy and gave him a dollar to bring the horses into camp early. We heard them coming about daybreak. I said to Churchill that either the old Indian or I had to weaken, and I did not expect it to be me. I told him to go on catching and tying the horses, paying no attention to the old chief or to me.

While we were getting the horses ready, Sil-co-saskt came out of the lodge and made straight for me. He grabbed me and, with a jerk, said, "Give me the extra hundred dollars, or you will not leave this place alive." Believing it to be a bluff, I said, "You will get only what was agreed upon and no more. If your horses could not stand up, it was no fault of mine. I had not the power of the Great Spirit to give them wings. Although you are a chief, you are no braver than I am. If nothing but a fight will do you, then let us fight like men. You take your gun. Only a coward and a dog would ask his warriors to kill one man. If you have a chief's heart, either fight, or let us have the horses to take our saddles and rigging to our own horses. Let us not stand here and quarrel like squaws."

He turned and went into his lodge. It was up to him. In a few minutes he returned with my saddle blanket and said, "Give me this, and I will furnish you both with fresh saddle horses and send another Indian along to help drive the loose horses with the pack saddles on." I threw him the blanket, saying: "It is well."

We found our horses rested up. It was Christmas night, and one of the dreariest I ever spent.. As we humped up around the fire on the dreary banks of the Columbia with the north wind chilling the marrow in our bones, Al and I thought of the many happy homes surrounded with plenty and considered ourselves ill-used. Two days later we were home on the Yakima.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TRIP TO BOISE BASIN IN 1865

Hunting the Trail—Indian Highwaymen—Ups and Downs of the Beef Market.

In April, 1865, I entered the employ of James Barnes to help him drive into the Boise basin, Idaho, some cattle which had been wintered in the Selah valley. The stock numbered a hundred head and there were only Barnes and myself to look after them. The first night found us in what was later known as the Hog ranch and now as Pleasant valley; the second night at Cold creek, where the green grass was tall enough for the cattle to graze it. Camped at the same place was H. D. Hald, who had arranged with Thorp of the Mok-see to drive 200 head of cattle to the mines on a percentage basis. Two of the Thorp boys, Willis and Bayless, were with him. During the night our herds became mixed, so we drove them together to the Columbia, swimming them across near the present Hanford. It was while camped here that we received from a miner traveling through news of the assassination of President Lincoln.

It took us two days to get across the river. Our cattle were all steers, easy to handle, but Hald's were cows and calves, the cause of continual annoyance. I made up my mind not to continue with Mr. Barnes if he insisted on driving with Hald, and told him so, as soon as we got the cattle across the river. I proposed that we cut out our steers and go by ourselves. He said that we were in a strange uninhabited country and perhaps could not find our way. I ventured to suggest that what Hald could do, we might at least try. Besides, I was suspicious of Hald. I thought he was trying to discourage Barnes and buy his cattle on credit, since I knew he had no money.

Barnes decided to make the venture, so we cut out our cattle and moved down the river to what was later known as the Coonse ranch. That evening I rode over the hills and found a large Indian trail leading east. So far as the eye could reach it led through desert, but it was the direction we wanted to go, so we moved out at daybreak. Twelve miles along we came to a coulee, now known as the Washtucna coulee. We had come to no water all day, so, taking the pack and loose horses, I went ahead, leaving Barnes with the cattle. Towards dusk, I found an alkali lake so strong that nothing would touch it, but around on the south end of the shell rock was a spring of fresh water. I unpacked, hobbled the horses and cooked supper.

Midnight had passed before Barnes called from the opposite side of the lake. While getting a steer out of a mire hole, he had lost the cattle. Knowing that the stock would start back over the trail, I saddled my horse and lit out after them, but it was twenty miles before I overtook them, on the trot, bound for the Columbia river. Fortunately they were together, so I turned them back. Our progress was slow. When morning came the sun was beating down and they were tired, but by dark next day we were back to the lake where Barnes was waiting. The cattle lay down to rest and when they started again it was with new life. After several rests, they began to trot, then to run—they smelt water. At daylight the second day we were on the banks of a large fresh water lake, and remained here all day to rest, since we had been continuously in the saddle for thirty-six hours.

At the head of the lake was a very large spring. The place is now owned by Harder Bros. and is used as a stock ranch. Reaching the Palouse river, we found the water too high to ford, so swam the cattle. Our problem was to find a way of getting across our packs of provisions. In searching among the willows along the banks for a canoe, I picked up several bundles of tules tied together. After pondering over what they had been used for, it suddenly dawned on me that the Indians had made of them a raft for crossing the stream. Floating them down to camp, I loaded on our outfit and we crossed the river in good shape. About this time Hald rode up and told us his cattle were a short distance back; he wanted us to help him over the river. We did. It took all day.

The trails were numerous now. Next morning we took the wrong one and landed back on the Palouse river ten miles above where we had left it. We traveled the following day without water until sundown, when we found some sinkholes and a spring. After this experience, I resolved to ride ahead after the camp of each day and locate our route. That night I went about ten miles in a northeasterly direction and found a small creek with a large Indian trail following it. The creek came from the direction in which we supposed Lewiston to lie. It flowed, as we found out next day, through a beautiful country with a perfect carpet of grass, the like of which I never saw before or since. After three days' travel up it, we found the hills on either side not so high, so knew we must be nearing the source. At the end of a five-mile climb to the top of the hill, to explore the route for the following day, I was delighted to find Lewiston lying below me. I rode back gleefully to tell Barnes, who immediately saddled his old yellow mare and struck out on the run to see for himself. On his return he expressed much satisfaction that we had made it without Hald, especially as that gentleman had assured Barnes that he would not be able to find the route.

We remained here several days, while Barnes went to Lewiston to see about selling the cattle. He was offered $70 a head, and had paid but $30, but hoped to do better, so decided to go on to the Boise basin. While we were waiting here, Hald came up with his drove. He had followed our trail; we had beaten him to it. It was agreed to keep both herds together till after we had crossed the Clearwater. When we reached that stream the water was so high it took a whole day to swim the cattle. By the fourth day we had crossed Craig's mountain and come to Camas prairie on the west side, called Cottonwood creek.

When I gathered the horses in the morning, a large bay of my own was missing. After circulating around, I found his shod tracks going towards a large Indian trail, with pony tracks alongside. Knowing that he had been taken by an Indian, I told Barnes I was going to find him. When he tried to discourage me, I gave him the privilege of getting another herder if he wished, but insisted on going after my horse. Three miles down the creek I found a trading post and, upon inquiry, learned that twenty Indians had passed two hours before. The trader had noticed with them a large bay with shoes on. He told me the Indians belonged to Blacktail's band of Nez Perces, camped twenty miles away on the east side of the valley at Eagle Delight creek, near the present Grangeville. Following their trail, I reached a very large village of about a hundred lodges, and proceeded to ride through their horses. Mine I found tied in a bunch of timber. I unfastened him and started back, but had not gone far when two ugly-looking Indians overtook me and demanded if that were my horse. On receiving an affirmative reply, they requested ten dollars for having taken him so far. I refused to pay them for their trouble. We had reached a rough part of the road near Black canyon, where a dead man could easily be hidden, so I resolved to part company with the rascals. They were conversing in their native tongue, which I did not understand, but I had every reason to believe the talk boded me no good. Halting suddenly, with my six-shooter pointed at them, I bade them "Clat-a-wa" (go). They went, with solemn and disappointed looks.

The next night we camped only a few miles from that same Indian village and I saw the two Indians of yesterday riding near us. We tied up the horses and stood watch over them till morning. At noon next day we camped at White Bird creek and expected to swim the Salmon river on the morrow. While Barnes was down interviewing A. D. Chapman, who had a trading post where the creek empties into the Salmon and to procure a canoe to cross our provisions, I stretched a tent, since it was a very hot day, and proceeded to get some sleep, so as to be fresh for guard duty at night. I was rudely awakened by harsh words spoken in English. I looked up into the muzzles of two rifles in the hands of my recent Indian acquaintances. One said, "Give me ten dollars or you are a dead man." That amount represented my total capital and I was loath to part with it, but discretion seemed the better part of valor, especially since I had been careless enough to leave my gun on the horn of the saddle outside the tent. They backed out of the tent with the money, tearing off the front of it in their retreat. My brains suddenly got to working. They had overlooked my six-shooter. I made a jump towards the saddle. They both fired, but missed me. Grabbing my gun, I ran after them, but they escaped in the brush. I felt deeply humiliated to know that those red devils had actually held me up and got away with it.

Mr. Chapman, in penciling for us a map of the route we were to travel, warned us that it would be a rough one, since no one had passed over the trail for more than a year. The Bannock Indians were especially to be feared; they were the terror of the miners and prospectors, and we were going right into their stronghold. He thought, however, that it was a little early for them to be in the Payette valley, their favorite camas ground, through which our trail would lead.

After spending half a day climbing a mountain, we found ourselves on top of a narrow ridge dividing the waters of the Snake and the Salmon rivers. Before us the mountains seemed to be piled one on top of the other. Way down below, like a silver thread, rushed the Snake river, boiling and seething on its way. By noon next day we had reached the foot of the mountain. The trail up the Little Salmon was so narrow at times that we had to roll off rocks which had slid down and blocked it. Often we had to repair bridges. No tracks of human kind were visible. For six days we tramped up this canyon, filing around one shell rock point after another. The roar of the leaping water was deafening; to see the sun one had to look straight up.

On the seventh day, with no regrets, we left this turbulent little stream and slowly climbed the last great mountains, with the broiling sun beating down. Below us lay a little valley which our map said was Little Salmon Meadows. Here we found a large log house of several rooms, with a cook stove, and about forty acres of fenced meadow. We learned afterwards that the cabin had been built two years before by a man known as Packer John when the miners from Orofino, Florence and Elk City had passed over that trail bound for the new diggings of Boise basin. A company of dragoons from Ft. Lapwai to Ft. Boise had followed this route that same year, but when the rush of miners was over it had become a deserted trail. Packer John, leaving his house and furniture, followed up the rear.

After resting the cattle, worn, hungry and footsore from the rocky trail, for three days at these meadows, we set out in a southeasterly direction, over an open pine-covered ridge with an abundance of grass. There was a little creek flowing out from the valley, which I believed to be a tributary of the Weiser, for it ran to the south, while all the streams we had encountered after crossing the Salmon flowed to the north. We felt sure that the summit of the Little Salmon had been passed.

On taking a survey of the country into which the trail descended, I spied smoke curling from a mountainside. It made me uneasy. When I pointed it out to Barnes, he said, "Oh, never mind what it is. Go on." I obeyed, but with misgivings.

Soon we heard the roar of water and knew it must be a stream of some size. Galloping ahead, I came to a big stream, high with muddy water. A hasty inspection of the bank convinced me that we could not ford and, as the lead cattle were now in sight, and since cattle are much easier to swim if not allowed to stand, we decided to drive them in without stopping. Barnes was bothered to know how he was going to get across. I told him how to swim beside his horse, taking a firm hold on the mane, allowing his body to float, and guiding the horse by slapping the water on either side of his head to keep him straight. When Barnes weakened on trying this, the only way left, I told him, was to tie a firm knot in the yellow mare's tail, drive the other horses in after me and, when we had landed, to take a good tail-hold and turn the mare loose. My horse was accustomed to swimming. After we were across, Barnes let the mare go. She came, splitting the water, and pulling the old man after her.

Still my mind was not easy about that smoke, so when we camped I set out to investigate. Locating the smoke from the hill, I swam back over the river and, when near the place, dismounted and crept up carefully on foot. Looking out from behind some brush, I saw nothing more alarming than two white men sitting by a fire; so I made my presence known and found them to be prospectors. They thought the Indians would not be in the valley for a month yet, but said there was always danger from that source. I returned to our camp and put Barnes' mind at rest.

Next day we reached a beautiful valley several miles in width and came to a stream that literally stood on end. It was impossible for ourselves or the horses to swim it, but we did get the cattle across. Upstream a ways we found two pine trees growing close together and leaning towards the opposite shore. Barnes, who was a good axman, succeeded, with a very dull ax, in felling them side by side. We filled in between the trunks with brush and crossed. The cattle had been left to herd themselves for a day.

The valley had widened out. The blue blossoms of the camas root, the favorite food of the Indians, were out in abundance. Along the stream hundreds of lodge poles were standing, just as the red men had left them, evidence that this spot was a resort of the Bannock tribe. This valley extended for fifty miles. On the north fork of the Payette river we found another log house built by the same Packer John, a smaller one this time. Who he was, we never learned, but history should count him among her hardy and venturesome frontiersmen.

Chapman's map showed us now to be only forty miles from the Boise basin and Barnes concluded to leave the cattle here while he rode on to find a sale for them. Being nearly out of provisions, we decided to kill a small beef. After Barnes left, I built a scaffold, cut the meat into strips and began the drying process. As night approached "that lonely feeling" came over me. The lodge poles standing around awakened memories, not too pleasant. I resolved to spend the night elsewhere than in camp. Taking a nosebag, some beef, my blankets and my horse, I went to the hillside. The bay was tied to a tree, with the nosebag on to keep him from squealing after the other horses and thus betraying my hiding place. While I lay there awake, I heard the tramping of horses' feet coming from the direction of Boise. My horse raised his head, but the squeal was smothered by the nosebag.

Crawling nearer the road, I could see the forms of horses in the darkness and could hear the pans and kettles rattling on the packs as they moved by. They were strung out for such a distance I felt sure they must be Indians. Suddenly a voice from the foot of the hill at our camp sang out, "We have found a white man's camp and a beef already cut up."

I got to camp, to find them helping themselves to our meat. It proved to be a party of miners bound for a newly discovered mining camp in the Coeur d'Alene mountains. They told me they were the first to leave Boise, but that hundreds would follow them. So it proved. Fully two hundred passed by next day in their mad rush, some well equipped, others destitute; some on horseback, others on foot. I hid what was left of our beef to keep them from carrying it off.

The third day Barnes returned discouraged. He could find no sale for the cattle, after all we had gone through to get them there. It was face about and back over the same route to Camas prairie, a distance of 200 miles, which we covered in twelve days. The cattle were so pleased that they would travel twelve miles on their way at night, which made it easier.

After reaching the prairie, I quit Barnes and went to work for Hald, who was selling the Thorp cattle at Warren's diggings. I had no faith in Hald, felt that he did not intend to tote fair with Thorp, and resolved to watch him. At the end of two weeks, I concluded that the best plan was to return to Yakima and report my suspicions to Thorp. Willis Thorp went back with me, over the same road we had come.

When we reached White Bluffs, where we crossed the Columbia, we were surprised to find many new houses, a store, blacksmith shop, and one of those indispensable adjuncts of the border land, a saloon. A few months before there had been but one house in the place, occupied by A. R. Booth. Now it was a busy burg. Teams were loading for the newly discovered mines at Blackfoot, Montana, goods which had been brought up from Portland by steamer. All of these people believed that White Bluffs would make a great city. The following year, however, steamers on the Missouri river had reached Ft. Benton, opening up a much cheaper freight route and putting an end to several of these little mushroom towns along the Columbia.

When we reached Yakima and told Thorp what we thought about Hald, he at once sent Leonard, his oldest son, and my brother, Charles Splawn, to relieve him of his charge.

THE LAST OF THE WASCOPAMS AT HIS ANCIENT FISHING GROUNDS

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROBBERS ON THE TRAIL, 1866

During the year 1866 Leonard Thorp and I were furnishing beef cattle to several mining camps in Idaho. Our headquarters were on Camas prairie, not far from the present town of Grangeville. Some money was due us at Orofino. It was late in the fall and we wanted to close up our business, so I saddled "Jack Rabbit," a small, wiry, sure-footed mule, named because of his resemblance to the common denizen of the sage brush, and went out to collect. I started back, after getting what was due us, in company with Bob Grostein, a packer and trader, who had considerable money with him, also. We kept company for mutual protection against the highway robbers who infested that part of the world in those days. When at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to the parting of our ways and bade each other good-bye, we felt it was horse and horse which had the more dangerous route. Mine lay over a high rolling prairie without a trail, and with Lawyer's canyon in front, which could not be crossed on horseback for a distance of ten miles. I had chosen this unknown way, rather than face the foes known to be waiting my return on the trail I had come. Kind providence had helped me through a great many difficulties before, so I felt confident this time.

The sun was hanging low over the top of Craig's mountain, the ground owl came out of his hole to hoot at me as I passed, while from over the prairie, to add to the loneliness, came the coyote's howl. Soon it would be dark—and that nightmare of a canyon not far ahead that I must cross.

I looked back. Three horsemen were following me at full gallop. At first sight, they were welcome—human companionship. Then came the awful fear that they were human vultures after my money.

I touched my little Jack Rabbit with the spurs. He seemed to take in the situation and away he flew as never before. After a run of a mile, my pursuers had not gained. My mind had been busy working out a way to cross the canyon. Of course, the mule could be deserted and I take to the rocks and probably escape, but I hated to leave my loyal mount, who was straining every nerve to help me. Just ahead the country began to be broken, with scattering trees—the canyon. By a backward glance, I saw that my pursuers were separating, one to the right and two to the left, intending to cut me off from going either up or down, if it were impossible to cross. Our chance was a desperate one, and should we fail, I resolved that my heavy Colt's revolver should speak for me from behind the rocks.

At last at our feet, deep, dark and dangerous, lay the fateful canyon, while coming up on either side behind were the bloodthirsty creatures. Quick action was necessary. We spied, the mule almost as soon as I, a rabbit trail down the almost perpendicular side. Dismounting, I tied a long rope to his halter and started to lead him down. With great difficulty I kept my footing. Often the brink of some yawning abyss would open out as if reaching for a victim. I had a feeling somehow that my guardian angel was near me that night. The mule, still following, seemed to have wings instead of feet. Like a ghost of the air, he never missed, though the falling rocks we loosened sent back echoes from a world below. At last the bottom was reached. We stopped only a moment to rest and listen. No sound came from the steep hill, so we felt safe. It was almost dark and we had found the same little trail leading up the further side. At the end of an hour of struggling, every moment fraught with the greatest danger, we at last reached the top, torn and bleeding. After a short rest, we made the thirty miles to camp with the stars to guide, reaching it just before daybreak.

CHAPTER XXX.

A DRIVE INTO MONTANA

Held Up by Snow—Visit With Angus McDonald—Collecting Methods at Blackfoot Mines — Major Thorp's Illness—The Flood.

In February, 1867, Leonard Thorp and I, with an Indian called Wa-tus (Washington) as helper, started out with a band of cattle from Yakima for the Blackfoot mines near Deer Lodge, Montana. The winter in the Yakima valley had been very mild, so our anxiety and enthusiasm to be up and doing got the better of our judgment. We had no sooner started than the weather turned loose. At White Bluffs the cattle suffered considerably from their swim across the Columbia, owing to a gale from the north. We remained ten days on Crab creek, hoping that the weather would moderate. While here, our Indian was taken sick and would not move out of camp. When asked concerning his ailment, he expressed surprise that we did not know; he informed us he was doomed to die soon. The day we had eaten dinner at White Bluffs, it seems, To-wad-de, a doctor with a bad medicine, had been present. To-wad-de's tam-man-na-was was the evil eye which had killed many of his tribe. He had gazed during dinner intently at Washington's plate and so poisoned the food.

Washington requested me to get a paper and write his last will and testament. First he divided his horses between his wife and children, and asked me to see that a just division was made. Then he dwelt on his own noble qualities, viz., that he had never disturbed the whites when they came to settle in his country; that he had been baptized as a child by the first priest who came to the Yakima country, and that his heart was good. Having finished this strange paper, I walked off and sat down as if in meditation. Returning to him, with a serious look, I bade him not be downcast. I had the medicine, I said, to break the power of the evil-doer. I recalled how the year before, when the day was so hot that some of the cattle dropped dead, and we still had a forty-mile desert to cross before reaching water at Wash-tuc-na lake, Washington had done me a kindness. Coming to me in the night, he asked what I would give him to bring rain by early morning. I offered $10. This was satisfactory and he immediately began his ceremony of contortions and song. We were driving through the night, but the cattle gave out within five miles of the lake. Suddenly a dark cloud appeared. It rained for an hour—we were saved. I told Washington that in return for saving my cattle I would save him. I gave him a big dose of Ayer's pills—but no results. The next day I gave him a larger one. Still nothing doing. He was discouraged and so were we. He said my medicine was only for white men.

Leonard and I held a consultation and decided that the best thing was to give him enough either to kill or cure, so we gave him a good half bottle—a dozen ordinary doses. He still lived. When we continued the journey next day, Washington's work was to drive the horses in front of the cattle. That day he was quite as much out of the saddle as in, but towards evening he lay down, fully intending to die. We went on with the horses, leaving him there. During the night the wind came up very cold. It revived the Indian and he came into camp. A blizzard raged and we remained in bed until noon. Washington arose, built a fire, and after he had had a bite to eat, went to hunt the horses and cattle. He found them a few miles away in a large grassy bottom on Crab creek and came back to report.

The storm was over in a few days and we moved on. At our next camp we found plenty of trout holes full of fish. Rigging up a gunny sack, we dipped up all we could use during the two weeks we remained here hoping for the snow to disappear. We had only traveled one day when we ran into it again, and a gloomy wait of ten days did not soothe our restless spirits any. We did not know the country ahead, but surmised we were near the Spokane river. To be sure, we sent our Indian to find out. He returned next day and reported having reached the river at Spokane Jimmie's bridge. Joyfully we moved forward, though making slow progress. The second day we found by the road a horse with a pack saddle under his belly. Evidently he had been out this way all winter. We took him along, but never discovered his owner.

We were glad to see Spokane Jimmie at the bridge. For forty days we had not met a soul.

The year before Bill Parker had sold a band of cattle to Angus McDonald of the Hudson's Bay Company at Ft. Colville. It occurred to us that we might find a sale there for ours. After a two days' ride over muddy roads, my mule and I reached the fort. Though I failed to make a sale, I felt more than repaid for the trip by meeting McDonald, one of the last of the old factors, and his charming daughter, Christine, a half-blood Indian. She was a girl of education, possessed of a fine intellect, a strong personality and was a noted horsewoman. She was beloved by all who knew her.

When I got back to the cattle, we moved camp up to Spokane prairie at Schnebley's bridge, not far from the old landmark, Antoine Plant's house. We had passed by where the old Spokane house had stood, a fur trading establishment built in 1810; also the Chemakane mission established in 1839. The snow in the Coeur d'Alene mountains was so deep that we were compelled to remain here two months.

A few days after our arrival Capt. Gray, of the Steamer Mary Moody,* told us that we could drive cattle from Cabinet landing on the lake to the Kootenai mines. As anything was better than the present inactivity, we drove a small band to the lake. They pushed out a gang plank from the steamer and we drove the cattle aboard, a feat I should never have believed could be done. Leonard and Washington accompanied them. Scarcely were they out of sight when news came from Colville that new diggings had been discovered on Forty-nine creek. My friend, Len White,† was captain of the little steamer, Forty-nine, which plied on the Columbia above Kettle Falls, and I kept in touch with him to know if there was likely to be a rush of miners to those diggings, so that we might be first on the ground with our cattle. We were doomed to disappointment in this direction.

Two weeks passed with no word from Leonard, though I knew from Capt. Gray that the cattle had been unloaded in two feet of snow. One day he and Washington came straggling into camp on foot, ragged and worn, with only one horse, carrying the pack. The rest of the horses had died the second day after leaving the steamboat from eating a poison weed resembling the tobacco plant. They had walked the whole seventy-five miles to the Kootenai mines, and back, besides having to drive the cattle, going with no feed. Leonard and the Indian, after resting up in camp, returned to the Yakima, the former to pay off the indebtedness on our cattle, and the latter to remain.

While Leonard was gone, I visited Spokane Falls, which was then only an Indian fishery. Near our camp, in a bend of the river, were the bones of the thousand horses that had been rounded up and shot by Col. Wright nine years before, a wanton destruction, since some chiefs had already surrendered and others were gathering their horses preparatory to surrendering.

By the first of July Leonard had returned and we moved out over the Mullen road, reaching the Coeur d'Alene mission the second day, a beautiful spot surrounded by mountains. Father Caruna was in charge. He had a good church and a number of smaller buildings. Right under the shadow of the mission that night we lost two horses. After searching unsuccessfully all the morning, we concluded they had been stolen, and interviewed the Father about the matter. He certainly sent the word out, for the horses were soon brought in.

Pack trains now began to fall in behind us. They, too, had been waiting back on the Spokane. We broke the trail, crossing and recrossing the river, then going over the summit of the mountain with no feed for our cattle until we reached the St. Regis river, where we lay by for three days to give them a chance to eat. Here

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*The Mary Moody had been built the previous year to ply on Lake Pend d'Oreille.
†Len White was the best pioneer steamboat man on the coast.

the packers overtook us and thanked us most heartily for our pioneer work on the trail.

The Bitter Root valley which we reached three days later was truly the gem of the mountains. Here a few old trappers with their Indian wives and half-breed children had settled, making a wise choice in their habitation. Missoula was a small frontier town containing several men possessed of large fortunes, retired frontier traders. Close by was Hellgate where the river rushed through a canyon. We finally reached the Blackfoot mines located on a small stream in a bunch grass plain. We camped on Nevada creek and found our worst disappointment at this end of the road. The whole country was full of cattle driven there from all parts, even from so far away as Texas. Competition was fierce and it required hustling to make a sale at all. Energy was our greatest asset, so we set to work. We made the rounds of the camps every day, delivering cattle to the various pens—then lying awake most of the night devising ways and means whereby we could collect the money due us. It was a strenuous life.

The butchers were a disreputable, unreliable bunch. All the requirements for entering the business were to cut down a tree, saw off a block or two, get a knife, steel and cleaver and announce the house open for trade. Men would fall over themselves to furnish beef. We were bad enough ourselves, as we were anxious to get rid of our stock and get out of the country. If selling was hard, collecting became a science.

One of our customers, a young, robust man to whom I mentioned our account, told me that he had never paid for a beef yet and did not propose to now. While I admired his frankness, I disliked his style. He further informed me that when we grew tired of delivering cattle to him, we could stop, as there were other cattlemen ready to fall into line. We gave him a demonstration of our collecting methods and—well, he paid his bill in full, remarking that we were the only ones who had ever pulled even with him.

Our largest customer was the firm of Simpson & Guthrie. Simpson's reputation had reached me before—black as could be—but Guthrie was a stranger, and paymaster for the firm. They were supposed to pay each Monday morning, since the miners generally came in on Sunday and settled up. So Monday mornings we were strung out like a bread line, or like hungry buzzards over a dead carcass. The paymaster paid what and whom he pleased, but somehow it never pleased him to pay us. Our account was getting large and it occurred to us that we had better be finding a way to get it paid. In order to diagnose the case, it was advisable to know something of Guthrie's hopes, aspirations and habits, so I cultivated his acquaintance and found him not a bad fellow at heart. He told me that he and his partner had an agreement that the first one to take a drink of liquor was to forfeit to the other his interest in the business. One day he called me into his bed room and confided in me. We had not been receiving fair treatment, he said, at his hands. The other cattle men who pretended to be our friends, had been paying him regularly for favors. "We owe them very little now," he burst out. "They have money which I should have paid you. Now, I am sure that Simpson gets liquor. If you will arrange it so that I can have a good drunk, you will be taken care of hereafter."

The information regarding our friends was interesting. We made up our minds that they should swallow some of their own medicine. Guthrie had his drunk in due time, and we received our reward—our money in full. Our foxy friends came out at the end of the season in the hole, where they had expected us to be.

Major Thorp, Leonard's grandfather, arrived in camp, accompanied by "Dirty Tom." The Major's companion did not appeal to us. He soon went away. About October 15 we had sold out and collected our money and were prepared to return home, when the Major was taken ill. Dirty Tom reappeared and asked to be allowed to go back with us. I was nursing the old man one day when Leonard came in and said that Dirty Tom had gone on ahead to wait for us at Missoula.

I had buried our money near camp and had told no one where. Feeling uneasy about it, I rode out to dig it up, and found that the hole had been opened. The larger purse was still there, but the smaller one, containing $900 in selected nuggets, was missing. The Major insisted that I should stay with him and that Leonard should go after Tom. I was a caged lion, roaring and kicking, till the sick man said, "Go, for God's sake, go. You'll kill me if you stay here."

Securing the best horse in the stable, I followed two hours behind Leonard. At the forks of the road, twenty-five miles on the way, I saw from the horse tracks that Leonard had taken the wrong trail. Some time after dark I came to a roadhouse. When I inquired of the proprietor, who was outside, if he had seen a man on a black horse pass, he replied that a man answering the description was inside eating supper. I explained my business and the proprietor advised me to do nothing until morning, promising me that he would guard one door while I looked after the other. The guilty expression on Tom's face when I entered was sufficient evidence. When he expressed surprise at seeing me so soon, I told him some business below had to be attended to before we started, so I had come to arrange it.

Next morning, when our horses were saddled, waiting near the door, I told him what the business was; also that he was to return with me and dig up the money—I knew he did not have it on him. He refused, but when I grabbed my six-shooter and pointed the way back, he obeyed. I drove him on ahead. Leonard overtook us, after we had gone a short distance. At camp Leonard held the gun on him while I fixed the noose in the rope to hang him. He knew we meant business. He took up a pick and went up the hill to a black stump. After sticking the pick in a time or two, he brought forth the can containing the purse. We let him go then. When we weighed the gold it was short over thirty dollars.

Next morning I saw Tom in town surrounded by a bunch of fellows generally conceded to be outlaws. The head of the vigilantes, a blacksmith and a friend of mine, came to ask me concerning the affair, and when I told him of the circumstances, said: "This bunch of outlaws have it in for you boys, but we will see you through." Tom rode by the blacksmith's shop a short time later. The smith stepped out and handed him a slip of paper. It was a warning, as I learned afterwards, for him to leave town within fifteen minutes, signed by the vigilantes.

Superior court was to convene next day at Deer Lodge. Three nights later, as I was up late taking care of the Major, the clatter of hoofs was heard coming from the direction of Deer Lodge. They stopped at our door, and our friend, the blacksmith, stepped in to inform us that a warrant for our arrest was now in the hands of the sheriff. Our friend was foreman of the grand jury then sitting. Dirty Tom had brought three witnesses before them, who had testified that we had held Tom up and threatened to hang him. While the blacksmith felt sure that we would not be convicted, he knew that it would delay us, when we were anxious to get home before cold weather.

"You go into hiding a few days," he said, "until I fix it." We thanked him, I gathered up our money and walked to camp, promising the Major that we would be back Wednesday night. Arousing Leonard and telling him the story, we packed up and moved out towards the mountains. It was snowing, so our tracks were covered. About daylight we found a grassy spot for our horses and camped. Wednesday night, true to our promise, we tied our horses in the brush out of town and crept up to the Major's room. He was feeling better. The blacksmith had been to see him and told him in a few days everything would be all right. We arranged that, if all was well, and he wished Leonard to return and stay with him to help him home, he was to drop us a letter addressed to a little postoffice down the road. We then prepared to leave. At the postoffice mentioned there was a letter from the Major asking Leonard to return. Silently shaking hands, we parted. With my saddle and pack horse I headed for home, glad to leave a country where a man had to fight morning, noon and night to maintain his own against thieves and cutthroats, but loath to leave my friend and partner behind.

At Missoula, after stabling the horses and eating supper, as I was leisurely coming out of the restaurant, confident that my worries were over, a man standing in the alley beckoned to me. It was Charley Conner, whom I had known in the Cariboo five years before. He asked me if I had been having trouble with any one. When I told him he said, "Yes, your description tallies with that of the fellow I saw at the sheriff's office. The sheriff is paying me three dollars a day and my board to watch for you. You had better move on, Jack. I won't report you."

After thanking him, I moved. Charley Conner never forgot a favor. I camped off the road that night and rose early. Towards noon two men came riding towards me along the trail at a breakneck pace. Without slacking, the yelled as they passed, "Turn back. We were just robbed two miles ahead of you!" With the sheriff hot on my trail behind and robbers in front, I had little choice, so rode on. About 4 o'clock came a clatter of hoofs from the rear, which made me apprehend the sheriff, but it was the two men who said they had been robbed. I told them there would be no reason for a highwayman holding me up. I was perfectly safe.

From a ridge off the trail that evening I heard the sound of rushing water. I went down to it for the sake of the grass. While unpacking, the cracking of brush caused me to look around. A footman eyed me closely, asking what I was doing there. When I explained, he said, "I have a cabin near here," and bade me follow. I finished unpacking, throwing it all down as carelessly as if it did not contain all my worldly wealth. I even left my six-shooter on the saddle. After the horses were hobbled, I followed my host to the house. He had a bad face, but it was up to me to play a part. I never touched anything but my blankets, which he told me to bring in and make a bed on the floor. He asked me a great many questions before going to sleep.

Awakened from a deep sleep by the sound of horsemen outside the cabin, I gathered myself to be ready. Four men entered. My host arose, lighted a candle and conducted the visitors into the kitchen, where they talked over the situation in low tones. I peeped at them. They certainly were tough lookers. While they were eating and talking I pretended to sleep. One of the men came and held a candle close to my face; then went out again. "On trial for life with a packed jury" kept running through my brain. They whispered again and once more the man with the candle came in and looked at me. Thumping through my mind went thoughts of home, of my money, of why I had not delivered Dirty Tom over to the proper authorities. When the man went out, I breathed again, relieved but exhausttd.

Next morning we all ate breakfast together. They plied me with questions. When I lifted the pack on the horse I knew from the weight that all my gold was still there. Bidding my host good-bye, I moved on, glad that another day and night had passed. Fifteen miles along I came to a band of thirty men, who had encamped and were awaiting reinforcements before attempting to cross the mountains. They feared robbers; some of them, indeed, had already encountered them. The two men who had passed me the evening before were waiting here. I hated to be dallying along, so started on alone, but had traveled only a few miles when shots were heard ahead and two men who had made the attempt to get through, came back on the run, saying that a band of highwaymen shot at them when they failed to obey the command to stop. I hesitated, but not for long. Three men appeared on the trail ahead, then disappeared, thinking perhaps that there were more men following me. I retreated back to camp.

Next day ten men swelled our numbers, so we went forward on the alert. We were not molested that day. We remained over night at a roadhouse kept by a man named Skinner, whom I had known for some time, having last seen him when passing through in July. I was fully convinced that he worked in conjunction with the road agents. When I told my suspicions to some of the more conservative men of the party, they agreed to watch his actions closely that night. He had a small stack of swamp hay, which he refused to sell, so we confiscated it. Towards midnight we heard out on the road the sound of an owl hooting. It was not a good imitation. Skinner stole out of the cabin—we were watching in the dark—and crawled along the trail in the direction of the hoot. When he came close to the tree where another man and I were hiding, we grabbed him. When questioned regarding his midnight maneuvers, he replied that sleeplessness caused him to take a walk. My "pardner" kicked him back to his cabin and shoved him in, impressing on him the necessity of remaining there for the balance of the night.

When in the morning some of the men went back to investigate the owl's hoot, they found that a party of horsemen must have had quite a wait there, eventually going back over the road they came. The men were going to hang Skinner before leaving, but I was anxious to be going. Time was too precious to waste on the like of him. We warned him that we would scatter the word far and wide what he was doing. Later I learned that he left the roadhouse a few days after our warning. We reached Spokane bridge next day, out of the zone of danger from robbers. As the party with which I had come this far were bound for Walla Walla, we separated.

At my first night's camp I found a new miner on the Columbia, returning with a wagonload of supplies from Walla Walla. The next evening I saw ahead of me something quite rare, a fresh wagon track. My curiosity caused me to follow it, for I knew that here was another restless pioneer seeking a beauty spot for a home. I found him on the beautiful Crab creek meadow, where our cattle had grazed in the spring blizzard, Henry Marlin, an old Oregon pioneer of 1845. I made a late start next morning, so interested was I in the history of the old man, who had been one of the party of "lost emigrants."*

During the day I had noticed tracks of a shod horse crossing and recrossing the trail, and I thought the robbers were still about. I did not camp until after dark and went to bed without fire or supper. In the morning, while gathering wood, I saw a man rise from a bunch of brush in front of me. My wood went down and my gun up. He threw up his hands, shouting, "Don't shoot!" I saw then that it was Henry Neverson, who kept a trading post at the mouth of the Okanogan. He was returning home from Walla Walla with a train of supplies and had remained to visit A. R. Booth, the storekeeper at White Bluffs, sending his Indians and pack horses ahead, and it had been their tracks which I had seen. He and Mr. Booth had celebrated and, unable to go further, Neverson had fallen asleep here. His horse was found not far away with its foot tangled in the bridle.

Home never seemed so good to me as it did after this long, unprofitable trip. The only gain I got out of it was a better knowledge of human nature. Major Thorp's recovery was slow. When he was able to travel the Coeur d'Alene mountains were blocked with snow, so the only way out was by stage to Salt Lake and thence to Umatilla, Oregon. The Major and Leonard rode night and day in all kinds of weather. At Umatilla Leonard ran out of money and did not know how to ask for credit—he had never had to. He started on foot for Yakima for help in getting the Major over.

The settlers had at that time an arrangement whereby one of their number would make a trip every two weeks to Umatilla for the mail. Tuesday was the day to start and it was Charles Splawn's turn. After climbing the hill at the present Prosser, he found the snow a foot deep, making it difficult to follow the trail, and it was very cold. Suddenly his horse pricked up its ears at a dark object ahead. Hurrying on, he saw it was a man on the trail. He got down, turned the body over, and it was Leonard Thorp, his own brother-in-law, almost frozen. Charles revived Leonard, put him on the horse and continued on to Umatilla, where arrangements were made for bringing Leonard and the Major home in a sleigh. It became necessary to amputate all of Leonard's toes, Dr. Nelson of Sim-co-e performing the operation. He had only crude instruments to do it with, and no anaesthetics. Leonard was a soldier of the old type, duty first and self afterward. After we had paid our debts there was no money left, but I had health and an abundance of energy, while Leonard was crippled for life. We remained partners for two years, during which time we retrieved our lost fortunes, after which we dissolved a partnership which had been unmarred by even a harsh word.

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*Bancroft's History of Oregon, Vol. I, pp. 516-517.

During 1867 early snows had fallen in the mountains. On December 11 warm rains, accompanied by a chinook wind, came on. On the twelfth Bayless Thorp and I drove all the cattle from the river bottom to a higher bench on the Mok-see, for fear that the river would rise. We were staying in the house of my brother Charles, a short distance north of the Riverside schoolhouse. We-i-pah, the salmon man of the tribe, with a few other Indian families, had a temporary encampment on the east bank of the river near the lone pine, a short distance above the present Mok-see bridge. This old Indian, with a small boy, had gone to the agency at Simco-e after his annuities, which were distributed once a year in accordance with the treaty.

About midnight of the twelfth the rain began pouring in torrents. The noise of the rushing waters was terrific. They swept everything before them, tearing out trees and cutting new channels. Amid the crash and roar of the wild night an occasional human voice could be heard from the opposite shore and answering voices from the Indian camp near the lone pine. We knew that their camp was under water, but had no canoe in which to go to the rescue. They escaped by climbing into the trees until the water subsided.

When We-i-pah heard the cries from his encampment, he said to the boy with him: "The wail of my old woman, who is blind and almost helpless, comes to me. I must go. If I should not reach her, tell her I heard her calling." He rode into the raging torrent and was seen no more. He was more than a hundred years old. It was a noble deed of a noble man, even though he was a redskin.

Next day Bayless and I started on horseback for the high ground near the present home of H. B. Scudder. The whole Mok-see bottom was one vast sheet of water as far as Union Gap. The families of C. P. Cooke and E. A. Thorp, two new settlers of that year, were on the second floors and roofs of their houses. The only canoe we knew of was tied to a bunch of willows in a slough far over towards the river. We decided to try to reach it. Unsaddling our horses, we took off our coats and boots. Bayless had a long rope and I thought of a pole. Mounting bareback, we headed our horses down through this sheet of water, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming. As we passed the houses of those two families, they cheered us, as they knew we were working for their relief.

The canoe was still there, but with only the rear end out of water. The bow was down with the willows to which it was tied. To get it loose was a problem. Bayless, with his rope, threw a loop over the rear end, then fastened the rope in a collar around his horse's neck. He started up and the pull broke the smaller rope which held the canoe to the willows. We pulled it in to a shallower place and dumped the water out of it. Bayless then went back with the two horses, while I pulled for the shore. At F. M. Thorp's house I found two paddles. With the help of these, I moved up stream and took the families off their submerged houses and landed them at Thorp's.

That night, H. D. Cock, who was running a ferry just above Rocky Ford, a few miles below the present Mabton, was at Thorp's. By starting early, he reached his home before the flood got there and so saved his boat.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TO BRITISH COLUMBIA AGAIN

A Drive in 1868—Indian Difficulties All Along—Many miles on an Empty Stomach.

Borrowing money to buy a hundred head of beef cattle, also enough to pay the duty on them into Canada, Willis Thorp and I set out in June, 1868, for the mines at the north. We traveled by way of Selah, Squaw creek, over the We-nat-sha mountains to Ko-lock-um creek and down this to the Columbia at Rock Island. The water was high and we knew there would be difficulties in crossing the We-nat-sha, Entiat, Chelan and Methow rivers if we went up the left side, so concluded to cross the Columbia here, go up to Moses Coulee and swim back at the mouth of the Okanogan, avoiding in this way not only the streams on the west side, but also the rocky trails, which were hard on the cattle's feet.

We arranged for four canoes, three Indians to a canoe, the place selected for the crossing being about four miles above Rock Island, with a good bank and the current setting to the opposite shore. The cattle were swimming in fine shape and had reached the middle of the river, when I saw a canoe move out from behind and shoot up towards the lead cattle. Though I yelled to them to go back, the Indians continued to push forward till they were in front and deliberately turning the cattle back. The animals, bewildered, began swimming around in a circle and drifting with the current towards the rapids. Willis and I rode on down the bank, powerless to do anything but await results.

Soon that rolling, seething mass of cattle struck the awful whirlpool. Nothing could be seen but heads, horns and tails. I never expected to see any come alive out of that fierce mix-up, but fortune was with us. The cattle continued to drift with the current, we following along the bank on horseback. From behind a rocky bluff sped two canoes with Indians in them armed with poles, who tried to kill some of the cattle by hitting them on the head just back of the horns. A couple of shots from our side soon stopped that part of the performance.

At Black's bar, ten miles below, where we put the cattle in a position, a tall mountain threw a shadow across the river. With the dazzling sun taken from the eyes of the cattle, they swam ashore on the same side from which they had entered the water. Though we found on counting them there was only one missing, the bitter experience we had just undergone had certainly shaken, for a time at least, our confidence in the noble red man. The next morning four of those Indians had the nerve to come to camp to ask for pay for their services of the day before. Such impudence was too much for us. We waded into them with clubs and, if necessary, would have resorted to guns.

Packing our horses, we drove on up the river, followed by a band of Indians, a short distance behind, who were singing and yelling, no doubt in the hope of intimidating us. But we were in no humor to stand for any more of their work and would not have gone much out of our way to avoid a fight.

Though the waters of the We-nat-sha were high, we got the cattle across safely, but still had to figure on getting our horses and packs over. An Indian with a canoe wanted the modest sum of $20 for ferrying our packs. Nothing less would do this red brigand. We loaded our things in the boat and paddled across. Once over, packs, horses and cattle, I gave the old salmon eater $5, and shoved him and his canoe out into the river with the parting suggestion that he get back to the other side and stay there.

The cattle we turned on the flat and they grazed on up the Columbia. After hobbling the horses near camp, we prepared to cook supper. All this time the band of Indians were on the opposite side of the river, yelling and dancing. Their war whoops seemed to drown the noise of the rushing waters. After giving this performance time to strike terror into us, they rode closer. One, riding out by himself, said: "Wake le-le-clip sun, cupit okoke sunmika nanich—okoke polikely mika memaloose." (In a short time the sun will be down. This is the last sun you will see. Tonight you die.") We shot back at the braggart this remark: "Mika-wa-wa. Kock-wa Speel-yi. Pe komox mika tum-tum. Klosh mika killapi. Kah kloochman mitlite. Mika quas-copa sullox." You talk like the coyote and a dog's heart you have. It is well you go back where the women are. You are afraid to fight.)

They disappeared for some reason. We took turns sleeping. Next morning there was not an Indian to be seen. We gathered our cattle on the way up the river. About four miles above where we had camped the trail ran around a rocky point, where only one animal could pass at a time. It was a dangerous place, since a misstep would plunge a steer over a precipice. I had gone that way before successfully, however. We had the additional fear that some of the Indians who had threatened us the night before might be lying in the rocks, waiting for us. Willis offered to ride around first, and returned, reporting no signs of Indians, so we moved ahead.

At the Entiat we were fortunate enough to find a canoe on our side of the river, in which we crossed our saddles and camp outfit. But before we got out of camp in the morning an Indian came along and discovered we had used the canoe. He was very angry and told us we must pay him $10 or expect trouble. We were in no frame of mind to have much patience with these freebooters of the Columbia. I pulled him off his horse and beat him till he had a change of heart. When he stopped demanding his $10, I let up and invited him to breakfast. When I asked him why he had acted so, he told me that a negro named Antoine lived in a cabin a short distance up the Entiat, mining for gold. The negro had told the Indians to make it as unpleasant as possible for any whites traveling through. I had found the ear marks of that negro before in different parts of the Indian country. He could talk the language of almost every tribe of the Northwest and was a constant menace to travelers along the border., It seemed a good time to interview this son of the desert. When he saw me coming, he knew me—we had met previously—and made a run for his hut, but I cut him off from the cabin and gave him a few facts to think about. If it ever came to my ears that travelers were again harrassed in these parts, I told him that some of us would hunt him down and rid the border of such a ruffian. As a matter of fact, after that he never gave any more trouble.

During my call upon Antoine, Willis had packed up and we moved to the mouth of the Okanogan, where we found another canoe. Two miles up, on the spot where stood Ft. Okanogan of the Hudson's Bay company, was Foster's trading post. We went up on foot and found there an eccentric old character known throughout Eastern Washington, Nick McCoy. He had driven up a small band of cattle from the Willamette valley. Nick cooked dinner for us and had fresh meat, of which we ate heartily. As evening drew on, we returned to our camp. On the way Willis was taken very sick, but, after emptying his stomach, grew better and we reached camp. Soon after the earth began to turn upside down with me and I became unconscious. When I lay down, I was on a hill; when I came to, I was at the bottom, with Willis standing over me. He was glad enough to find that I was alive. He had worked over me all night and thought I was as good as dead. I felt as if I were full of pancakes—Willis had poured flour and water down me all night. It was the first time I had heard of that treatment and asked Willis where he got the idea. He said that his father always used it when the cows were poisoned.

I went up to the store for medicine and while there learned that the fresh meat we had eaten was a ground hog Nick had killed two days before. I felt so weak next day that I concluded to stay at the store and sent Nick back to help Willis get the cattle across the Okanogan to a place where they could be herded easier. Towards noon I noticed that the cattle were across, but could see nothing of Willis or Nick. Later I made out that they were wrangling with a bunch of Indians. I got down to the river just as Nick came down the hill as fast as his horse could travel, with an Indian in hot pursuit. I hid in the brush to watch the turn of affairs. Nick jumped into the canoe, with the Indian right after him. I could hear their conversation. Nick wanted to hold the canoe till Willis came up with the pack horses, but the Indian shoved off, and commenced paddling to my side. The minute the canoe landed, I stepped out and took charge of the Indian, holding him until I learned the cause of the difficulty.

The Indians, it seemed, had demanded $20 of Willis preliminary to swimming the cattle, on the ground that the water was theirs as well as the grass, and they did not want the water polluted nor the grass grazed without pay. He had managed, however, to get the cattle into the water; whereupon they told him he would have to pay $20 for the canoe to cross the packs. He had sent Nick on to take possession of the canoe, but the Indians had overheard and the race which I had witnessed ensued. When Willis came up with the horses I had the canoe and the ferry was operated to our satisfaction.

At that season of the year the mosquitoes were so bad further up the Okanogan that we concluded to hold the cattle here while Willis made the trip to the head of Lake Okanogan and arranged a sale for them. He was gone ten days. As he sold the cattle to be delivered on this side the boundary line, we went up to where Oroville now stands, where the stock was turned over to Mr. Simpson, who had purchased it. Willis agreed to help him drive to his home, where Vernon now stands, using my horses and camp outfit, while I returned home.

Starting from the boundary line, with a lunch for my dinner and a pair of blankets tied behind the saddle, I expected to reach Foster's store, seventy-five miles away, by night. Foster was at that time the only white man living between Yakima and the boundary. There had been miners strung out along the Columbia, but they had all moved on. Making a short stop at noon to let the horse graze and to eat my lunch, I fell asleep before eating. When I awoke, the lunch had disappeared, and coyote's tracks indicated where it had gone. What was worse, upon reaching Foster's store, I found the place locked. From an Indian who happened to be passing I learned that Mr. Foster had gone up the Columbia and would not be back for three days. There was plenty of grass for my horse, but that night I feasted on scenery. On one side a beautiful timbered mountain stood out in bold relief; on the other side was the great river of the west rushing on to lose its roaring waters in the ocean. The one thing needful for a complete enjoyment of the lovely scene was a full stomach.

I thought next day I might find a miner's camp of either white men or Chinese where Bridgeport now stands, but they, too, had gone. I realized that it was a case of endurance, as my trail from here went over a plain, where I would meet no one, to Moses Coulee, eighty miles from last night's camp. Disappointment awaited me at the coulee, where I had hoped to find Moses encamped. By this time I was beginning to have some misgivings. Would I find, I wondered, any Indians at the Columbia where I expected to cross? The sun was sinking behind the We-nat-sha mountains when I rode up to the bank. Not a wigwam in sight. My heart went down like the sun. Casting a longing look at the other shore, I thought of my creditors and of the girl I left behind me. Out from behind a projecting rock on the opposite shore was a lone Indian poling his canoe upstream. When I yelled he came over, but he had no food. He had been trying all day to catch salmon and had failed. He carried me and the saddle across, swimming the horse alongside. I camped with him that night. He tried to kill a rabbit with rocks, but was unsuccessful. My horse, having had plenty of grass, was still in good condition; I was far from it.

Off at daybreak, I rode for the Kittitas valley, where I felt sure I would find the village of Chief Shu-shu-skin. It was deserted. I hobbled the horse and proceeded to search for dried salmon or roots cached somewhere about. I did find a sack of dried kous and began to devour it, but it made me sick. Feeling that life was now a gamble in which I held a poor hand, I took out my pocketbook and made a farewell announcement to this effect: "I arrived here from British Columbia June 20, 1868. After two days without food I found in the brush by the creek a cache of kous that the Indians had put there. After eating, I became sick and weak. Not knowing what the results may be, I take this means of letting those who may find me know the facts so that no one may be accused of foul play. Covered over by leaves under the pine tree to the west are my six-shooter and four thousand dollars in Canadian bills. Notify my brother in the Mok-see valley forty miles below.—Jack Splawn."

I lost consciousness soon after and when I awoke it was night. Too weak to hunt for my horse, I lay where I was till daylight, when, feeling better, I hunted and found him near by. Afterwards I learned that only two miles away there were two white men, Fred Ludi and Dutch John, just settled there. I went over the Umptanum hills into the Selah. While passing McAllister's cabin, he called me in. This turbulent, big-fisted and quarrelsome Irishman was the terror of the settlement. He had quarreled with about everyone except me within a radius of fifty miles. I wanted no disagreement with him, so dismounted and went in. He said, "You are hungry; you will eat with me."

I insisted on going down to the Hensons', who lived about a mile below, but he would not listen. Bringing out a pan of clabbered milk, he put in it a handful of old-fashioned brown sugar and stirred it into the milk. Then some bread was laid on the table and, handing me a spoon, he told me to eat my fill. It did not look good and it tasted worse. After taking a few spoonfuls I could feel that its effects would be bad. I laid down the spoon, saying, "Excuse me, but I must eat only a little at a time." This answer aroused his ire and he was soon in a rage, saying: "You are too high-toned to eat what I live on. I have a notion to pour the whole panful down your throat." Knowing the man, I expected him to undertake the job, and feeling that it would be an unequal scrap, I decided that a good honorable retreat was better than a poor fight. When I got to Henson's and told Mrs. Henson my experience, a chicken was killed and my hunger appeased. She was one of those wholesome, honest women to be found among the pioneers. Now, after half a century, her kindness is still fresh in my memory.

I reached home in the Mok-see next day, Willis coming in with the horses ten days later.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON THE KAMLOOPS TRAIL

Beating the Grand Champion—The English Colony—A Narrow Escape.

Those early years with the pack trains were full in incident. The year 1869 was one of excitement and escapes. Brother Billy and I drove a band of horses to Kamloops, B. C., taking along a couple of fast ones as a means of speculation. At Che-loh-an there was a large village of Yakimas, Wi-nah-pums and Sin-ki-uses. When they bantered us for a race, we appeared shy and they called us women. Assuring them that though we knew nothing about horse racing, we were not cowards, we promised them a race next day. The Indian fits his horse for a race by tying it up over night, to gaunt him, since horses do not run as fast or last as long on a full stomach. We pursued the same tactics with ours. In the morning the flat was covered with men, women and children, interested in the race, and ready to make wagers on the outcome. Chief Smo-hal-la, of the Wi-nah-pums, on his race horse painted red and white in stripes, with feathers in mane and tail, rode up to me, saying, "Today we will see who first gets tired of betting, the white man or the red."

"There are only two of us," I replied, "while you are many. Give us a fair deal and we will show you who quits first. We have not much with us, but such as it is, you are welcome to it, if you win. If we win, you must let us go on our way unmolested and not try to steal back, like cowardly dogs, the horses you have wagered."

He spoke earnestly, saying: "I am a great chief. If you win, we will not try to steal them back. This is the word of a chief."

They named the course, down to and around a rocky point a mile below us, so I got our long distance horse ready. The system of betting was for them to tie one of their horses to one of ours, then to fasten together another pair and so on. It continued till all of our horses were tied. Then we suggested that the winner take both race horses, but here they quit. All the money they could gather was put on a blanket. It amounted to $150 and we put in an equal amount. I rode our horse, while Brother Billy stood guard over the stakes. We started off, mid whoops and yells, a small Indian riding our rival's horse. On down the valley we flew over badger and coyote holes, turning the pole together. I knew by this time that I had much the better horse. A quarter of a mile from the outcome, many mounted Indians fell in behind to whip up their horse, but he was gone. I let my horse out and began to run away from my opponent, coming in many yards in advance.

The chief came up, shook my hand and said, "Take the money and the horses, but tell me where you got your horse, so that I may go and buy one for myself."

We packed up and went on, with our winnings of twenty horses and $150. Neither at our camp at Ko-lockum nor at Entiat were we bothered by Indians. They are game sports.

At Osooyos lake, where the British customs house stands, we camped a couple of days. Mr. Haynes, one of the inspectors, had just married an educated English lady, who was now the only white woman in that wild country. Here I first saw a horse jump hurdles. Mrs. Haynes had a number of hurdles set up on the flat near the house and used to spend much time on horseback jumping them. She had the cowboys and vacqueros pushed off the map for riding. We had met Mr. Haynes and Mr. Low on a previous trip and became fast friends. Both of these gentlemen later became wealthy.

Living at Penticton, at the lower end of Lake Okanogan, was a Mr. McFarland, whom I had met in the Yakima. With him at that time was a young Irishman named Tom Ellis, who had come out that year. McFarland later returned to Scotland, but Ellis remained, becoming one of the strong men of British Columbia. He married and had a large family. Somewhere about 1903 he sold out all his cattle and land holdings, netting a big fortune.

It was here that we learned of a great racing meet forty miles further up, along the road we were to travel. When we got to the point where the Indians had been racing, we learned that they had disbanded, going further up the lake. Before long we overtook an Indian leading a gray horse, striped with vermillion all over his body, and with the eagle feathers, emblem of victory, in mane and tail—evidently the grand champion.

Riding up, I asked the Indian why all this paint and feathers. "This is the fastest horse in all the nation," he said; "swifter than the shooting star. He can outstrip the wind."

I told him that we were going to camp at Simpson's near the head of the lake and if he wanted to find out that his horse was no good, we would give him a race.

He said, "I will be there tomorrow. I hope your tongue is not forked and that you are no coward."

When we told Simpson what we were going to do, he warned us that, unless we had a very fast horse, we had better not run, since the gray was the speediest animal in the Shus-shwap tribe. Next morning the Indians were on hand in great numbers. They possessed few horses but had more money than our friends in Kittitas. They wanted a long distance race, so we used the same horse as before. When they had wagered their six horses, all they had, we bet money, the blanket holding $300 from each side. At this juncture there rode up some high-bred Englishmen who had been granted large tracts of land around the head of Lake Okanogan where now stands the town of Vernon. They were gentlemen of leisure, with pedigrees longer than their purses; their only financial resources being the little stipends sent from time to time by the old folks at home. Some of them, it seems, had just received their remittances. They were enthusiastic regarding the running qualities of the Indian's horse, seeing a chance to double their capital.

They insisted on putting up their money with the Indians' wager and when we asked them if they could get along without the cash in the event of the gray's failure to win, they resented it, saying, "That is our business, not yours." When they had put their money on the blanket and we had matched it, there was $300 each, a neat little pile for those days. I asked Simpson, whom I had known before, to keep out of the game. When I suggested that if we skinned the bunch of Englishmen, they might give us trouble, he said, "No, they are too game for that. I do hope that you win, though, just to give them a lesson, even if I have to feed them till they receive another remittance."

A Capt. Horton, a man past middle age, seemed to be the guiding spirit of that band of exiled thoroughbreds. He had seen service in the English army, but was now retired. His ability to squander wealth, I later learned, far exceeded his skill in accumulating it, and the time came when his bank account showed such a prodigious growth on the wrong side of the ledger that his family and friends concluded that the far away mountains of British Columbia with pure air and scenery in abundance would be a splendid change. With bar maids and revelry a long way off, the great expense of his up-keep would be considerably reduced. Capt. Horton and I later became good friends. He was a good old scout.

The course was along the lake shore. As I mounted, Capt. Horton came riding up on a fine looking gray, offering to bet it against two of our smaller horses. We arranged the matter. As we turned the horses and approached the starting point, an Englishman cried "Go." No one had given him any authority, but I did not question it, preferring that the Indians should have every advantage at the start, so that there would be less ground for them to quarrel with the result. It was all I could do to hold our horse in, while the Indian rider was kicking and whipping. Near the outcome, I loosened rein and darted in at least 200 feet in the lead.

The Indian, who owned the race horse, led him to one side, cut off his tail, split his ears and turned him loose to graze. He had disgraced his master. The horse Capt. Horton had wagered, my friend Simpson told me, was the only one he had, about all he owned on earth, and his only comfort outside of expectations. Calling the captain aside, I said: "You don't want to part with that horse. Accept him as a present from me. Some time we may be friends." He thanked me.

The Indians looked sorrowfully at their mutilated favorite. The Englishmen stood dazed. I heard one of them remark to his companion, looking at our horse. "That's a deucedly fast one for the looks of him dontcherknow." The other answered, "E's a rummer to look at, but a beggar to go."

At Kamloops, which we reached next day, we sold all our horses at good prices, including the racers. The latter were taken up the Cariboo trail and for years raced all comers, making a fortune for their owner. With two saddle horses and a pack animal we started for home. I tried to contract with Mr. Simpson to deliver him a band of cattle, but we could not agree on the price. He asked if he could go with us to Yakima and buy his own stock. We were glad to have him, so he gathered up a few pack and riding horses and his young squaw whom he had just purchased at a large price. Capt. Horton went along to help bring the cattle back.

We camped with Tom Ellis at the foot of the lake. He had heard of our cleaning out the English colony. He had known some of the fellows in the old country; said they had been high rollers at home. At Foster's trading post at the mouth of the Okanogan, Simpson, who was well along in years, had had traveling enough. I had noticed he was getting tired. He gave me what money he had and said, "Buy me a band of cows and calves in Yakima. I will remain here until your return and pay you whatever price you ask. Take Capt. Horton along and give him as little money to spend as possible. He will be of little use to you, so do not depend on him for work." I bought a hundred cows and calves and started back. When I sent the captain and an Indian down to French's store with packhorses for supplies, they did not return as they ought. I rode after them and towards dark found the pack horses near the trail, the captain and the Indian lying drunk in the sage brush, down and out. I tied their saddle horses near them and took the pack animals home. When my herders came in next morning, it was difficult to tell which was the worse looking.

A few days later, when nearing the Columbia where the Great Northern now crosses, I sent the captain ahead with the pack horses to select a camping sight, explaining that wood, water and grass were the essentials. We found him down among the rocks calling to us, "Here is our camp." When asked why he had picked out a series of rocky cliffs with neither wood nor grass in sight, he exclaimed, "Look at that beautiful bathing spot in the river." We repacked and a little later came to a fine camping spot, even to the bathing place. About the time supper was ready, there approached a man on foot, presumably a white, since the Indians seldom traveled that way. It proved to be a prospector named Doc. Flynn, who said he was quitting the mountains and intended to settle somewhere and prepare for old age. I advised him to go to the Yakima country and on my return from this trip found him settled in the We-nas where he made his home till his death a few years ago.

At the mouth of the We-nat-sha where we had trouble the previous year with the Indians, I met my old friend Nan-num-kin, whose home was at Entiat, a day's drive up the river. We were glad to see each other once more. It was he and Chief Moses who had saved my life at this same spot five years ago. Nan-num-kin was now about fifty, a great hunter, most of his time being spent in the mountains at the headwaters of the We-nat-sha, Entiat and Chelan rivers. He had fought in the Yakima war of 1855-56, been in the battle of Toppenish when Ka-mi-akin defeated Maj. Haller, and in the later battle of Union Gap. He had been the companion of such warriors as Qual-chan, Ow-hi, Quil-ten-e-nock and Moses. He married the oldest daughter of Ow-hi. I never knew a better or more faithful Indian. He accompanied me up the river as far as We-al-e-gan's, known as Wapato John. From here I sent the captain on ahead to tell Simpson we were near, and hired a boy of Wapato John to help me. When within a few miles of our next camp, Lake Chelan, I rode on in advance to see if we could ford the stream. I was riding a mule that was not very gentle. There was a band of Indians on the opposite side of the river. I forded and was trying to climb the other bank when they swooped down on me from all sides, attacking me with clubs and knives. They were holding the mule by the bridle, but he jumped and kicked, knocking some of them down and preventing others from striking me. Things were getting so hot I was about to jump into the Chelan river to save myself. Just then it flashed over me that the river at that point was swift, and only two miles below it leaped over a precipice three hundred feet high. At this crucial moment there came a yell from the top of the hill. A horseman was seen approaching at full speed. The Indians stood still, but the lone horseman began knocking them right and left with his elkhorn whip until they began to skulk away. Then I saw that my saviour was In-no-mo-se-cha Bill. He called all the Indians back and said "Look well at this man, my friend. If ever he is molested again, I will shoot the man who does it on the spot where I find him."

I shook hands with Bill and told him of the cattle a short way behind. He rode back with me. We crossed the cattle, Bill remaining with us all night. My friendship with this young son of the chief of the Chelans, too, dated back five years to my first trip through the country. We had run horses together and I had made him a present of a fast one that brought him wealth. In later years the white man's fire water did its deadly work. He was killed at Ellensburg. Though his skin was red, his heart was true blue.

Simpson was so well pleased with the cattle that he gave me a hundred dollars more than I charged him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FISHING TRIP

In the summer of 1869 I hired an old Indian named Mowit to guide me to a trout fishing lake, I-i-yas, of which he had told me. The lake is situated at the head of the Cle Elum river.

We struck out early one morning with a pack horse loaded with the necessaries for our trip. We were on horseback and followed the old Indian trail by Swuck and Te-an-a-way creeks. Reaching Cle Elum lake, we traveled on the east side of this beautiful body of water and camped on the stream known as Salmon-le-Sac.

It was my first trip into this part of the country. After making supper off some fine trout we caught here, my companion brought forth his pipe, filled it and proceeded to smoke. In silence he drew in the whiffs of smoke, letting it escape through his nose. As I lay on my blankets studying his features, I thought he looked the picture of contentment.

Laying aside his pipe at last, he fell into deep meditation. It was growing dark. The hoot of an owl came from the hillside to the west. My companion at once was on the alert. Another hoot; and he arose to his feet.

"Do you hear it?" he asked.

I said I did; that it was an amulth (owl).

He said it was no amulth, but the voice of a Stick Indian, a wild tribe of dwarfs supposed to inhabit the snowy mountains in this region.

Mowit said he knew their chief well. His name was Tal-le-lasket and he thought he could fix it so that we would not be molested by the Sticks.

Rising, he shouted, "Tal-le-lasket, nica Mowit chaco lolo schwe-yap-po, kopa okoke illahee. Wake mika mamock cultus kopa nesika" (I, Mowit, come bringing a white man into this country. Don't do us any harm."

Two hoots from the owl on the hill answered him and the old Indian gave a satisfied grunt and sat down.

Of course I immediately asked him about Tal-le-lasket and the Stick Indians, and he told me the story found elsewhere in this book. Realizing that I had at hand a fountain head of information, I passed Mowit a plug of tobacco and some matches and asked him to talk of the old legends. With its snowy peaks, lakes and many streams, it must have been a paradise for hunters, I said, and I wondered what things had happened here in the long ago. He sat silent for a long time, with his face turned to the west and his eyes peering into the darkness. Turning, finally, he said to me, "I will tell you my story.

"Long ago when I was young I roamed these hills and was considered the greatest hunter in the tribe. I loved the chase and often, when in pursuit of game, was led far up among the snowy crags where frequently I met the Stick Indians who inhabited that region. Their chief, Tal-le-lasket, and I became good friends. In fact, I was the only stranger they welcomed into their tribe.

"I always jerked or dried the meat of the animals I killed and stored it in some of the many caves in which the country abounded. When the Stick Indians were unsuccessful in their hunts, I supplied them from my stores, so I had many friends among them.

"Seldom did I visit my tribe in the Kittitas valley. Young maidens of the tribe tried to make love to me, but to no avail. I loved the wild life of the hunter and I had no use for a woman.

"One day, while high up in the mountains, I killed a large, fat deer and was lugging it towards the Why-ne-mick creek, just over the hill west of here, to a large cave where I already had much meat in store. Nearing the creek, I espied a lone tepee. Approaching the solitary lodge, I flung down the deer and went inside. Seated on wild goat robes that covered the floor were an old man and an old woman and a young girl dressed in beaded buckskin and moccasins, her long locks hanging down her back. As she arose to welcome me, my eyes were blurred and my knees were weak.

"Her voice was like the yellow breast that sings from the trees in the early morn. Her piercing eyes seemed to read my inmost heart.

"The old man spoke, saying, 'What is your name and what your tribe?'

"'Mowit,' I answered; 'I belong to the Pish-wan-wap-pams and am known as the lone hunter of the Why-ne-mick.'

"He rose and took me by the hand, saying, 'I have heard of you as a great hunter with a big heart and we moved our lodge here that we might find you. I am Tal-le-kish, known as the old man of the mountains. Many summers my old woman and I have pitched our lone tepee among the big mountains around Kachess lake. We have grown old and cannot much longer pursue the mountain sheep. We want you in our lodge, that we may be free from the fear of starvation. Wa-ke-ta is good to look upon and the sunshine of our lives, our hope in old age. Take her for your own and become master of this lodge. While it is contrary to Indian custom to give away a daughter, the deer you have brought will pay the price. Tal-le-kish, the son of Swo-mow-wah, has spoken.'

"The old man then lay down and he and the old squaw were soon sound asleep. Wa-ke-ta came over and sat by my side, saying, 'Stay with us. My father has talked of you so much since he learned of your prowess as a hunter. The old Speelyi who rules these mountains told me in my dreams that he would send me for a husband a great hunter who was brave of heart and strong of limb. When you stepped inside the lodge I felt that Speelyi had sent you here. I love you, for you seem all one could wish.'

"As I looked on her beautiful face and listened to her kind words, I thought of old Speelyi who talks to the Great Spirit and how good he had been to guide my footsteps to this lone lodge, when I had really intended to cross the creek below.

"Taking her in my arms, I said, 'Mowit will always love Wa-ke-ta. This lodge will be my home, here in these mountains with the many lakes where game, fish and berries are in abundance we will live. The old folks will slumber in the wigwam while I pursue the deer and the mountain sheep. The old Speelyi will protect us from the dreaded Twe-tas (grizzly bear) and we will be happy. While my past life seemed satisfactory, now I find I did not know what pleasure was. My past will now be forgotten and go with the wailing wind.'

"My breath came warm, my heart leaped with joy at this great happiness, so sudden and so vast.

"The old people lived but a short time. We buried them in the shell rock on the mountain side. Alone with Wa-ke-ta thirty summers came and went. We were happy. My people often visited us and begged me to return to their village. I told them it was Wa-ke-ta's wish to remain here and we would stay.

"At last, returning from the hunt one day, I found Wa-ke-ta sick. For two weeks I kept a silent vigil in our lodge. We talked of our love and happiness. She told me her end would come soon and that I should go back to my people and live the straight life. In a few more years we would meet again in the happy hunting grounds beyond the skies.

"When she had passed out on the long trail, I wrapped her in her best robes. Alone I carried her to the hill and laid her besides her parents. They sleep there now in the mountains they loved so well."

"Soon some of my people came by and I returned to Kittitas valley with them. I am only drifting like a canoe on the water without a guiding hand, waiting for the call of the Great Spirit. Mowit, the son of Skin-mit has spoken."

Rolling himself in his blankets the old Indian lay down to sleep, in his dreams once more to talk to the Speelyi, chase the mountain sheep and relive the days in the lone lodge with Wa-ke-ta.

Early next morning we moved up the trail which followed the banks of the Cle Elum river. The scenery was grand with great rugged snow-capped peaks off to the west as far as the eye could reach and mountain streams flowing in from either side.

We reached I-i-yas lake about noon and it was a sure enough fish lake. The water seemed to be alive with them.

Making our camp in a beautiful mountain meadow, we proceeded to catch the mountain trout. No sooner would our hooks touch the water than hundreds would rush to grab the bait. We remained here for three days and for once, I had fish enough. It was a spot little known to white men at that time; only a few, indeed, had ever passed that way. I saw here an abundance of quartz croppings, but knew nothing of mineral ore at that time.

Many quartz claims have since been located in this district and much money spent in development work. One of the best known of these mines belongs to John Lynch, located over thirty-five years ago. It has been Mr. Lynch's home ever since and he has been at work all these years tunnelling into the great hill which overlooks the lake. Like every old prospector, his courage has never flagged and he goes on believing that only a few feet more separate him from a fortune.

I visited I-i-yas lake again in 1897 and found that twenty-eight years had wrought some changes. A wagon road had taken the place of the old Indian trail. Instead of my solitary camp, there were many cabins and a hotel. Miners were tunnelling into the great mountains and blasts were heard on every side. When I went fishing, I could not catch enough to eat.

Again about the campfire, on that early trip, Mowit, my companion, became communicative. He told me the trail we had followed had been the main thoroughfare of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams to the huckleberry mountains. Over this trail all the great chiefs of the past had traveled,—We-ow-wicht, Te-i-as, Ow-hi, Ka-mi-akin, Qual-chan, as well as Quil-ten-e-nock and his brother, Sulk-talth-scosum. During the hunting and berry season, he said, this spot became a great camp for sporting and feasting. Our campfire was built on the site of an ancient village and we lay down to sleep on historic ground.

There was a solitary shaft of rock standing well up on the mountain about which I asked Mowit, knowing that the Indians nearly always have a legend attached to such a conspicuous feature of the landscape. This was no exception. Mowit told me the story as he had heard it repeated since childhood.

"Away back in the long ago when Speelyi was God and when there were more people than now, Speelyi had a prodigal son who became a menace to the surrounding tribes. He was a giant with such strength and power that none dared encounter him. Many arrows had been shot at him, but every one failed to penetrate his body.

"He passed from village to village, picking out the most beautiful maidens and carrying them off to the mountains where he kept them till tired of their charms, then turned them loose to make their way back to their people as best they could.

"Under these distressing conditions a council was called to meet on this very spot where we are now camped. People from all the surrounding tribes were present and many suggestions were made of how to get rid of the monster. Finally the old medicine man, Wah-tum-nah, arose and said, 'For eighty summers I have gone to the old Speelyi for advice when I needed it and I will go to him now. In three days look for my return.'

"The council gladly accepted the old man's offer, for Wah-tum-nah had never failed them. Going up into the snowy peaks, Wah-tum-nah lay down to sleep and in his dreams the Speelyi came and spoke thus: 'I know your mission. Go back to your people and tell them, on the third day from now, to keep their eyes on the hill to the west of their camp, for I intend to make an example of my son, that he may be a warning to any who undertake to follow his course hereafter.'

"Promptly on the third day the giant son of Speelyi was seen to walk out in plain view on the mountain side and, while his tall form stood erect, he was turned to stone. The tall shaft of rock still stands as a warning to evil-doers."

A few miles down the trail, on our return journey, my companion pointing to the west, said, "Over there is Wap-tus lake. In the long ago it was the home of a huge water serpent which had swallowed so many people who were traveling along the shores of the lake that finally no one dared travel that way any more. This serpent had been seen many times, raising its head far above the waters and, with a hissing noise, spouting fire from its mouth while its tail lashed the waters into a fury. One day the Twe-tas came down to the lake for a drink and was attacked by the serpent. A fierce fight ensued which shook the mountains around the lake. Sunset saw both the serpent and the grizzly bear lying exhausted, mangled. The old Speelyi, appearing on the battle ground, observed the condition these two disturbers were in and decided to get rid of them both and put an end to the trouble they had been causing the people. He cut them up into small bits and scattered them in all directions. To the serpent, he said, 'All your kind from now on will be small and shall crawl on their bellies. They can be easily overtaken and will be pursued and destroyed by all mankind.' To the Twe-tas, he said: 'You will be the last of your race in this locality. Others of your kind will be much smaller. Their skins will be of value and they shall be hunted and slain by all nations.' From that time on the people lived in peace." Mowit, my interesting companion, died a few years after this fishing trip of ours.

AN INDIAN MOTHER

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FIRST SETTLERS

Settlers in Yakima 1863—First Settlement on Nah-cheez River and in Nah-cheez Valley Made by J. B. Nelson, 1867—Parker Bottom by William Parker, 1864 — Ahtanum by A. Gervais, 1864 — Wenas by Augustan Cleman, 1867—Selah by Alfred Henson, 1865—Kwi-wy-chas (Cowiche) by John W. Goodwin, 1867 — First White Girl Born, 1864 — First Sheep Came, 1867—First General Store, 1867—Re-establishment of the Catholic Mission on the Ahtanum, 1867—First Catechism in Yakima Language, 1867—First Actual Settler in Kittitas Valley, 1867—First White Woman Settler in Kittitas Valley, 1868—First White Child Born in Kittitas Valley, 1869—Yakima City, 1869—First Wedding in Kittitas Valley, 1870—First Irrigation Ditch, by Indians—First Irrigation Ditch, by Whites, 1871.

The settlers who come to the Yakima valley in the year 1863 were three French squaw men. Broshea located on the river bottom, where is now the extension of East Yakima Avenue, in the city of North Yakima. Doshea went onto the river bottom ,just below Broshea and half a mile above the present Mok-see bridge, on the west side of the river. Both of these men were old Hudson's Bay trappers, who had always led a nomadic life, and were at home only with the Indians. The third was Colbert F. Nason, another one of those shiftless and reckless characters often found on the borderland. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1820, served in the Mexican war under General Price, went to California in 1852, then to The Dalles, Oregon in 1855, serving there as a blacksmith for the army. It was there that he met Lieut. U. S. Grant, Capt. Dent, a brother-in-law of the lieutenant, and Lieut. P. H. Sheridan. He was also in The Dalles when Maj. Haller met defeat at the hands of the Yakimas. From there he went to Lapwai in the Nez Perce country, finally coming to Yakima, and settling in the upper part of the Mok-see. His house stood about 500 feet northwest of the present Riverside school house. His squaw was a sister of Mow-mo-nashet (known as Charley Nason), the Wenatchee-Yakima Indian who, with two companions, had killed two white men on the north side of Umptanum about two miles below where old Durr wagon road crossed that stream. In 1871 Bayless Thorp saw their bones. One showed a bullet hole in the skull. After comparing different histories of the war of 1855-6, I believe that those victims of treachery were Eaton and Mattice, who were on their way from

Puget Sound to Colville. This Indian was fortunate in escaping the punishment meted out to others of his kind by Major Garnett on his campaign of vengeance from Fort Simcoe to Fort Okanogan in 1858, when he executed ten Indian murderers.

After a two-year's residence in the Mok-see, Nason sold out to an Irishman named McAllister. In 1869, I found him again, located in the lower end of Kittitas valley on the west side of the Yakima river. He sold his claim in the same year to Mathias Becker, who, with his excellent wife and family had crossed the Cascades from Puget Sound to find a home. This same place is now owned by J. B. Fogarty.

In November of 1863 William Parker and Fred White, with their pack train of horses, came from Cariboo mines, B. C., where they had been carrying freight, and wintered high up on Satus creek near the timber line. There they built two big cabins, one for themselves and one for the pack outfit. It was a fine wintering ground, for the snow seldom lay long on the ground.

In June, 1864, while traveling from Umatilla to Mok-see I found the family of J. B. Nelson located on the south side of the Yakima river not far above the mouth. Nelson and his son Jasper were following horse thieves who had taken nearly all their horses. He traced the horses into Montana and brought them back. The winter of that same year he moved to the north side of the Yakima river near what was later known as the Jock Morgan ranch, just opposite the town of Mabton. The following spring, 1865, we find him on the Nah-cheez river, a few miles above the present city of North Yakima, on what was later known as the Dan Lesh orchard.

The high water of 1867 washed away a good portion of his ranch, and he awoke one morning to find one corner of his house hanging over the river bank. He again moved, this time to the old Nelson homestead in the Nah-cheez.

Nelson was the first settler on the Nah-cheez river. A typical pioneer, big-hearted and brave, it has truly been said of him that no man ever passed his door hungry; the latch string always hung out. His good wife did a noble part and will be remembered so long as the pioneers and their descendants live to repeat the early stories.

In 1864, William Parker and John Allen drove in a band of cattle and settled in Parker Bottom on what was later known as the Snipes ranch. They were the first to build there. The locality was named after Mr. Parker, who was a noble, generous man, very remarkable in appearance, with dark eyes and long black hair hanging down to his shoulders, handsome, not only outwardly, but to the core. If I were called upon to select the best man I ever knew it would be Bill Parker.

Gilbert Pell came in this year and built on the north side of Yakima river in the bend just below the mouth of Satus creek.

Afterward he settled on the Nah-cheez river just above the old Dan Lesh orchard in Fruitvale.

John Cartwright located on the Yakima opposite Pell's first place, but found that he was on the reservation and moved down the river to a place about six miles above its mouth.

In the spring of 1864 Andrew Gervais, who had been temporarily staying with Thorp, located on the Ahtanum at the big spring about one mile above its mouth. He was the first settler in that valley.

During the fall, Nathan Olney also settled on the Ahtanum, about eight miles above Gervais. He was the second settler. He had crossed the plains to Oregon with the emigration of 1843, which furnished many of the ablest men who reached the Oregon country. As a boy he had done his part, and in 1847 had taken part in the Cayuse war to avenge the Whitman massacre. He was Indian subagent at The Dalles when the Indian war of 1855 broke out and received the first news of the murder of Indian Agent Bolan by the Yakimas. He was with Major Haller on his expedition against the Sho-sho-nes or Snake Indians for the purpose of capturing and executing the murderers of the Ward company near the Owyhee; he was in the two days' battle of Walla Walla where the great Pe-peu-mox-mox (Yellow Serpent) was captured and killed. In the summer of 1864, he, with Captain Darrah, some volunteer soldiers and Warm Spring Indians were guarding the trail from The Dalles to Canyon City in the John Day country to prevent depredations by old chief Pa-ni-na the terror of that portion of the country. I remember well when at the head of the Warm Spring scouts he rode out of The Dalles to take the Canyon City trail. He wore a plume in his hat, and sat his noble dun-colored horse like a picture I had seen of Napolean's greatest cavalry leader, Marshal Murat.

Late in the fall of 1864 there arrived in the Yakima L. F. Mosier, Mr. Warbass and Captain James Barnes. The last named had been captain of a band of scouts in southern Oregon during the Indian war of 1855-6, and was an old friend of my brother Charles, they having served together during that war. These men had brought in a drove of cattle from southern Oregon by way of Klamath Lake and Warm Springs to The Dalles, had swum them arcoss the Columbia at the mouth of the Klickitat and taken them over the military road to Selah valley, where they turned them loose for the winter. Their band was very much diminished by theft and by straying away enroute, but none were lost during the winter. These were the first cattle grazed on the Selah and Wenas ranges by white men.

William L. Splawn and wife came in this year, and their eldest daughter, Nettie, born in 1864, was the first white girl born in the Yakima valley.

In 1865, Jack Carr, a resident of Klickitat valley for several years, located in Parker Bottom and worked for William Parker for many years. He had been a soldier in the Indian war of 1855-6, and was with Col. Wright in his campaign through the Yakima country in 1856. He was at Fort Nah-cheez, where Wright established his base of supplies, then marched into the Wenatchee country where about four hundred Indians, men, women and children surrendered and were removed to what is now Fort Simcoe. Major Garnett was left in command to keep the prisoners together and to protect them, as well as the country from hostile Indians. Carr helped erect the buildings at the fort and was there when the war was renewed in 1858; he was also in the campaign with Garnett from Simcoe to the mouth of Okanogan when they hung the Indians and conquered the tribes enroute, thus ending the war.

This year Alfred Henson with his family moved from Mok-see and settled in the lower end of Selah valley. He was the first settler there, a most excellent person, and so was his wife. Some of the family are still living in this country, Philena, now Mrs. L. L. Thorp, Sarah, now the wife of Clifford Cleman, and Nora, the wife of Charles Seward. The writer has many reasons to remember Mrs. Henson for her many acts of kindness.

In the spring of 1867, Mr. Wommack, with his wife and several children, settled in the bottom where Yakima City now stands. He was of a free and easy nature, neither good nor bad. After three years he moved to Tygh Ridge, south of The Dalles, Oregon, and there remained. The place was afterwards known as the Wommack settlement.

In October, 1865, a Mr. Moore, who had been associated with William Connell in the cattle business—Connell's home was in Rockland opposite The Dalles—built a cabin in the upper end of Parker Bottom. The place is now owned by W. P. Sawyer and the cabin still stands there as a reminder of early days. It is the oldest house standing in Yakima county. Moore was an educated man of high tastes; the frontier was not suited to his kind. Closing up his business here he returned to New Hampshire and became a minister of the gospel.

One day in the latter part of September, 1865, while at the home of my brother Charles, which was only a few hundred feet in a northwesterly direction from the Riverside school house in Mok-see, I saw a great dust on the trail leading through the Mok-see Gap from Parker Bottom. As it drew nearer the wind, blowing the dust away, revealed a train of covered wagons, the like of which we had never seen before in Yakima. Soon the train of emigrants—for such it proved to be—were passing the house. They inquired where they could ford the river, saying they were on their way to Puget Sound. The next day the Thorp boys and myself followed them up and found them encamped on Kwi-wy-chas creek near its mouth by the Painted Rocks. They were undecided whether to attempt to cross the Cascade mountains or to remain and settle in this valley. Finally they decided to remain.

The emigration was led by Dr. L. H. Goodwin, a man of excellent qualities and a valuable addition to our settlement. The remainder of the party were George W. Goodwin, son of the doctor, who proved to be a man of sterling qualities as he grew up, and who did his part towards the building up of the country (he died twenty years ago), Thaddeus, another son, and Christopher Columbus the youngest, who at this time is living in Wenas; an adopted daughter who married Alva Churchill, and is now a widow living in North Yakima; Thomas Goodwin, a nephew of L. H. Goodwin, I believe, and his brother Bent, a mute but a very intelligent man. Both are living yet somewhere in the Yakima valley. Then there was Walter Lindsey and his family, John and Ed, and Sarah, the youngest, who afterwards married Willis Thorp. She had the sweetest disposition of any woman I ever knew. Another daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, a widow, was very handsome, and many a bachelor cast longing eyes toward her. She married Andy McDaniel and several children were born to them. There was John Rozelle and family of two sons, Mart and William, and William Harrington, a son-in-law. The Rozelles and Harrington moved on up the Kittitas valley and settled that same year. During the winter they ran out of provisions and were in a destitute condition. The report was brought to Thorp by the Indian chief Shu-shu-skin.

Thorp immediately dispatched Andy Gervais with horses and an Indian to bring them back to Yakima, which he did, encountering deep snow on the trail. Rozelle then settled on the bottom just below the mouth of Nah-cheez. The Cascade lumber mill and many fine residences of North Yakima are now built on his original claim.

L. H. Goodwin settled on the river bottom just above Yakima City. Walter Lindsey took a place half a mile above him, which is now owned by Thomas Chambers. Thomas Goodwin settled on the river bottom about a mile above the present Mok-see bridge. Among the many owners of land on that old homestead recently was L. V. McWhorter. All of these settlers were on the west side of the Yakima river. John Lindsey settled on the Ahtanum, as did also William Harrington.

This year a wandering soldier named Brown settled in Parker Bottom, and built a small cabin on a tract adjoining William Parker above. It was afterward known as the Dave Murray ranch. When Brown had nothing to eat he would work where there was a chance, but would cease his labors when he had earned enough to live on for a month. One day I needed a man to cut logs for a corral, and asked Parker if he thought I could get Brown to cut them. He replied, "It's doubtful. I passed his cabin and saw half a beef steer hanging by his door." However, I rode up to his cabin. Sure enough, the beef was there, but I concluded to dismount and go in. Brown was lying on his bed, and when I told him what I had come for he replied, "Jack, did you notice that beef hanging by the door? Look over in the corner. There are two sacks of flour. Did you ever hear of a soldier working in the midst of plenty?" I passed him up without further argument.

I think Ben E. Snipes came to The Dalles from southern Oregon in 1858. He had followed the mining camps there for several years previous. I first met him in The Dalles in September, 1860. He was then a young man of extra hustling qualities, which marked him as a coming man. In October of that year he drove a band of cattle from Klickitat, belonging to himself, John Golden and William Parrot, whose daughter he afterward married, to the Yakima valley to winter. These were among the first herds of cattle grazed in the Yakima valley by white men.

1865, Elisha McDaniel and A. J., better known as Andy McDaniel drove nine hundred head of horses and cattle from Butter creek, Oregon. They first located on the Yakima river about three miles below the west end of Snipes mountain, the place now owned by Oliver P. Ferrell. After ten years, Elisba sold out his interest in the cattle business to Ben E. Snipes, having accumulated a fortune. Though he was a hardy, industrious pioneer, accustomed to thrift and economy, the fortune vanished and he died a poor man on Kwi-wy-chas creek some years afterward. His companion, a good natured man with no bad habits, married Elizabeth Lindsey Grant, a grand woman. He died on the Nile in the Upper Nah-cheez.

Oscar Van Syckle came this year and made his home with J. B. Nelson, whose daughter, Mrs. Mauldin, he afterwards married. Mr. Van Syckle died recently.

The first settler on the Wenas' arrived in the person of Augustan Cleman, who selected the farm now owned by David Longmire. He brought a few cattle and a band of sheep, the first to graze in the Yakima valley. From this little band of stock Cleman accumulated enough so that we were all borrowing from him. He might be said to have been our first banker. Being somewhat of a cripple, Cleman seldom left his house. He was a very agreeable and interesting man, the best posted on affairs in the community. No one passed his door without tarrying awhile, and in that short time their host would absorb all they knew. His children live in this country, highly respected citizens.

Sometime later in this year Joseph Brown also settled in the Wenas valley, where the old Kittitas trail crossed that stream. After two years he sold to a Mr. Bell. His brother, James Brown, also came and located a few miles above him on the place later known as the George S. Taylor farm.

The year 1866 brought James W. Allen and family, with their married daughter, Mary A. Benton. They selected a home nearly two miles below the present Ahtanum Academy. The daughter's husband, H. M. Benton, took an adjoining farm in 1870.

Other comers to the same valley were Joseph Bowzer, whose wife was from the Klickitat tribe of Indians, and Joe Robbins, who also had an Indian wife. They were old neighbors from the Cascade Falls on the Columbia river. Robbins took the farm adjoining that of Bowzer, now a part of what was once known as the Embrie ranch. He sold this and located on the North Fork of the Kwi-wy-chas. He afterwards removed to the Simcoe reservation where the mother and children all took allotments and they became wealthy.

A very eccentric character, in the person of David Heaton, came to the valley that year and settled a short distance above James W. Allen. His very peculiar way of expressing mirth was the talk of all the settlements. So much noise did he make in doing it that he could be heard for a considerable distance.

Though William L. Splawn had arrived two years before, he did not locate permanently until this year, in Parker Bottom.

The year 1866 added one of the most substantial of all the pioneers, a man whose word was as good as gold, whose character was in every way beyond reproach, and who held many offices of trust until his death. This was George S. Taylor, who brought his family and went into the upper part of Selah valley. He was the third in that portion and the first to locate land on the east side of the Yakima river in Selah. Like all of the other earliest settlers, his business was raising and dealing in livestock.

The next to arrive this year was E. Bird, who turned his band of cattle loose on the south side of the Yakima river below the mouth of the Satus and located his cabin on the north side of the river. After a few years he moved down and located a ranch on the north bank of the Yakima a few miles above its mouth, remaining in business there for some years.

Mr. Moore was succeeded in the cattle business this year by William Hickenbottom as part owner with Thomas Connell. They occupied the Moore cabin on the present W. P. Sawyer ranch. This same year there came to the Kittitas valley one of those nomads sometimes found on the outskirts of civilization. William Wilson was not a bad man, just an aimless wanderer whose nature craved the habits and life of an Indian. He was a Missourian by birth; his parents had crossed the plains to Oregon in 1850. He came to this section in company with Chief Shu-shu-skin, and for a time made his home with the chief. He then built the body of the first cabin in this famous valley on the spot when Ellensburg now stands. (The writer located the place in 1870.) He soon left and settled among the Nez Perces near Kamiah on the Clearwater, Idaho. There he married an Indian woman who took an allotment on the reserve. He was still living three years ago, a very old man.

The first settler of 1867 was Egbert French, who came from the mouth of the Klickitat on the Columbia, and took the place in Parker Bottom now owned by Dan McDonald. He started the first general store in the Yakima valley. His wife was of the Klickitat tribe, shrewd as a Jew, and her husband's superior from a business standpoint, withal a good woman.

William L. Splawn sold his ranch in this year to James S. Foster. Foster's family consisted of three sons, Samuel, James and John, and two daughters, Margaret (Mrs. Merwin), and Anna, who married a Mr. Holland. This ranch for years was known as the Eugene Flint place and then as a part of the P. J. Flint ranch.

The settlers were fortunate this year in having added to their number two of God's chosen ones, Purdy J. Flint and his wife Lucy Burch Flint, whose religious influence and ever ready charity gave them a unique place in the development of the Yakima valley. They are pointed to with pride by their fellow men, the same yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Mr. Irby was also a settler this year. He had several sons and one daughter, Kate, who was at that time the belle of the Yakima valley. She married John Goodwin and they are still living in Parker Bottom. The Irby ranch was later known as the Dave Murry farm.

This year Sam. Chappell and family located on the north side of the Yakima river above Mabton. They later moved to the small bottom just above Zillah. The place is now owned by E. O. Keck. Chappell came later to North Yakima and went into the grocery business.

A valuable addition came this year in the person of C. P. Cooke, who settled in Mok-see with his family. He was an educated man; his wife, likewise, was a brainy woman. He filled many offices of trust with honor and fidelity. He was one of those men whom it is an honor to know, a credit to any country or time. He moved to Kittitas valley in 1870, where his children grew up, all honored and respected.

Mr. Lyen and family are chronicled this year as having settled in Mok-see, but after a short time moved onto the west side of the Yakima river above the present Mok-see bridge, and again moved in 1871 to Kittitas, where some of his children still live.

There came this year from Olympia across the Nah-cheez pass H. D. Cock and family, and with them their band of cattle. They settled just above Rocky Ford on the west side of the Yakima a short distance below Mabton. There they established a ferry and general stopping place for travelers. The writer had met Mr. Cock in the fall of 1861 on Bonaparte creek near the present Ashcroft, B. C., where we were companions in distress. We both passed that long hard winter near each other, watching our separate bands of cattle and living on beef straight for two months. He was a remarkable man. He sold his cattle business to David Murry and moved to Walla Walla but soon returned and took the homestead on the present Summit View road where the Sanitarium, Huxtable, Gilbert and other homes now stand. We thought him a "little off" when he chose this piece of high desert land but time has proven his wisdom.

Father Napoleon St. Onge, a Jesuit, this year re-established the mission St. Joseph. This mission, the Oregon and Washington volunteers under command of Col. J. W. Nesmith had burned in the late fall of 1855. They firmly believed that the priests in charge had aided the hostile Yakimas in securing ammunition, etc., during their war on the whites. This intelligent and zealous worker published the first catechism of Catholic prayer and doctrine in the Yakima language.

In 1871, President Grant acceded to the earnest entreaties of the Rev. James H. Wilbur, who was Indian agent at Fort Simcoe, and transferred the spiritual welfare of the Indians of the Yakima reservation to the Methodist church. After this the Jesuit priests took charge of the missionary work among these Indians.

This same year came Mrs. Mary J. Hart, who afterwards married the first settler on the Ahtanum, Andrew Gervais.

One of the most substantial citizens to come this year was Hugh Wiley, who settled on the spot where Wiley City now stands as a monument to this worthy pioneer. His large family grew to make some of Yakima's best citizens. Near to Hugh Wiley, Copeland settled, but sold to Alonzo Durgon in 1870.

Kwi-wy-chas' first settler came in 1867 in the person of John W. Goodwin. He sold in 1870 to J. W. Stevenson who still lives on the old homestead. Goodwin later located in Parker Bottom and married Kate, the famous beauty whose fortress had been bombarded by many an earnest swain.

We have in the Wenas valley this year Alfred Miller who married a daughter of A. Cleman. His homestead is at present known as the Miller homestead. He was an eccentric man, but honest.

Mr. Bell bought the holdings of Joseph Brown in this valley but later sold to A. Cleman. At present the land is owned by John Cleman, a worthy son of a worthy sire.

Of the settlers of 1868, a number went to the Ahtanum. Among them was William Henderson, who sold to Elisha Tanner in the following year. Tanner moved his family here in 1870. He was an excellent citizen. His daughter, Alice Tanner Vivian, still lives in Yakima. Edward Henderson settled near his brother William. He married a daughter of Mr. Bland who came in the following year.

W. L. Stabler came this year with a band of cattle, put up hay to feed them through the winter, then went to his home near

Vancouver, Wash. He came back the following year and filed on the land which was his home until his death.

A short distance below the Catholic mission St. Joseph, Daniel Lynch settled in this year.

In 1869, Sumner Barker, who had been post trader at Fort Simcoe in 1868 came to where Yakima City now stands and opened a general store. It was located near where the Grist mill used to stand at Yakima City. He was accompanied by his clerk, Charles Harper, who later settled on the Ahtanum where he still lives.

A year later O. D. Barker, a brother, joined Sumner Barker and the firm name became Barker Brothers until the death of both men. A few years before Sumner Barker died, he married Mrs. Laura D. Yunkin, a woman with keen business sagacity. She continued the business successfully after his death until she married D. B. May, a smooth tongued adventurer, whose methods soon left a bad impression on the business. She left him, but too late to save anything from the wreck—a sad ending for such an excellent woman.

During the month of June, 1868, Tillman Houser located a farm in Kittitas valley a few miles northeast of Ellensburg, then went back to Puget Sound and brought his family in the fall.

During August, of this year, Charles Splawn took his wife and moved on the Taenum creek in Kittitas county. Mrs. Splawn was the first white woman to settle there, and their daughter, Viola, was the first white child born—March, 1869. She died in 1897.

William Flynn, an Irishman, settled in the Wenas near the present home of John Cleman. The writer had met him the previous year just below Wenatchee, while enroute with cattle to British Columbia. Flynn was in a sorry plight, on foot, without provision, his blankets on his back, trying to make his way from the mines in B. C. to Puget Sound. After remaining in camp with us that night he concluded to take up land in the Yakima. We gave him provisions to last him to his destination.

The year 1869 brought one of Ahtanum's most respected citizens, William P. Crosno and family. He was a most exemplary man, and had children who would be a credit to any time or place.

Mr. Bland also came to this same valley that year.

Another of God's noble men, A. J. Tigard, settled on the south side of the Nah-cheez river on what was later known as the Powell ranch. Two years later he moved to Kwi-wy-chas where he lived until his death, beloved by his neighbors, respected by all.

Eli Lachappelle went on the north side of the Yakima river where the Parker bridge now stands and put in a ferry. He had come to the valley three years before and lived with Jondro, but had been kept too busy splitting rails for the settlers to take up land before this year.

Martin Holbrook located in the bottom on the east side of the Yakima river about two miles above the present Granger.

George Goodwin, a pioneer of 1865, opened up another store this year, 1870, near Barker Bros. The place now took on the name of Yakima City. J. P. Mattoon, who had been chief farmer on the Yakima Indian reservation since 1864, settled this year in Parker Bottom and occupied the Moore cabin built in 1865. Mr. and Mrs. Mattoon were pioneers of the good true material.

During this year Yakima lost some of her settlers and Kittitas began her substantial settlement. Our loss was their gain. F. M. Thorp grew restless. Too many people had come to suit him, so he packed up and moved to a newer country and settled on the Taenum creek in the upper part of Kittitas. This was his last move; he and his good wife died there. His was a turbulent, fiery, volcanic nature to the last.

The writer's intention is to give only the early settlements in the Kittitas, since it is so closely allied with Yakima county and since that ground is covered much better in the "History of Central Washington" than the Yakima valley proper.

In the year 1860, Hald and Meigs had trading posts at the ford near the mouth of the Menashtash creek, where the bridge crosses the Yakima river. Shu-shu-skin, the chief at that time had his main village on the P. T. Tjossem ranch.

The first actual settlement was made by two wanderers, Fredrick Ludi and John Galler (Dutch John) in 1867. While enroute to Puget Sound they camped in this valley and were so well satisfied with the prospects, seeing everything that was necessary to make them happy, decided to settle on the Menashtash. The following spring, however, they crossed the Yakima river and located just below the present city of Ellensburg.

The following settlers came in 1869: Walter A. Bull, an eccentric but good man; Thomas Hailey, a man of sterling stuff, to be trusted at all times; George Hull, a peculiar nature, but honest to the core; Charles B. Reed, and wife, fine people; George Gillispie, a horse raiser; John Gillispie, an elegant young man (who married Miss Caroline Gerlick a year later. This was the first wedding in Kittitas valley and is given in detail in another chapter); Mathias Becker, and family, whose wife was the sister to Caroline Gerlick. Becker was a good steady man but was not gifted with that push necessary for success in this new section. What he lacked, however, his wife made up. She was a most energetic good woman.

Then there was John Schmidt, who came with Becker; George Smith, an all round trader; Jefferson Smith, a man with an Indian wife, honest, but unfortunate; George H. Keister, a citizen who attended to his own business, and permitted others to do the same; S. R. Geddis and family, a brave old pioneer who was no quitter when Fortune frowned but smiled when she gave him of her store—his head never turned; Patrick Lynch, pure Irish, who combined every peculiarity of his race, reveling in discord; Windy Johnson, another son of Erin, of many qualities, whose main object in life it seems was to stir the seething pot of disturbance with his neighbor Lynch; George Shaser, who was a Hudson Bay man of early days, and his wife, a descendant of that sterling family of pioneers, the Packwoods.

The Snyder family settled on the farm adjoining Shaser; this particular spot had been the home of Chief Teias.

Martin Daverin and family, while enroute to Puget Sound, camped on what was later known as the old Bull ranch. That night beneath the shelter of a thorn bush Mrs. Daverin gave birth to twins. Mrs. Emma Daverin Fritterer of Ellensburg lives within three miles of her birthplace, while the other twin, John Daverin, was a business man in North Yakima, who bore the reputation of having never told a lie. He is now dead.

Fred Bennett located half a mile west of the present N. P. Round House; C. C. Coleman came with Bennett and settled nearby. Later they sold out their holdings and relocated at the foot of Wenatchee mountains near where C. P. Cooke first settled in 1871.

This year the first cattle were driven in from the lower Yakima to Kittitas valley for summer grazing. They belonged to J. S. Foster and P. J. Flint, with Leonard Thorp as guide. From this time on for ten years the herds were driven into this cow heaven for summer range and from this point driven over the Snoqualmie pass to the Puget Sound market. It was in this year that our trade to the Sound began which has kept up until the present time. The year previous to this Ike Carson drove a band of cattle from Parker Bottom to Puget Sound over the Nah-cheez pass. The writer drove many thousands over the Snoqualmie pass.

This year, 1870, many new settlers arrived in the Yakima. Among those I recall are A. J. Pratt, D. Munn, Mr. Craft and family, and Tom Wolsey, all on the Ahtanum. Martin Daverin and family moved down from Kittitas valley and settled in the bottom on the Yakima river at the foot of Yakima Avenue, North Yakima, on the old Broshea place. Walter P. Mabry and family settled on the old Rozelle farm on the south side of Yakima just below the mouth of Nah-cheez above the Cascade mill. It is generally known as the old Mabry ranch. Charles Schanno and family, with his brother Joseph Schanno, business men, located on the sage flat between Yakima river and Ahtanum creek. Yakima City is built upon this location. They at once set to work erecting a large store house and went into the mercantile business, soon winning most of the trade. This was the third store in Yakima City. The following year, 1871, they built an irrigating ditch to bring water to town from a branch or slough of the Ahtanum creek at a point near the Charlie Carpenter ranch. This was the first irrigating ditch in the Yakima valley built by white men. The first one was built by the Indians many years before. I saw it in 1864, and it was then an old ditch. It was on

Chief Kamiakin's place, at present owned by A. D. Eglin. The ditch was taken out of a prong of the Ahtanum and ran about one-fourth of a mile. It irrigated the garden of Chief Ka-mi-akin. The Chief was a close personal friend of the Catholic missionaries and they, I presume, suggested the ditch to him.

James Cook and family settled just west of Yakima City on the Ahtanum; Sebastiam Lauber and wife accompanied them here and settled on the sage flat just north of their friends, the Schannos. Moses Boleman bought the Brosier farm on the Ahtanum. Frank Spon went to the Ahtanum.

The new settlers in Kittitas during 1870 were August Nesselhouse, A. J. Splawn, Ben F. Burch, Robert Wallace, William Taylor, James S. Dysart, C. P. Cooke and family, Moses Splawn and Wm. H. Crocket.

The principal settlers of the following two years on Ahtanum as I remember were J. P. Marks and family, a hardy old pioneer who had always been identified with the progress of the country, an industrious, energetic, law abiding citizen. He died in March, 1915. Mr. Simpson, the Imbries, John Polly, who bought the Joseph Robbins ranch and went largely to horse raising, A. D. Eglin, Mr. Knox and Mr. Herke were early settlers of Tampico.

Willis Thorp, the second son of F. M. Thorp, the first settler in the Yakima valley, was born in Oregon in 1847 and is one of the oldest native sons of that state. He was twelve years old when his father settled on the spot which is now the city of Goldendale. Two years later he came with his parents to Yakima.

Raised on the frontier, he was bold and aggressive, would fight a buzz saw if he thought it necessary. Steadfast in his friendships, he was a man to be relied on. In business, however, he was a plunger, over self-confident, without the necessary balance wheel in his head. He was often in financial difficulties.

We were companions in youth, fast friends in manhood and the same in old age. Willis Thorp sent the first cattle to the interior of Alaska. They arrived at the Klondike with the first rush. He was in the butchering business many years at Juneau and built the first electric lighting plant in that city. He has always been a hustler and a credit to mankind.

Bayless Thorp, the third son, was born in Oregon about 1850 and was about eleven years old when he came to Yakima. He died many years ago. He was my chum in boyhood days. His wife and children still live in the Yakima valley.

Thomas Chambers was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1823, in the old home of Andrew Jackson who was a cousin of his mother. In 1867 he settled with his family on the Ahtanum creek about a mile above Yakima City. His family consisted of two sons, A. J. and John and two daughters, Lutetia and Jane. Lutetia married Ira Livengood and they now live in the Cowiche valley. Jane married

Frank Spon who settled on the Ahtanum in 1869 and who built the first sawmill in the Yakima valley.

Charles Carpenter settled on the Ahtanum two miles above Yakima City in 1868. He was a master of the violin and became indispensible at our country dances. We wanted the music and he needed the money so our interests became mutual. His wife was a fine dancer and taught many a broncho cowboy how to keep his feet off his partner's toes and from treading on her skirts. He raised the first hops in Yakima and continued in the business until he accumulated a modest fortune.

Joseph Bunting and family settled on the Ahtanum a short distance above Yakima City in 1867. The Buntings and the Chambers came together from Puget Sound. Bunting had one son, Robert, and two daughters, Charlotte who married William Granger, and Blanche who married Lorenzo Perkins, whose murder by the Indians is told elsewhere. Joseph Bunting was the man who drove a dagger into the heart of Qui-e-muth, a Nisqually chief who had participated in the war of 1855-6 and had given himself up to James Longmire with the request that he be taken to the home of Governor Stevens in Olympia. The reason Bunting gave for the deed was that he thought Qui-e-muth had killed his father-in-law, McAllister. He left Yakima many years ago for Arizona and never returned. Robert Bunting is now living in North Yakima.

Charles Stewart settled on the Ahtanum in 1867. He was a bachelor, a good, every day citizen, well along in years. He made love to every woman that looked at him, but his age was against him and he never succeeded in getting married.

Thomas Pierce settled in the Selah valley in 1867. He was elected sheriff of Yakima county in 1870. He died many years ago.

Nicholas McCoy, generally known as "Old Nick," was a native of Austria, born in 1836. Leaving home at the age of 16, he went on a sailing vessel to Africa for two years, then to Cuba in a slave trader, making the post of Havana in safety; thence to New York and to New Orleans where he remained seven years, migrating later to California. In 1858 he joined the Fraser river gold rush, toiling at various jobs, among them acting as cook at a road house at a place known as Alkali lake, where he became known as "dirty Nick" by patrons of the house. It was at this famous hostelry that I met him first in 1862. He was cook for Ben Snipes and John Jeffery on a cattle drive to the Cariboo in 1864, still keeping his name and making it good. The following year, while on a cattle buying trip and having a buckskin purse containing several thousand dollars in coin wrapped in a blanket which was tied to the rear end of the saddle, he lost the purse somewhere along the road just south of Eugene, Ore., and never recovered it. No doubt some honest man with a suffering family found it and decided it was his by right of discovery.

A few months later in the same year Nick became a partner of Major John Thorp and passed through the Yakima valley with 200 beef cattle which they wintered on the Okanogan river, just below the mouth of the Similkimeen, driving them to Deer Lodge, Mont., to the Blackfoot mines the following year. In 1867 Leonard Thorp and I bought from Nick a band of young cattle which he brought to Yakima from the Willamette valley. The next year saw him again in Yakima with a band of 150 very poor cattle on his way to British Columbia, his only companion and helper, his faithful dog, which he called Logan. Willis Thorp and I, starting out over the same trail shortly after with 150 fine beef cattle, overtook Nick at the mouth of the Okanogan.

I was deputy sheriff of Yakima county at that time and when Willis and I walked in on him at Foster's store, he looked wild, asked if we were after him and declared he did not steal any cattle while passing through Yakima. After worrying him a little, we eased his mind. The Indians had treated him rough on his way up the Columbia, saying that he was neither a white man, an Englishman, a Frenchman or a Chinaman, but belonged to a strange race they knew not of. They said that they did not want him passing through their country, for all they knew, he might be bad medicine.

In 1869 Nick located permanently in Yakima; though, of a migratory nature, he moved his camp frequently from place to place. For a number of years he camped alone on Cold creek near Priest Rapids. He never cared for companionship and would rather be among Indians than with whites. One day an Indian slapped him for bothering his wife. Nick came to Yakima City a few days later and bought some strychnine and a dollar's worth of sugar. When the Indian went to his cabin next time, Nick invited him to dinner and when the Indian wanted sugar for his coffee, Nick shoved him what he desired. The next day the Indian was dead and all the pum pum, beating of sticks, and yelling of a whole tribe could not save him.

Not long after this, while traveling from Yakima to White Bluffs, I stopped over night with Nick. His cabin was a dugout in a bank on Cold creek. It was then that he told me how he had settled with the Indian. In 1877 I bought all his cattle, horses, cabin and outfit which were on the north side of the Columbia for the firm of Phelps & Wadleigh, giving him $5,500 for the brand as they ran on the range. It proved a good investment, for his herd was much larger than we expected, for the reason, no doubt, that when other cattle owners were at home during the fall and winter months, he was alone on the range, working his brand overtime.

With his money in cash secreted on his person, Nick set out for Austria to see his mother. Arriving in New York, he fell in with some fine countrymen of his. The second day after his arrival, they had separated him from his money, leaving him destitute and away from friends. Mr. Wadleigh forwarded him sufficient to bring him back to Yakima and loaned him enough to buy a small band of cattle. With his usual energy, coupled with the staying qualities of his old dun horse and the branding iron, Nick was soon back in business and closed out once more with a snug fortune which, however, did not stay by him long, for he became the common prey of the gamblers and prostitutes. He died about ten years later, penniless. He was an eccentric character with many good qualities.

Henry Burbank and family came to Yakima in 1870, settling first on the lower Yakima above Mabton. The next year he moved his family and cattle up to what is now known as the Burbank canyon, on the east side of the Yakima a short distance below Roza station. Still later, he went up into the Wenas where he made his home for many years. He had several sons and one daughter, who made good citizens.

John W. Beck and family came in 1869, settling on the river a mile above Yakima City. He had four sons, James, Ross, Douglas and Orlando. James and Orlando are still living, the former being often spoken of as "the Sage of the Nile." John Beck was an honest and useful citizen, but a poor judge of human nature. For many years he held the office of justice of the peace in Yakima City. In those early days there wandered into Yakima City one J. W. Hambleton, a man far above the average in brains and education, but who, like many of his kind, had only two useful organs in his body—his mouth and his throat. He had the gift of gab, and his throat was the canal for conveying the large quantities of firewater necessary to keep his stomach going. He claimed to be a lawyer. At any rate, he was prosecuting attorney for Yakima county for one term.

At the time, two border ruffians, Ingraham and McBride, kept an Indian trading post at the mouth of the Wenatchee, where I saw a Mr. Warren employed as the handy man, an important position in the line of business conducted by Ingraham and McBride. In traveling through that country I often found in the Indian villages, kegs of whisky with tin cups near by where all, big, little, old and young could help themselves. I was told the Indians bought it of this firm.

In November, early in the '70s, Mr. Warren appeared in Yakima City. I chanced to meet him and he told me he had come to swear out a warrant for the arrest of Ingraham and McBride for selling liquor to the Indians. They had had a row among themselves, it seems, and Warren was going to get even. I told him he was taking chances, since he was equally guilty with the other two, but he swore to the information and the warrant was put in the hands of the deputy sheriff who with a small posse soon brought in Ingraham and McBride. E. P. Boyle, a weak man as well as a poor lawyer, was engaged to defend these two scoundrels who, for pure cussedness, could not be excelled anywhere on the border.

When Hambleton, the prosecuting attorney, read the complaint to the court, as there was no jury, and stated that he could prove all the allegations and plenty besides, with some other remarks not complimentary to the prisoners, the judge, looking over his spectacles at the two men searchingly, remarked that he believed all the prosecuting attorney said and thought moreover that it was high time to suppress the lawlessness running rampant on the frontier, and adjourned the court till 2 p. m.

During all this time, E. P. Boyle, the defendant's attorney, was sitting dazed. The pace had become too swift for his feeble mind.

Meeting me outside the courthouse, Mr. Ingraham said, "Jack, do you believe I could buy off the prosecuting attorney?"

I told him that I was no go-between, but that the prosecuting attorney was in bad with the saloon, neither having paid a cent nor missed a drink since Adam's time. A little later Ingraham and Hambleton came into Schanno's store, where I happened to be. The latter stepped up to Jo Schanno and asked if he had gold scales. The scales were brought and Hambleton gave orders that Jo should weigh out one hundred and fifty dollars. Ingraham then took from his pocket a buckskin purse and poured the dust into the scales until it balanced the weight Jo had fixed. Hambleton poured the gold from the scale into his own purse and the two left the store.

Having witnessed that transaction, Jo and I thought it would be interesting to see how he disposed of the case and we were in the court room promptly on the hour. Hambleton arose and with a grave and solemn look addressed the court thus:

"Your Honor, while I am a firm believer in law enforcement, yet as prosecutor we oft go too far. In our eagerness to convict, we too often overlook justice. I sincerely hope that it will never fall to my lot to convict innocent men. Far be it from me to lend a helping hand to ruin any one. Since the adjournment of this court for the noon hour, I have learned the true facts in this case. It is appalling to think how near we came to convicting two innocent men. This culprit, Mr. Warren, should not be allowed to remain longer in our midst. The base ingrate has been fed and clothed by these defendants and like the viper he is, seeks to destroy his benefactors. I refuse longer to be the means of helping this cowering cur in his hellish plot and wish to dismiss the case."

The judge, believing the prosecutor, became aroused and calling upon Warren to stand up before the court said: "By all justice you ought to be hung. Go hence from here and as quickly as possible shake the dust of Yakima from your contaminated feet. Go now and keep going. See to it that you never return, lest this court lose its patience and give you what is coming."

Ingraham and McBride went back to their trading post and continued to sell liquor to the Indians. Hambleton a few years later was lecturing temperance in Iowa. Warren went over to Walla Walla and there got Ingraham and McBride convicted and sentenced to a year each in the penitentiary.

Captain William L. Splawn was born in Missouri, September 15, 1838. His father, John Splawn, was born in Tennessee, of English-Scotch parents. His mother, Nancy McHaney Splawn, was born in Virginia of Scotch-Irish parents. William Splawn crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852 at the age of 14, arriving, with his mother, three brothers and two sisters, at Champoeg penniless. All their oxen, horses and wagons had been lost before reaching the settlements.

Billy, as he was generally known, was given his first job by a Mr. Peabody who kept a store and saloon combined at a crossroad point on French Prairie, where now stands the town of Gervais. The people who patronized the store were old French trappers and their half-breed progeny, the latter a vicious and lawless bunch. They were afraid of Peabody but when, one morning he left to be gone over night, word went out that the proper time had come to rob the store and saloon. By night time the half-breeds for miles around had congregated at the store and begun to drink and carouse. Pretty soon they ordered Billy to come out from the bar and let them run things.

Billy stepped into the bedroom where hung two six-shooters and a shot gun. With the six-shooters in his pocket and shotgun in hand, both barrels cocked, he walked back into the store where everybody was helping himself. He ordered them out and after a good look at the gun and the determined face of the boy, they tumbled over themselves in their haste to get out. When Peabody returned, he took Billy home for fear some of the gang might assassinate him. He gave him for defending his property a fifty dollar slug, an eight cornered gold coin used in those days, minted at San Francisco. He told my mother, "You have a brave boy; every inch a soldier."

Billy was only seventeen when the Indian war of 1855-6 broke out and he joined the Oregon Volunteers from Benton county under command of Col. John Kelsey. There were many in this company under 21. On their arrival in Southern Oregon they were dubbed the two-year-olds, but ere long had made for themselves the name of being the best fighters in the war zone.

While camped near the present Grant's Pass, they discovered Indian signs. Lieutenant Marble, with a detachment of fifty men, was sent to reconnoitre the mountains to the south of Rogue river. The first night, though they had seen plenty of Indian signs and should have known better than to camp in the open surrounded by timber, they selected a prairie with a deserted cabin in the center for their camp.

Promptly at daylight, the Indians began firing on them from the shelter of the trees. Most of the command had not yet got up. As Billy and a boy called "Tow-Head" were rolling up their blankets, a sergeant of the guard came around to my brother and told him Lieutenant Marble wanted a volunteer to carry a message to Colonel Kelsey, sixteen miles away, asking him to help them out of their predicament, for the camp was surrounded.

"I have been to every man in the camp," he said, "and none will volunteer, as it looks like sure death."

"Where is Morgan Lillard," asked Billy, "and Tom Brown and Jim Henderson and the others who are Mexican war veterans and have been fighting battles around the camp fire ever since we left home?"

The sergeant said nobody would volunteer.

"I will carry the message," said Billy, "if I can have Tow-Head's riding horse all through the war."

The sergeant gave Tow-Head his choice of loaning Billy the horse or carrying the message himself, and he promptly took the former alternative. The message was written while the horse was saddled. Indians were firing from all sides and the Mexican veterans had taken shelter in the old house. As Billy mounted, the whole command yelled good-bye and "God bless you."

The trail leading to the main command was on the south side and half a mile away. The Indians' fire was centered on Billy as he raced through the open prairie. He could ride like a centaur and was lying down on the side of his horse. Though he could hear the rattle of the guns, as he fled, he never flinched and as soon as he reached the edge of the timber, straightened up and flew down the trail. There were shots from the rear to keep him moving, one where he slowed up descending a mountain, and the horse made the greater part of the distance to Kelsey's camp at top speed.

When Billy dismounted at the colonel's tent and handed over his message, the colonel looked at Billy and his horse, foaming with sweat, nostrils expanded, and flew into a rage.

Using his customary by-word, "Jo's dead!' if I send any reinforcements to Lieutenant Marble," he exclaimed. "The Indians can scalp every man for aught I care. The cowards, to send a young boy on such a desperate errand." And he gave orders for his company to march at once to the Big Meadows on the Rogue river, taking Billy along, and leaving the surrounded company to extricate themselves as best they could.

There had been one place on the trail where Billy had to slow down, descending a mountain and where he had heard a shot behind him. That shot was explained soon after by Mike Bushey, captain of scouts, who stepped into Colonel Kelsey's tent to say to Billy that he had had a narrow escape at the bottom of the hill. An Indian Bushey had been tracking for some time, it seems, arose near the trail after Billy had passed and had taken deadly aim at his back, but Bushey shot him in time. He had the Indian's scalp dangling from his belt.

Bushey was an Indian fighter of the old school. They finally got his scalp many years later in Nevada, but not until they paid the long price of eleven killed by him alone in his last fight.

Scouts had come in reporting a large force of the enemy near the Big Meadows on Rogue river and the following morning began an all-day battle in which the Indians outnumbered the whites two to one. In this fight a Mr. Lewis was killed. Billy was only a few feet from him when he was shot. This battle resulted in calling off the Indians who had surrounded Lieutenant Marble and his command was able to make its get-away. The commanding officer received a severe reprimand, however, for sending the youngest volunteer in the entire war on such a desperate errand. Colonel Kelsey kept Billy with him till the end of the war.

Forty-four years after this, in 1899, in the hotel at Corvallis, Oregon, where I had spent the night, I recognized in a very old man Colonel Kelsey.

"Is this Mr. Splawn," he asked.

"Yes," I said, "but not the one you are looking for. I am Jack, the little boy that you once knew."

"I was in hope it was Billy," he said. "Jo's dead,' but he was the bravest boy I ever saw and every inch a soldier."

In 1863 when I went back to Corvallis to visit mother, after an absence of nearly three years, during which I had been all over Eastern Oregon and Washington and as far north as the Cariboo mines, I found Brother Billy barely eking out an existence. I told him of the great country I had been in and he decided to return with me. At The Dalles, a great outfitting point, we bought horses from the Indians and sold them to the miners and in a short time had a pack train of our own. Our first trip was to the Canyon City mines on John Day's river and later that same year we went to Cariboo. We made a trip to the Boise basin and for two years ran a pack train between The Dalles and Rock Island, below Wenatchee.

In 1866 Billy and Mr. Parker went to the Willamette valley and bought cattle, driving them over the Barlow road across the Cascades to Yakima. He continued raising cattle till he had over 2,000 head running along the east side of the Columbia, but the severe winter of 1880-1 killed over eighty per cent. Billy quit the cattle business and went to raising horses which ranged from the mouth of the Yakima up the Columbia as far as Priest Rapids, Mok-see, Cold creek and Selah. It took eternal vigilance at this time to keep the horse thieves from stealing all the animals on the range.

About 1886 there appeared in Yakima a Bill Nelson, whose make-up did not appeal to honest men. It soon developed that he was organizing a band of horse thieves and suspicion pointed to Ed Webster as an accomplice. The horse raisers, under the leadership of William L. Splawn, took Webster into a room, told him they had reason to believe he was a member of the gang, and that his only chance to survive was to do just as he was told. When they let him go, he had promised to keep them posted about the movements of the gang. Ten days later he told them that the thieves had a plan to swim some stolen horses across the Columbia at The Junipers, a few miles below Priest Rapids.

A possee consisting of W. L. Splawn, George Taylor, Andy Burge, John Edwards, George Hull, Barney Moore and others set out on horse back to capture them. They were successful in getting two of the thieves, Taylor and Smooks, but Nelson, who was riding a swift horse, was outrunning the possee, headed down river. Now Billy Splawn had the reputation of owning and riding the best horses in the Northwest and it became a race of endurance as well as of speed between him and Nelson. At the end of six miles, Splawn was gaining. Nelson, seeing this, turned towards the river, intending to swim, but, having his chapps on, stopped to remove them, which gave Splawn time to get within shooting distance. For a time Nelson kept his saddle horse between himself and Billy, but when a shot was heard behind and Barney Moore appeared, Nelson yelled that he would surrender; and he did.

The thieves were tried, convicted and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

Billy Splawn's adventurous and busy life will long be remembered by all pioneers who knew him. More of his useful work is found in another chapter dealing with the capture of the Perkins murderers.

J. L. (Jordie) Williams went to Portland, Oregon, in 1853. He was a deck hand on the pioneer steamer Lot Whitcomb, on the Willamette and Columbia rivers. He was with Lieutenant Phil Sheridan when he went to the rescue of the besieged whites at the Cascades. He was a laborer on board the Colonel Wright when she made her first trip from Celilo up the river to Priest Rapids, when she took the cargo of Joel Palmer, who loaded it on wagons there and hauled it to the Thompson river in 1858. This was the pioneer journey for wagons in that territory. They followed for the most part a broad Indian trail, having to ferry the wagons around several points and sometimes do a little road building. Later they followed the old Hudson's Bay brigade trail.

Williams came to Yakima in 1866 and was in the cattle business with John Allen. They moved their herd from Yakima to the east side of the Columbia, where they located, their cattle ranging principally on Crab creek. In 1870 Egbert French also moved his herd and family there. Allen soon left the country but Williams remained. His herd increased to a goodly number till the winter of 1880-1 left him poorer than when he first came. Men came and went with their herds, but Jordie stayed for twenty years, often alone, except for old Indian Jim and his few people. He was an eccentric man, but a true friend. He died a few years ago in North Yakima.

Jock Morgan, born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1844, crossed the plains to Oregon with his mother, his father having died on the plains in 1850. The mother, with her family of small children, settled on a donation claim near Albany, Oregon, where Jock Morgan grew up.

At the age of fifteen, he was working as stable boy for the Oregon and California Stage Company, but was soon promoted to driver and became one of the best stage drivers in the employ of a company which had the best ever known. This stage company was organized and equipped to carry the first overland mail between Portland and Sacramento, and became noted for its efficient service. The first stage of the company left Portland at 6 a. m., Sept. 14, 1860, with mail, express and eleven passengers, E. S. Payne being the driver. The same day and hour another stage left Sacramento, with H. C. Ward as driver and arrived in Portland the evening of September 20, making the trip in seven days. The citizens of Portland turned out with a brass band to welcome it, as it marked a new era in the progress of the country.

Jock Morgan stayed with this company as long as it was in existence, then came to Yakima with his wife and two sons and located on the Simcoe reservation, just below the present city of Toppenish, in 1871. He started a dairy ranch, about the first dairy ranch in the Yakima valley. His market for butter was The Dalles, and he hauled it overland by wagon, always finding a ready sale. About 1881 he bought the ranch then owned by J. B. Huntington, on the north side of the Yakima, and there built a home where he resided for many years. He was a peculiar man, of a happy-go-lucky disposition; never known to be serious about anything. When financial difficulties overtook him, which was quite often, they passed him as the idle winds, making no dent in his happy disposition. He was a friend to everybody and about everybody was his friend. His wife was of a more serious nature, with a heart of gold. No one deserves more praise than Temperance Morgan.

Like most men with his disposition, Morgan died poor, but his sunny nature and open heart will be remembered by all who knew him.

In the early 'seventies I first met Thomas Fear. He was in the employ of Jock Morgan on the reservation as a dairyman. He remained with Mr. Morgan several years until he accumulated enough to go into the dairy business for himself. He bought the ranch of Peter Leonard in the Cowiche valley in the early 'eighties. For 25 years he could be seen on his regular days on the road from his ranch to North Yakima with butter to supply his customers. His life well proves what industry and economy can do. He accumulated a fortune honestly and by the sweat of his brow and held an honored and respected position in the community. Mr. Fear died suddenly of heart trouble in the spring of 1916.

David Longmire, a distinguished early settler of the Wenas valley, made his home on his present ranch in 1871 and has lived there ever since. In 1878 he was elected county commissioner on the Democratic ticket and held that office for four years. He was nominated on the Democratic ticket for representative and was beaten by only eleven votes; lost indeed, because he refused to give $100 to Gip Wills, a saloonkeeper, who controlled a lot of saloon bums. His opponent being a Republican and wiser politically, fixed Gip and won the election.

Through industry and business ability Mr. Longmire has accumulated a modest fortune, owning many broad acres of fertile soil. He has always been active and enterprising in public affairs.

With his noted pioneer father, he passed through Yakima valley with the first emigration of 1853, these being the first wagons to cross the Cascades over the Nah-cheez pass. The Longmires settled on Yelm prairie on Puget Sound. Of pioneer stock, Mr. Longmire has endured about all that comes to the first settler.

James Gleed occupies a unique place in the development of the Yakima valley. His soldier's homestead, taken up in 1878 on the bench land of the Naches valley proved the fertility of this class of soil when water was put upon it. Most of the farming at that time was done in the bottoms and the lowlands. A practical farmer, he was one of the first to undertake intensified farming and made a success of it. He raised and shipped through the commission merchant, R. S. Morgan, the first alfalfa hay grown in Yakima. That first carload was given away to Puget Sound feeders because nobody would buy it. Those who tried it, however, soon sent over for more and a market was thus established and alfalfa demonstrated a profitable crop. Mr. Gleed was one of the originators of the Nachez Canal Company, known as the Gleed ditch.

In 1878 there came to Yakima City, D. W. Stair and wife. Mrs. Stair was a remarkably fine looking woman, well educated and brilliant. When I first saw her, I wondered what strange fate had brought her to this wild land. She proved of utmost value to the county in educational work for which she was so well equipped. She was school superintendent for a number of terms and teacher in the public schools many years. Through her kindly interest in her pupils, she won their lasting gratitude and even now, after long

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years, they cherish her memory. In all matters for the betterment of community interests she was found in the front ranks. I know of no woman in Yakima valley that has done more for its citizens or will be remembered longer than Ella S. Stair. She later married George von Hagel and now lives in San Francisco.

Francis Marion Splawn, a cousin of the writer, was another of those trail blazers of the frontier. He crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, having been born on the frontier of Missouri in 1833. His father, Mabry Splawn, was from Tennessee and his mother, Bethena McHaney Splawn, a Virginian. Of pioneer stock for generations back, about the whole Splawn race heard again the call of the West, hitched up their oxen to the covered wagons, loaded in their families and provisions and, with loose stock driven behind, turned their faces westward.

Some of their friends had made the trip before and returned with glowing accounts of the great western land, its splendid climate and great possibilities, where one was entitled to 640 acres free. That was enough to arouse their wandering spirit. They crossed the Missouri at Iowa point, where now stands Forrest City. At that time old Bill Banks kept an Indian trading post there and a ferry.

The Splawn party was joined by other emigrants here until the train numbered about fifty wagons. They encountered Indians in the Cheyenne country. One evening, just as the wagons had been formed in a circle to ward against a night attack, there rode over the hills about two hundred whooping and yelling Indians, in war paint. They rode at full speed around the camp, performing wonderful deeds of horsemanship. Some of them were carrying slim poles from which dangled many fresh scalps.

Every man in the train had his gun ready, waiting the outcome of this strange performance. The Indians finally halted and formed in a body. One, who was taken to be the chief, rode out in front and said, in fairly good English, "We are friendly and want you to send a man out to us that we may have a talk."

Some of the men said it was treachery and whoever went would surely be killed. Francis Splawn, however, stepped up and said, "I will go." Immediately several women of the train said to his mother, a tall, strong woman standing near, "Do not let your son go." The mother answered, "I realized before starting on this long journey the dangers we would meet and have made up my mind to meet them. Some one must go, so let it be Frank."

As he moved out to meet that band of warriors, all eyes were on him. The chief came forward and shook his hand, saying, "We do not intend to disturb your people. We are a war party just returning from a battle with the Sioux tribe who had invaded our hunting grounds. The scalps you see are our trophies of the fight."

He went on to give much information of the country beyond and the points where we were most likely to have difficulty with the Sioux, the most warlike tribe of the plains. Though I was only seven years old at the time, I have a vivid recollection of that day.

In all the dangers through which we passed on that trying journey, where we were seldom out of sight of graves, showing the heavy toll of life paid on the onward march to "where rolls the Oregon," Frank was the man who volunteered to perform all the hazardous undertakings, and they were many. In the Indian war of 1855-6 he enlisted as a volunteer in the company from Lane county and marched to Southern Oregon, where he had various exciting experiences. He settled in the Klickitat valley about 1871. F. M. Splawn was well known for his bravery and honesty. He is living now in the mountains near Tillamook, Oregon, a very old man.

Charles Aarmenus Splawn was born in Clay county, Missouri, in 1831. He went later to Davis county near Gallatin, and in 1844 moved with his parents to Holt county, and in 1851 crossed the plains to Oregon with the noted mountain man, Jonathan Keeney, who settled near the present Brownsville, Linn county, Oregon. The following year Charles Splawn was with a pack train in Southern Oregon, and in 1853 a volunteer under General Jo Lane, fighting Indians in the Rogue river country. After many skirmishes they rounded upon a bunch of Indians on Grave creek and killed them all, which ended the outbreak.

The balance of that year was spent in prospecting and mining. The next year he ran a pack train to the mines in the mountains and on one trip, while his train was loaded with bacon belonging to Hayman Lewis of the Willamette valley, he was attacked by Indians and had one man killed and another wounded. The owner of the bacon began to bemoan his fate and lament the probable loss of his bacon. Splawn said: "Your bacon seems to be your only care. Get busy now and drive the horses after this bell mare. We will travel and fight. I will mount her and lead the way."

There were four men left and they started exchanging shots with the Indians, when along came a small company of volunteers, who had heard of a pack train being in the vicinity, had feared they would get into trouble and come to help. They arrived pust on time. The train got through to Jacksonville and old Hayman Lewis had saved his bacon.

In 1855 Charles Splawn took a trainload of passengers from Corvallis to Fort Colville, where gold had been discovered, but the discovery proved a false alarm, and the whole party returned to the Willamette, barely escaping the Indian hostilities of that year, which broke out only a few days after they left The Dalles. As the Indian war proved general, Splawn sold his pack horses and went to work for John Fortune, who owned a large train and had a contract for carrying freight to the army in Southern Oregon. In 1859, together with Gilbert Pell, he drove a band of cattle over the Cascade mountains via the Barlow route and settled in Klickitat valley a few miles above the present Goldendale. Their homestead constituted what was later known as the Alexander ranch.

The following year he and Pell prospected the Columbia for gold from Fort Colville to Wenatchee, with no results. They overlooked the rich bar just above the mouth of the Methow, where two years later an old man and an Indian took out a fortune and where others in 1863 worked out of the red gravel thousands of dollars.

In 1861 he helped F. M. Thorp move his family from the Klickitat to the Yakima valley, later in the fall marrying Dulcena Helen, Thorp's eldest daughter. They were married by Father Wilbur at Fort Simcoe.

He remained in the Yakima valley until 1868, when he went to Taenum creek in Kittitas. He was appointed first sheriff of Yakima county and served one term. He was re-elected and later served two years as county commissioner. For two years he was probate judge and for seven years justice of the peace in Yakima and Kittitas counties.

Jared Armstrong came to Yakima from Clark county, Oregon, and settled on the Ahtanum near the Carpenter ranch in 1871. He has lived there ever since. With industry, he has accumulated a fair amount of this world's goods, has lived an honest and unassuming life, attended to his own business and allowed others to do the same. He has proved, therefore, a splendid and agreeable neighbor.

In the earlier days of Yakima City he loved to play the favorite old game of euchre, and when he came to town and found some others of his kind, they would forget time altogether. Many a time have I seen his old dun horse standing tied to the rack with a hump in his back and tail turned to the breeze in the wee small hours of the night.

Hon. John Cleman was born in Mohawk valley, Lane county, Oregon, July 29, 1855. He is a native son of the golden west. With his father, A. Cleman, he settled on Wenas creek in 1865, the first family to make their home there. He has proved a valuable citizen in the upbuilding of the country. He has represented Yakima county in the legislature with honor and credit and filled a number of minor offices of trust with satisfaction. He owns a large property accumulated honestly, and no man ever passed his way hungry. He is a landmark in Central Washington.

Moses Splawn was born in Davis county, Missouri, in 1835. He crossed the plains with the family in 1852, and at the age of 17, thrown on his own resources, went to work with a will. The next year saw him in the gold mines in Southern Oregon, sometimes with pack trains, but most of the time prospecting. Here he had many narrow escapes from hostile Indians, experiences which served him well in later years. In 1859 he joined the rush of settlers to Eastern Washington and Oregon. Having no taste for land and no inclination to till the soil, he took to prospecting. He drove an ox team from Priest Rapids to Similkimeen for Jacobs Brothers that same year and in 1860 was in the Orofino mines in Clearwater county, Idaho.

Soon after he joined a party of prospectors, who discovered the Elk City mines. Not finding that spot rich enough, he joined another party, which discovered the Florence mines in the Salmon River mountains. They were rich enough, but the roving spirit of the prospector had taken hold of him. Selling a claim, which proved very rich, to a couple of men whom he had never seen before, and taking their note for $5000, he moved on. He never saw nor heard of the men again.

In the spring of 1862 he organized a party to prospect the country around the headwaters of the south fork of the Payette and Boise rivers. An Indian had made him a chart of a locality where gold was plenty and he started out to find it. The story of his discovery of the Boise basin is found in another chapter.

Moses Splawn did nearly the same thing here he had done at Florence. He turned his claim over to a partner, while he gathered up a company of volunteers to fight the Snake Indians to keep them from attacking the miners while they worked. On his return, the partner had the gold and Moses only a bunch of experience.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY

With the exception of a very few shipped by vessel to the Hudson's Bay company at Ft. Vancouver, the first cattle to reach the Oregon country came in 1836. They were brought in from California by the Willamette Valley Cattle company, an organization made up of a few missionaries and the trappers who had settled on French Prairie. After the settlers had contributed what money they had, Mr. Slacum, a special agent sent by the President of the United States to report on the condition of the settlers in the Oregon country, advanced $500 to the company, making a total capital of $2,880. Ewing Young was made manager and G. L. Edwards treasurer. With nine assistants, these men boarded the brig Loriot Feb. 10, 1836, bound for San Francisco.

Upon arrival, they were delayed in the purchase of cattle, and it was not until June 22 that they began their memorable drive home, a drive lasting 120 days and involving many hardships and privations. They traveled over the old Hudson's Bay trail, afterwards used by the Oregon & California railroad between Sacramento and Portland, and arrived in the Willamette with 630 cattle, having lost 200 head on the way. The cattle were divided in proportion to the amount each individual had subscribed. They were known as Spanish cattle, with long horns and slim bodies, and were very wild.

In 1838 the Hudson's Bay company drove up from California 2,000 cattle over the same trail. They sold a few to settlers not interested in the Willamette Valley Cattle company, and traded some to the Indians for horses. The early emigrants, notably Solomon Smith, of King valley, brought across the plains some fine Durham cattle. To Mr. Smith belongs much credit for improving the stock of Oregon. During the early sixties the King's valley cattle were much sought after by buyers. From 1850-1859 thousands of cattle were driven from the Willamette valley back to California over the same route by which the original stock had come into Oregon. The first cattle to cross the Cascade mountains were fourteen in number, driven in 1838 from the Willamette over the trail north of Mt. Hood by Daniel Lee of The Dalles mission. Jason Lee in 1834 had brought a few cattle with him across the plains as far as Ft. Walla Walla, the present Wallula.

Chief Ka-mi-akin, about the year 1840, brought the first cattle to the Yakima valley from Ft. Vancouver, having exchanged horses for them with the Hudson's Bay company. Not long afterwards Chief Ow-hi, of the Kittitas, procured cattle from the same company at Ft. Nisqually, on Puget Sound, driving them over the Nah-cheez pass. Talth-scosum, chief of the Ko-wah-chins, living at Rock Island below Wenatchee, traded horses for cattle with the Hudson's Bay people at Ft. Nisqually and drove them to his range. Other Indians soon followed their example, driving horses over the Nah-cheez pass and returning with cattle until many bands grazed the Yakima valley and beef became one of their staple food supplies.

During the war of 1855-6 the military forces, during their campaign in the Yakima, captured many of these cattle. The Indians, too, being kept on a forced march, without time to gather food, had to subsist to a certain extent on beef, so that their herds were greatly reduced in this way. When the whites began to settle in the Yakima in 1861 they found many small herds owned by different men of the tribe. The cattle were evidently of Spanish origin. A few were large, splendid specimens of the beef type, of dun color, answering in every way the description of the Russian Duns.

In the spring of 1860 John Jeffries passed through the Yakima valley with a herd of beef cattle from near The Dalles, bound for the Fraser river mines. During October and November of that year white men for the first time drove in cattle to graze here. They were F. M. Thorp, who turned his cattle on the Mok-see range, John Jeffries, Ben E. Snipes, John Golden and a Mr. Green, in charge of cattle belonging to Dr. D. R. Baker, of Walla Walla; also John Allen and his son Bart. These men turned their herds on both sides of the Yakima at the mouth of Satus creek, there being in all 2,000 head. The cattle wintered well and in the spring all were driven to the Cariboo mines, except Thorp's and those of John Golden, the latter taking his stock back to Klickitat, where he had settled. John Jeffries bought the herds of Dr. Baker and of John and Bart Allen and started them for the Cariboo in 1861. He was followed by Ben Snipes and William Murphy, who were partners, and had a herd numbering several hundred. On reaching Bonaparte creek, Jeffries sold out his entire herd and returned to The Dalles to buy more, which he turned on the range in the Klickitat, where they grazed along the north bank of the Columbia as far up as Alder creek, below the present Arlington, Oregon. He intended to drive them to the same market the following spring.

Snipes and Murphy, following in the rear, found the market dull and left 125 of the cattle for the winter on Cherry creek near Ft. Kamloops, in charge of a Frenchman. With the remainder they drove on to Williams lake, now the One Hundred and Fifty Mile post on the Cariboo road, where they disposed of them, and returned to The Dalles, which was the rendezvous for all cattle dealers from the different camps of the northwest, as well as for those who made a business of buying stock in the Willamette valley and driving them to The Dalles to sell to the dealers from the mining regions.

Snipes and Murphy bought all the cattle they could pay for and turned them on the same range with Jeffries. Then came that memorable winter of 1861-2, the longest and coldest ever known before or since, during which 80 per cent of the stock of Eastern Oregon and Washington perished. The stockmen were nearly all broke and discouraged. Gathering up their remains, Jeffries, Snipes and Murphy set out as soon as they could travel in the spring to drive to Cariboo. Murphy went on in advance to learn if any of the band left on Cherry creek had survived, and was surprised and delighted to find them all alive. He sold them for $150 a head and turned back to meet Snipes with the money and the good news. It was decided that Murphy, with the receipts from the Cherry creek herd, should return to The Dalles to buy another herd of 300 and bring them through so as to arrive on the Thompson river in July. At the Thompson river Snipes sold his herd of 200 for $100 a head and then awaited the arrival of Murphy. The second herd was sold for the same figure, so that the partners now had as much money as before the hard winter. Jeffries had 400 cattle, all that remained from a herd of 2,000. They brought him $125 per head, leaving him a fair amount of money with which to resume business.

Such were the fortunes of the pioneer cattlemen. Prosperity did not dazzle them; neither did adversity appal. They were men of iron and granite. There were no chances they would not take, no dangers they would not meet. They were the only class of men that could fill the bill.

The Cariboo mines at that time and for several years thereafter furnished by far the largest market for the beef raised on the ranges of Eastern Washington. It was a drive of about 600 miles through uninhabited Indian country for the most part, but with plenty of grass and water the stock went through in good shape.

Snipes and Murphy wintered stock, as did Jeffries, on the Yakima in 1862, driving to the Cariboo in the spring with the usual success. In 1863 two Frenchmen wintered 200 cattle on the west side of the river below Union Gap. Jeffries and Snipes formed a partnership and drove a much larger herd to Cariboo in the spring of 1864, cleaning up a fortune for those days. The Frenchmen also drove over the same trail.

The next winter Snipes and Murphy were both back on the Yakima with cattle, but no longer partners. Each had large herds, though the Snipes herd was by far the larger. Jeffries decided to abandon the cattle trade because of ill health. He was a noble man, brave and generous. He died a few years later at The Dalles.

William Connell, of Rockland, entered the cattle trade at this time, having with him a Mr. Moore. They wintered 400 cattle on the range around Parker Bottom. This same winter found

Mosier, Wabbass and James Barnes on the Selah and Wenas ranges with 400 cattle. John and Bart Allen had cattle near Mabton.

William Parker and John Allen this year brought in cattle to Parker Bottom and settled there, the first to make their homes in that section. The following spring, 1865, all these cattlemen moved out over the Cariboo trail, taking all the stock except that belonging to the settlers and a large portion of the Snipes herd, the Mosier and Wabbass herd, which went to Kootenai, and the Barnes herd to Boise Basin. I helped to drive this latter band.

During the summer of 1865 Elisha McDaniel brought in 900 cattle from Butter creek, Oregon, and turned them loose on the north side of the Yakima river opposite the present Mabton. He settled on a ranch on the river bottom opposite the mouth of the Toppenish, now owned by Wren Ferrell. McDaniel also brought in a large number of horses. He became wealthy in a few years, selling out his holdings to Ben Snipes, who then became the cattle king of Washington Territory. This same year H. D. Hald was in charge of a band of 200 cattle belonging to F. M. Thorp, which were driven to Warren's Diggings in Idaho. He was not able to dispose of them all and Leonard Thorp, with Tom Butler, was sent to look after the remainder. During the winter the cattle ranged along the banks of Salmon river and were sold the following summer.

In the fall of this year Connell and Moore were again on the Yakima with 600 cattle to winter. They built a cabin on the spot now known as the W. P. Sawyer ranch in Parker Bottom. After fifty years the cabin still stands there as a reminder of long ago.

In 1866 Snipes changed his base of operations, driving 1,000 cattle to Little Blackfoot mines in Montana, where a gold discovery had been made the previous year. He traveled by way of White Bluffs, over the plains of Big Bend to Spokane, then up the west side of Pend d'Oreille lake to Thompson Falls, and through the Bitter Root valley to Missoula, ending the journey at Deer Lodge. It was a long, hard drive, and many of the cattle were left behind because of weakness and sore feet. He found the market there overdone, and it was not a money-making experiment.

E. Bird came in this year with 300 cattle belonging to a Mr. Chapman and turned them loose at the mouth of the Satus. Two years later he moved the cattle down to the mouth of the Yakima on the north side of the river and settled on a ranch, where he remained many years. H. H. Allen, who had been interested in the drives with Snipes, now had cattle on the range. Dr. L. H. Goodwin, who had settled the previous year on the Yakima just above the present Yakima City, had cattle on the Ahtanum range. William Murphy had been the first white man to graze cattle on the Ahtanum, having wintered 300 there in 1864.

In 1866 Leonard Thorp and I bought 200 beef cattle in the Klickitat and drove them to Warren's Diggings. Tom Burch bought 300 steers from Elisha McDaniel and drove them to Boise Basin by Umatilla and Baker City. In the fall of 1866 Snipes put more cattle on the range, Parker and Allen enlarged their herd by several hundred and Connell turned a thousand out to winter. In 1867 Connell drove to Cariboo, George W. Goodwin to Warren's Diggings, Leonard Thorp and I to Montana with 150 head. This year marked the arrival of many new settlers with their herds from the Willamette valley.

In 1868 William Splawn and William Parker took 200 cattle to Idaho and McAllister 200 to British Columbia. I drove 200 to Okanogan lake. Connell made his last trip to the Cariboo this year. He quit the business then, investing his money in city property in Portland. Dying a few years later, he never enjoyed the vast fortune that would have come to him. After this year there were no more drives to the Cariboo. The country round about was now raising all the cattle the miners could use. Many fortunes were made in the cattle business in the palmy days of this favorite route. But now the tramping hoofs of the great herds along the old trail were heard no more. The stockman's right arm was gone when he lost the Cariboo trade.

Ike Carson in 1868 bought 200 cattle of Egbert French in Parker Bottom and drove them over the Nah-cheez pass to Puget sound. It was the first drive that way to market. When the cattle started on that drive it was so smoky from forest fires that it was impossible to see the lead cattle more than 200 yards away.

No cattle were driven from the Yakima to any mining camp in 1869, for those territories were all raising their own stock. Summer range in the Yakima was getting short. Many herds were now driven into the Kittitas for summer range. Here was a cattle heaven, indeed, and thousands of cattle spent the summer months there for a number of years. It became the gathering place for the droves that furnished Puget sound for many years before the railroad came. This same year Joseph Borst came over the Cascades by the Snoqualmie pass and bought a band of beef cattle, driving them to Seattle. It was the real beginning of our cattle trade with the west side, which has kept up ever since and been a Godsend to the cattle business.

This year marked the entrance of Phelps and Wadleigh into the cattle business in the Yakima valley. They bought the two ranches of Parker and Allen, together with their cattle, and later bought the adjoining ranch of Johndro. They kept buying different herds until they owned several thousand cattle, which grazed from Parker Bottom down the north side of the Yakima as far as the present Kiona. They afterwards bought out the butchering business of Booth, Foss and Borst in Seattle, continuing until

1881, when they closed out all their interests. They were both good men and a great help to the stock growers. For about seven years I was in their employ as head buyer. They put confidence in me which I feel I never betrayed. In 1870 I drove a band of beef cattle to Seattle from the Kittitas valley. I continued to drive over the Snoqualmie pass route for seven years. During the time I was in the employ of Phelps & Wadleigh I bought about ninety per cent of the cattle that traveled that route.

The cattle business now began to decline, due to the fact that thousands had been annually driven over the mountains from the Willamette since the settlement of Eastern Washington and Oregon began in 1859, that there has been a rapid increase in the herds of the settlers located all along the streams and valleys of this great range country, and that there was only a moderate market. We were facing an over-production, and by 1873 we were up against it. While the trade with Portland and Puget Sound increased slowly, the demand from the mining camps decreased rapidly. From 1873 to 1880 were dark days for the settlers. Raising livestock was their only means of support. In 1875 came a ray of light. A few buyers from Wyoming came in and took stock out over the old emigrant trail to the great ranges of Wyoming and Montana. During the next five years tens of thousands of cattle went that way, large corporations as well as individuals stocking up those fresh and vast ranges. Our country was so overstocked that prices continued low until after the hard winter of 1880-1, which killed off at least fifty per cent of the cattle in Eastern Washington and Oregon. Then prices revived.

Many a stockman met his Waterloo that year. The ranges being overcrowded, stock went into the winter thin. In the Yakima valley at that time there were fully 150,000 cattle, and I do not believe over 50,000 survived. Southeastern Oregon did not suffer nearly so great a loss. The eastern drives had now ceased and we were confined to our western trade with Portland and Puget Sound, with an occasional shipment of young stock to Montana helping to relieve us of our increase for a few years.

Yakima valley and the white sage and sand grass plains on the Columbia river on the east side from the mouth of the Snake to Priest Rapids and eastward as far as Wash-tuc-na lake, furnished about all the winter and spring beef used. I have bought thousands during the winter and spring months from these ranges and driven them to The Dalles, where they were shipped by steamboat to Portland or to Kalama and then by rail to Puget Sound.

These winter gatherings of beef cattle from the ranges and the drives to The Dalles were attended with extreme hardships. The average man was unfit for the undertaking; only the hardy could stay with it. With pack horses to carry the camp outfit, whether sunshine or storm, we were compelled to camp wherever night overtook us, cook our food as best we could, spread our already wet blankets maybe on the frozen ground, or sometimes with the snow for a bed, and lie down to sleep. Or we had to take our turn standing guard over the cattle during the night to prevent their wandering, the watchers being relieved at midnight by others who kept guard till morning. This meant working an eighteen-hour day and often in weather twenty degrees below zero.

The cowboys did their work willingly and well, without a murmur. There were no strikes those days, for men were made in a different mould. They knew their duty and were honest enough to perform it. I have always kept a warm place in my heart for the old boys. Some of them are living now, forty years later, in Yakima.

THE COWBOY'S DREAM

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE COWBOY

With the advent of spring comes the business end of the cattle industry, the roundup. All the cattle owners within certain boundaries were notified to meet at a certain time and place, where they would organize for the season's work by electing a captain; some times he was named by general consent, and at other times by a majority vote. The captain was in command and his orders must be obeyed; to hold the respect of the cowboys he must have a strong and pleasant individuality, which he generally had.

The work consisted of ear marking and branding calves and gathering beef; which on the larger ranges were generally held separate, in what they called the beef herd, until a sufficient number were together to make a train load, and then they were moved to the nearest shipping point on the railroad; so the shipments continued until the end of the season. The work was hard and the success of the cattle owners depended upon the cowboys who were made up from all classes of men, but held certain standards of manhood beyond which they would not go. Brave and reckless daredevils, yet they were always dependable; no chances they would not take, nor suffering they would not endure for the Old Man (the owner). Their life was a variety of romance, hardship and peril. No coward would stay at, or weakling endure, the constant work of the cowboy. His love of the wild held him to the work of the range. From early morn to the evening twilight, and even later, his work never ceased; he grumbled but obeyed his orders to the letter, for he must be a good soldier or the camp would have none of him. There were no layoffs or vacations except on occasional days spent midst the glitterings of some frontier hell at the end of the beef drive. No man ever worked harder through longer hours of hardships and dangers for so small a wage. He broke the wild horse and taught him the rudiments of the cow pony; thus mounted he dashed into the stampeding herd when the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, knowing it was a gamble with death. He was a part of the range he ruled and loved; and was never happier than when singing a sweet lullaby as he rode around the guarded herd in the midnight hours to calm their fears; riding alongside the traveling herd midst the dust of a thousand hoofs, and again out on the sand hills, a mere speck, he could be seen riding hard to bring in the last bunch of beef for the drive. Chary of speech and short on ceremony, yet quickly aroused when duty called, always ready for any emergency, he was a soldier and a scout as well as a herder, and a minute man in time of danger. He was of great help to the border settlements in Indian warfare, and a protection against thieves and ruffians. A product of the West, none has been more misunderstood than he;

the yellow novels have painted his picture falsely. Beneath his sombrero hat, hairy chaps, quirt and spurs, beats the heart of a brave man who was faithful to his trust, and charitable to a fault; a knight errant of the plains; a type of man indispensible in settling the West—he kept his word, and his friendship was worth while.

We recall an incident in 1880. The roundup was in the lava beds on Crab creek. The cattle were wild, and the horses worn out, and the men tired. The cattle were driven up a narrow defile to the top of a plateau. There being no place where the cattle could get down from this high plateau but by the narrow defile they were driven up, one man was sufficient to guard this point. The last watch was given to a boy named Roarick, who was only 15 years old, and was riding a mule. When the next relief went on duty, there was no boy, only mule tracks leading to the brink of the precipice. The boy and the mule were found dead at the foot of the cliff. Running in the dark they had jumped over the edge and fallen over a hundred feet.

The boy was taken to White Bluffs. From there the Indians carried the body in a canoe down the Columbia to Wallula and word was sent to his parents at Walla Walla.

A chapter on the coyboy cannot be concluded without a word for his inseparable companion, the cow pony. Possessed of almost human intelligence, made of something closely resembling rawhide, tough, wiry, resourceful, faithful, cheerful and alert, he scarcely needed the guiding hand of his master to tell him what to do.

Incidents of the roundup were amusing as well as pathetic and illustrate vividly the character of the men who followed the cattle as a profession. In 1879, when we were rounding up on the Columbia, camped a few miles above the present Pasco, the night was very cold. We were huddled around a small fire when one of our number, Texas Bill, who had been to Ainsworth, a railroad town of the frontier type, rode up, turned his horse loose and crowded his way up to the fire. With much palaver and smell of whisky, he appropriated a front seat. The boys told him to cease prattling or turn in. His answer was to take the cartridges out of his belt and throw them into the hot coals, casually remarking that the fire was only large enough for one man, anyway. Then he lay down, with the challenge, "Let's see who is brave enough to stay on the job."

We weren't cold any longer; too busy beating a retreat. The explosion threw sand and pebbles in all directions and sounded like a battle. After the cannonading ceased, we all went over to see what was left of Bill. And by some miracle, Bill was all there, not even scratched.

One day in 1880 Samuel Hunter, a well-educated young fellow, applied for a job. He worked for a number of months and proved himself industrious and trustworthy. As he seldom talked, we styled him Silent Sam.

While encamped at Washtucna lake near the Snake river, where we expected to remain a few days, he asked permission to go to Walla Walla. He returned four days later, pale and haggard. Calling me to one side, he told me his story and its tragic ending. Six years before, it seems, he had had a sweetheart. They had their plans made to be married, when along came a smooth-tongued traveling salesman to their town. The girl went off with him, leaving behind a broken-hearted mother who begged the discarded lover to hunt her daughter and bring her home. Sam had been searching for the girl ever since, working long enough at times to get money to continue his hunt. The other day something had told him to go to Walla Walla.

There, in a house of ill repute, he found her dying. She had barely time to tell him her pitiful story before she passed away. Sam wanted to fulfill his promise to the mother and take the dead girl back to her. He proposed to spend the balance of his days hunting down her betrayer.

I bought his horse and outfit. When the other boys heard his story, they quickly made up a purse, telling Sam that he owed us nothing, and if he needed more, to let us know. Every cowboy's Godspeed went with Sam Hunter as he rode to Walla Walla, accompanied by Dana Gillett to bring back his horse. We never saw or heard of him again, but wherever he is, we hope he accomplished his mission.

I shipped the first trainload of cattle to go over the Northern Pacific from north of the Snake river in 1881. The company built a corral and loading chute at a station called Twin Wells, north of the present Connell Junction. It stood in a ravine, surrounded by a great wide plain.

The iron horse, hitched to the long string of cars, with its puffing and snorting, set me to thinking. Like a wild Indian, I scented danger in this forerunner of civilization, this advance agent of a great migration of settlers, which signalled the beginning of the end of that vast cattle range which had been ours for so many years.

Facilities for shipping by rail put an end to the long cattle drives overland to The Dalles and the steamer trip down the Columbia to the markets of Portland and Puget Sound.

With twenty as good cowboys as ever sat the saddle to help, our ingenuity was taxed to the utmost loading that wild bunch. I was apparently the only one who realized what the coming of the railroad meant to the cowboy. Reckless and happy, they joked about the loading, oblivious of the future.

Though not much given to preaching and praying, but wishing to unburden myself of a feeling of responsibility which was weighing me down, I mounted a box car, just before we pulled out. The boys gathered around, all mounted ready to return to the Crab creek camp. I told the boys that though, as they well knew from long association with me, that I was no philosopher, prophet or witch, I had a hunch that the iron horse and steel rails would prove our undoing. The East and the West were no longer separated. The wild, happy life we had been leading would soon be only a sweet memory. That we had an illustration of what to expect in that I, single handed, was taking a trainload of cattle to market, whereas, on the old trail, it would have taken five men.

"Grab all the land you can, boys," I said. "Buy a few cows and prepare for judgment day."

I thought I had worked up a fitting climax, when one of the most reckless fellows, Alkali Dan, rode out in front and asked, "On what range, Jack, did you gather all that dope? Did you get kicked on the head? Next we hear you will want to be a sky pilot and go to preaching. Maybe the stampede upset you. You sure have got cold feet. Take a jolt. It'll set your machinery goin' right again." And he pulled out his flask and held it up to me.

Nevertheless, as my train pulled out and the boys rode off, my brain revolved to the one idea, "Get land, and plenty of it."

Twenty-five years later I met Alkali Dan and he mentioned that box car speech of mine at Twin Wells.

"Your hunch was sure right," he said. "I have drifted ever since. Once, in Wyoming, I settled down on a small creek and tried to farm and raise cattle, and was getting along fairly well when along came a big cattle company, bought up a few small ranches and appropriated all the water. Got into court and that finished me. Moved into Montana and went to punching for Nick Beilinburg. The winters were too hard around Cut Bank and he sold out. Nothing left for me. I am for Mexico. It was a great day, Jack, while it lasted!" He smiled reminiscently. "The whole West was ours to ride where we pleased, shoot who, when and where we wanted to and no questions asked. We drove out the Indians and the coyotes, but now we have to hit the long trail for the Greaser's country or else become a common drudge for these Chechaquos."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LAST DRIVE

My last drive on the trail was in November, 1896. I had taken several herds out of the Okanogan valley during the fall of that year; had, indeed, been buying beef cattle in that country for the ten years previous, but the hardships experienced on this trip convinced me that I had reached the age limit where men should use their brains more and their brawn less.

There were six hundred and eighty cattle in the herd. It began to snow the day we left Louden's ranch, just below the present Oroville, and by the time we reached Ophir it had certainly got down to business. At Ophir we cut out a hundred and twenty-five head which I wanted to feed on my Yakima ranch, turned them over to Guy Fruit, a trusted cowboy, with Jim Black as helper, and started them to Coulee City to be shipped over the Northern Pacific railroad.

The main drive was on down to Wenatchee where they were to be shipped over the Great Northern to Seattle.

I went with the Yakima bunch as far as Bridgeport to help in ferrying the cattle. This done, and the storm still raging, I went to the hotel for the night. In the morning it registered 20 degrees below zero. I thought how the boys with the main herd must be feeling and struck out to overtake them, hoping to find the outfit at the mouth of the Methow. When I came up with them, the boys were undecided what to do, the cattle bunched up steaming hot and sullen, refusing to move, and the wind blowing a gale from the north with the snow still falling—an old-fashioned blizzard.

The boys needed cheering up, so I acted as master of ceremonies and they responded readily. When they heard that they would not have to go on night herd, there was an audible sigh of relief.

Two miles below there was a narrow pass around a grade where we could build a fire. This would keep the cattle from going back. Near by a small rancher had put up some wheat hay and bunch grass. I went ahead to buy him out, instructing the boys to move the cattle on.

The homesteader's family consisted of a wife, two children and a grandmother. Their food supply was short and they had nothing to spare except eggs. The grandmother, however, had knit a number of pairs of socks and mittens, all of which I bought. The proprietor of the hay was glad to sell it for $100. My boys were in bad shape, half-clad, not having anticipated any such weather, and the socks and mittens helped to cheer them up a little.

By the next morning the snow was two feet deep. We camped at night at the Dave Corrall ranch where we found hay and an enclosure for the cattle, but next night, at the ranch of I. A. Navarre, we turned them up a coulee which the trail followed to the Columbia, tied our horses to trees, with nothing for them to eat and put in such a night ourselves as may be indicated from the fact that when we tried to arise at daylight, our hair was frozen fast to the snow. There being nothing for breakfast, we set out at once to find the cattle, whose tracks had been covered during the night.

It was after dark when we moved down the long hill to Knapp's ferry on the Columbia where we found feed for the horses but none for the cattle. About noon the next day we got to the old Charley Navarre place, where we found a little hay stack, not more than two tons—a taste only. I gave him a cow for it, however. Three miles further on we found a small field of corn fodder for which we paid $100, though under less abnormal conditions, no one would have asked us more than $20.

This being the night the steamboat plying between Wenatchee and Virginia City would pass down the river, I borrowed a lantern and sat on the bank to wait for it. It was after midnight when it came along, but it pulled up to the bank at my signal and took my order for hay to be brought from Wenatchee and distributed at two points where I expected to camp on the way down river.

We were delayed a day in getting around the narrow and difficult trail of Kock-shet mountain, so I had to ride on to Entiat and pay a man $20 to haul me a ton of hay after I had paid for it.

Looking down the river, I saw the steamer land at Orondo. She whistled as if she meant to come on up, though not her day for up river, and drew in at our camp. Captain Bruce Greggs, it seems, had figured on an emergency and had brought five more tons than ordered. It was a Godsend to me, for the cattle were discouraged. The boys guarded that night, the big pot of coffee and the log fire keeping them alive through the bitter cold.

Bill Hayden, whose cabin we passed next morning, stuck his head out to inquire why we were out in that storm. I told him we didn't know it was a storm. Glancing at a thermometer hanging by his door, he called out to us: "Thirty-six below zero."

That night was a repetition of the one before and the next day a stiff wind set in, making it the coldest yet. When I suggested that we tie a pair of blankets on our saddle to wrap around us, all the boys liked the idea but Tennessee John, who had been lightly clad all the time. He said he had done without blankets so far and would stick it out.

Returning from a ride ahead to look over a dangerous trail around a cliff and to locate a camping place where there was plenty of wood and a bunch of my hay, I missed Tennessee John. The boys told me he was back; had given up; was just too cold to go on.

I found him leaning up against a sage bush, his horse tied near by. He positively refused to move, saying that he was unworthy the time I was spending on him.

Though his folks back East were good people, he was no credit to them and I told him so, slapping him in the face. He got up at once, full of fight, and chased me around that sage bush so hard that I was glad enough to have him stop. After some persuasion, he wrapped the blanket around him and came on.

We hauled the hay by the horn of the saddle, a bale at a time, and scattered it, and after dinner saddled up and broke a trail around the cliff. We packed up ten sacks of sand and scattered over the most dangerous part, where, if an animal stumbled, over he went.

That night was almost unbearable. Even the coffee pot seemed to have no warmth and the cattle were hard to hold, milling and moaning. Our breakfast was eaten in silence. The limit of our endurance had been reached. Telling the boys that it was the last day, and how much it meant to me to get the cattle over this bad place in safety, I concluded with "Use your best judgment, boys." They nodded silently.

I took the lead, then came the pack horses with a man to keep them moving, then a few cattle, with a man to keep them close to the horses, and so on, till all were over in safety. We had passed them over inside of two hours without a mishap. I gave the war whoop and the boys replied. At noon we turned the band into Sam Miller's pasture near Wenatchee, where they were fed, and we took shelter in a shed which seemed a palace. Here I got the pleasant information that the Great Northern, over which I expected to ship, was snow-bound.

The next day being Thanksgiving, we rode into Wenatchee to celebrate. I ordered dinner at Hotel Bell, a regular cowboy's banquet, and around the table, supplied with everything we wished, our troubles were for a time forgotten. The feast ended, I stood at the end of the table and made a speech.

"I am going to quit the trail, boys," I said. "During my 35 years in the saddle, I have followed about every old Indian trail in the Northwest. Long before the smoke curled from the settlers' cabins, I was following them. But the old trails are being obliterated by the barbed wire fence and the plow. The cowboy will soon be out of a job. This trail we have just come over will perhaps be the last to go. I have traveled it when no white man was to be seen. The roaring waters of the Winah, the wild yells of the noble red man and the howls of the coyote were the only sounds we heard.

"Today I turn my back on the old trail to face our boasted civilization where selfishness, dishonor and deceit lurk in every corner, where money counts for more than manhood and fashion will keep us poor. I am going into politics and will mix mustard with that wily bunch which seems to be running our government, in order that I may learn their ways."

I did; and I have learned considerable.

Tennessee John promptly got drunk, struck a gambling game and was fleeced of the small amount I had given him in camp. To make sure that he would not lose everything in this way, I bought him a suit of clothes, overcoat, shoes and hat, leaving about $10 due him. In the morning he found the outfit, dressed up and was immensely pleased with himself.

"I wonder what old Schoolhouse Mary will say when she sees me in this rig, he inquired of the cook. Schoolhouse Mary was an Okanogan squaw with whom he had fallen in love.

When the boys bade me good bye at Wenatchee and started home, I felt pretty sad as I watched them, knowing full well that nowhere on earth outside of a cow camp could such men be found.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FOUNDING OF ELLENSBURG

In the year 1870 Ben Burch, who was camped in the Kittitas valley looking after Purdy Flint's cattle, and I decided to start a store. We bought a hewn log house, 14x18 feet, which stood a few miles away and contracted with Martin Daverin to haul and put it up near our old camp. We bought goods and November 20 our pack train and loaded wagons arrived. When we got through unloading the stuff, the cabin was so full that it looked as if there would be no room inside for customers. John Gillispie, a young settler of the previous year and a good friend of mine, rode up and asked how I was going to get inside to do business. I told him that I should sell first the goods nearest the door and thus gradually work my way in. He said that I needed a sign and volunteered to make me one. I accepted his offer. A few mornings later I read over my door, "Robber's Roost." It staggered me for a moment, but, on second thought, I concluded that perhaps John knew more about the sign business than I did. Though it did look very suggestive, I decided to let it stay.

Robber's Roost soon became famous throughout the land. Settlers were very few and poor, so we could expect but little revenue from that source and must depend upon the Indian trade. We had bought three hundred traps which we distributed among the Indians free of charge. As soon as they learned that they were getting something for nothing they came after the traps from far and near. As a result the fur trade was good that winter. I knew nothing of the value of furs and had taken no steps to inform myself, so our dealing was largely guess work, though I did try to be sure that the prices on my goods were high enough. I felt that we were on the safe side when an Indian came in with a pack horse load of furs and went away carrying all the goods he received in exchange in his hip pocket.

My brother, Moses Splawn, was with me that winter and one day, during my absence, when a customer wanted a box of pills, the price of which was 25 cents, Moses charged him $2.50. The man remonstrated, saying that he had bought them before for two-bits. They finally agreed to leave it to me on my return. When I told Moses that the man was right, my brother was disgusted with me and said that I would never be a success in business and had better sell out; when conditions were such that a man must have pills, it was business to make him pay an emergency price.

In the spring I bought Burch's interest and became sole proprietor of the Roost. Gathering up the pack train, I loaded on the furs and set out for The Dalles for more supplies. I found a good sale for the furs, but discovered that, in my ignorance, I had paid for some kinds many times their worth, and for others, nothing near their value. On the whole I broke about even on the furs, and the prices charged for the goods left me considerably ahead.

Knowing that the Indians would congregate in numbers in June at Che-loh-an, the great council and root ground, in preparation for the sporting events which always followed the annual gathering, I bought a number of race horses and a hundred decks of cards and made a half-mile race track below the store. Then I was ready to meet the noble red man in any game he desired.

Che-loh-an was only about ten miles away and the Indians gathered there by hundreds, digging roots and sporting among themselves. I traded for horses, sometimes paying a little money with the goods taken in exchange, assured that it was only a matter of a few days until it would find its way back into my pockets. After the roots were dug, the Indians moved on down to my race track in order to sport with me. I was not so well up in the bone game, but could hold my own at cards, and I skinned them in the horseracing. After two weeks of matching skill with them, I was somewhat ahead of the game.

It was a representative Indian gathering, not only the men, but the squaws and pappooses gambling among themselves, dogs fighting and snarling, drums beating and old women wailing for loved ones long since gone. In the village stood a hundred-foot lodge covered with mats. Here they held their ceremonies and they made an imposing sight, in beaded buckskin suits, haiqua shells and wampum hung about their necks, faces painted both red and yellow, going through their drills and dances, keeping time to the music of songs, beating of sticks and the sound of the pum-pum. Spring and fall saw such gatherings; they were the Indian's jubilees. They enjoyed them, and it helped my trade.

One day a band of Indians from a distant tribe came to the store and bantered me for a horse race. They wanted a long distance race; in fact, suggested the foot of We-nat-sha mountain, six or seven miles away for the start, and the finish at the store. In order to keep up my reputation as a sport, I had to accommodate them. Two horses were matched and money and blankets bet on the result. There was no other white man at the store and about now it dawned upon me that in the time it would take me to ride up to the mountain and run back, I could do a big business in brass rings, red paint and spotted handkerchiefs. There was a young Indian standing by and I offered him a dollar to ride my horse. He took it eagerly and mounted bareback, while I began a brisk trade with the visitors. Just then my faithful old horse herder, At-wine, came in and learned about the race. He promptly informed me that my rider belonged to my opponent's tribe. Having anticipated as much, I sent him out to Craig's hill to watch and signal me when the horses came in sight. I had my best race horse saddled and when I thought it about time for the racers to show up, I moved all the Indians out of the store and locked up.

Getting the signal from At-wine, I met the riders about half a mile away. My opponent's horse was in the lead, its rider whipping it; behind came mine, under a heavy pull. Riding alongside, I gave my rider one lick with the whip and the horse another, with the word "Clat-a-wa" (Go). They lit out and we soon passed the other horse and won by a long distance. The Indians made no complaint, simply saying that it had not occurred to them that I would do that.

The summer of 1871 found many new settlers building their homes along the different streams. Thousands of cattle, driven in from the lower Yakima for summer range, grazed the beautiful valley, whose fine bunch grass grew even up to the water's edge. There were no flies of any kind to disturb the stock and there was cool, clear water in numerous small streams that wound through the grassy plain. The cattle became so fat that they had to hunt the shade early in the morning. It was a veritable cattle heaven.

With no market for agricultural products, everybody was in the cattle business. The only labor attached consisted in putting up wild hay and fencing the ranches. Commercial crazes and get-rich-quick schemes had not yet reached this wild and beautiful land. The people were honest and happy. They sold their cattle once a year, and consequently paid their bills only once a year, but the trader knew that he would get his money.

I fenced in a pasture adjoining the store which enclosed the ground where the Northern Pacific railroad depot, yards and roundhouse now stand at Ellensburg. In this pasture for ten years thousands of cattle were gathered preparatory to the drive over the Sno-qual-mie pass to Seattle and other Sound points.

I remember one day in the summer of 1872, seeing a line of travelers approaching the store along the trail from the Lower Yakima. When within half a mile, one horseman rode ahead. He was well dressed and intelligent looking. I was sitting out in front with my chair tilted against the wall. He asked if I were the proprietor, then pointed above the door and said: "Isn't that an uncommon sign?" I admitted that it was, but said that I had always heard that, no matter how bad a man might be, he had somewhere in his make-up a redeeming quality. Mine was that I wouldn't deceive. "There is my sign," I said, "that all may read and if any one meets with disaster around here, he has only himself to blame."

He went silently back to his companions and they gave the store and its strange proprietor a wide berth. I had lost a sale, but felt more than compensated with the knowledge that I had put it over a tenderfoot.

One day two cowboys rode up to ask if we had any whisky. They said they had come "to hold a big drunk." They were informed that if they contemplated holding such a carousal, they must go to an old cabin half a mile away and remain there until sober. They agreed to this and rode off, each supplied with a bottle and some crackers and cheese to eat. After dark I sent At-wine, my herder, down to see how they were making it. He promptly returned with an order for two more bottles. The cowboys arranged with At-wine to carry what drinks would be needed during the night, and he was kept busy. In the morning, when I asked the Indian if the boys were still alive, he said, "Yes, but yock-a-hi-yu-pight (they are fighting). A little later he reported them as hi-yu-moo-sum (having a big sleep). That afternoon they appeared at the store, with blackened eyes and bruised heads, looking as if they had been run through a threshing machine, paid their bills and rode off together to their camp, the best of friends.

Fred Bennett, an old German who lived nearby on the other side of Wilson creek, used to come in pretty often and sample the free bottle that sat on the shelf. I suggested one day that he better go slow or he would not be able to get over the foot log across the creek. "I just bet you fife tollar," he said, "I can trink all in dot bottle and den valk ofer dot log." It seemed to me a good gamble, for if I won, I would be reimbursed for all the free whisky he had drank. He finished the bottle and struck out for home, I following close behind. He was so sure of himself and so happy that he was holding conversation with himself thus: "I haf got Jack dis time; I yust get his visky and his fife tollar for noddings." He came to the log. Straightening up, he set his eyes on the opposite shore and started over. A little way out on the log, he began to reel. A single cry, "O Gott," and the sound of splashing water told of Bennett's bath—no doubt his first for many years. I pulled him out on his own side of the creek and sent him home.

On the way from Yakima to Kittitas lived Matthias Becker and his jewel of a wife. Mrs. Becker had a heart full of goodness and an ability as cook which could not be equalled in that neck of the woods. I flattered myself that there always awaited me a welcome there, but what was my surprise, one day in November, 1870, to be greeted at the Becker place by a cold stare. In the house sat my friend, John Gillispie and Mrs. Becker's sister, Caroline Gerlick, whom we all called Linnie. I wondered what I had done to lose their friendship, but without inquiring, beat a hasty retreat to my horse, where stood my friend Willie, patting him.

"Don't go, Mr. Splawn," said Willie. "John and Linnie are going to get married and don't want any one to know."

That being the case, I returned to the house and sat down, remarking that the unusually chilly atmosphere certainly boded ill for some one; if a catastrophe were hanging over the premises, I hoped to be near to avert it. Mrs. Becker laughed then and said, "We can't fool Jack and might just as well tell him. We are waiting for the justice (my friend Bennett of the log-walking episode) to marry this couple," and she pointed to the bashful lovers sitting apart.

A few moments later the Hon. Frederick Bennett arrived. He had rigged up for the occasion in Ben Burch's old pants, a mite too short, and my best coat, which fitted him likewise, but my shirt with a large striped collar set him off for any social emergency. The ceremony was brief—"Shoin your right hands. By this you signify that you lofe one anuder. Py de laws of our coundry and de bower in me, I bronounce you vife and vife." I caught his eye and shook my head. He hastened to correct the mistake with, "I don't mean dot; I means usband and vife."

Thus was performed the first marriage ceremony in the Kittitas valley.

The year 1871 developed two characters which furnished a disturbing element which, up to this time, had been lacking. They were Pat Lynch and Windy Johnson, both sons of Erin. Innumerable quarrels soon brought on fistic encounters between them. Tom Haley acting as referee. The fight usally began by Windy saying to Pat, "Are yez ready to die?" The invariable reply was, "Sure not, ye blatherskite"; then the encounter. One day Pat, on his gray mare, with a shot gun across his saddle, was hailed by Windy where the trail crossed his land. When Pat attempted to go forward, Windy fired, taking away part of Pat's hat brim. Pat dismounted, and gave a return salute which tore off some of Windy's coat. The latter sought redress in the court. Justice Fred Bennett presided, with a selected jury. Pat had no defense, but a good idea—to "trate" the judge and jurors. Robber's Roost had nothing stronger on hand than vinegar bitters at the time, but Pat, undismayed, took seven bottles. By the time the evidence was all in, there were but three jurors in their seats with no likelihood of a greater number present any time that night. So they rendered a verdict of "Not guilty," and the first court ever held in the Yakima country adjourned.

Jacob Becker, the pioneer blacksmith, was not a man to be forgotten, a giant in stature, full of industry, an acquisition to the settlement which learned to rely on him at any and all times. Becker became interested in a quartz mine on the Swuck and when a few hundred dollars had been taken out, he quit work, waiting for his mine, the Selma, to make him rich. As he expressed it to me when I wanted my horse shod, "I works no more." When I passed the shop two weeks later, I heard the anvil ringing and rode up to inquire the cause. "Say nothing to me," cried Becker. "Yesterday I was worth millions. Today I am poorer than a dog." The Selma had pinched out.

The monotony of the landscape was broken that winter by a boy and a band of sheep. Whenever I looked out, there was that boy following the sheep, faithfully tending them in all kinds of weather, while the negro whom his father had left to help him, did the heavy standing around. A lasting friendship sprang up between the young herder and myself. He was a credit to the community in which he grew to manhood. Edward Whitson was true to a trust, faithful in the discharge of his duty and achieved a reputation on the federal bench.

The call of the mountains and plains was too constant and too strong for me to remain long in any one place. In the early summer of 1872 I sold my stock of goods to John A. Shoudy. Afterwards I made him a present of my squatter's right to the 160 acres of land comprising the present site of Ellensburg. Shoudy platted the townsite and named it after his good little wife. The settlers, however, for many years, still clung to the old name, Robber's Roost.

CHIEF JOSEPH

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PERKINS MURDER

Years have elapsed since the Bannock and Piute war and the Perkins murder. Time has effaced the differences which then existed between the Indians and the whites. Today one should be in a position to give an unbiased account of these events and the incidents which led up to them, doing justice to all concerned.

This review is based on my own personal knowledge of conditions which prevailed and upon a long acquaintance with one of my most frequently mentioned characters in this connection, Chief Moses. I also have first hand information from the men who pursued and captured the murderers.

During the excitement which followed the killing of Perkins and his wife, all kinds of rumors were afloat. Every movement made by the Indians was held suspicious. The position of Chief Moses in the matter was far from clear.

As a matter of fact, Moses had pursued the same policy as in 1877, when he refused to join his cousin, Chief Joseph, on the warpath. Moses always disclaimed any connection with the Perkins murder, saying that the responsibility lay with a band of outlaws not in any way connected with his tribe, a band which had been fighting the whites on the south side of the Columbia in Oregon and whose members were making their escape from the military. I talked with him many times about it and he always told me the same story. Moses said he had driven these Indians away from his village when he learned what they had done.

When General Howard was pursuing Chief Joseph's band in the Nez Perce war of 1877, he had a number of Bannock scouts with him. It was on this pursuit that it occurred to one of these scouts, Chief Buffalo Horn, that a propitious time was at hand to form a confederacy of red men to throw off the yoke of the white men. The Bannocks had joined General Howard because of their ancient tribal hatred of the Nez Perces, rather than from any friendly feeling towards the whites. When, too, Buffalo Horn heard General Howard speak highly of the splendid generalship of Joseph and the fighting quality of his warriors; and when, still later, he witnessed the kind treatment accorded the vanquished Nez Perces by General Miles, while he, Buffalo Horn, who had helped the whites to their victory, was passed by without even a word of thanks, his resentment was aroused. Clearly the Indians who fought against the government got better treatment than those who helped it to fight its battles.

Moreover, what he had seen of the ability of Joseph's small, encumbered band to keep up a long running fight against the whole military force of the Northwest, convinced him that the United

States army was weak in the Indian mode of warfare. He had seen Joseph captured, but not dishonored, and jealousy of the Nez Perce chieftain's military fame played its part in the plan upon which he set to work.

A confederacy of red men to wipe out entirely the white race in the Northwest was his ambitious design, and had he possessed the ability of Joseph, the settlers of Idaho, Eastern Washington and Oregon might have paid heavily for it. For the country was supposed to be at peace, the settlers had no thought of an uprising, and were unarmed and defenseless.

If he had not Joseph's military genius, Buffalo Horn must have had gifts of diplomacy, for I feel confident that he had the promise of aid in his Indian outbreak from most of the tribes in the above mentioned territory. It was unfortunate for his cause, too, that Buffalo Horn was killed early in the hostilities. The leadership fell to Egan, war chief of the Piutes, a man not big enough for the job. Some of the allies, seeing even before it reached Pendleton, Oregon, that the raid was doomed to failure, not only refused to give their promised assistance, but turned on the leader, Egan, and treacherously murdered him in the Blue mountains.

With no leader, the hostiles broke up into small squads and made their way back to Harney county, Oregon, where they surrendered to the army.

Buffalo Horn's plan, as carried out in the beginning, was to strike out westward on his marauding trip from Fort Hall in Idaho. He and his Bannocks were joined by a large force of Piutes under Chief Egan, the confederated force numbering 500 warriors and over 1,000 women and children. He proposed a sudden dash which should take him swiftly down through Southeastern Oregon to the Umatilla reservation, where the Cayuses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas were to join him. A portion of the Indians were then to cross the Columbia, which was to be the signal for the Yakimas and other tribes to the north to commence hostilities.

During this raid a great many Chinamen, who were mining in Southern Idaho, were murdered, as were isolated sheepherders and cattlemen and a few settlers. Near Stein's mountain Pete French and ten of his cowboys had an encounter with part of this band of raiders. French was a large cattle owner, whom I knew for years. He told me that the cowboys got to a rocky bluff, which afforded them protection, and that, after a few shots had been exchanged the Indians moved on.

The whole country by now had become alarmed. At Silver Creek in Idaho there was a fight between a small company under Colonels Robbins and Bernard, in which the former, in a hand-to-hand encounter with Chief Egan, gave the red man some bad wounds. Captain Wilson, with only thirty men, had several skirmishes with them and it is generally understood that it was in one of these encounters with Wilson's command that Buffalo Horn met his death.

Consternation reigned in Eastern Oregon at word of the near approach of the hostiles. In wagons, on horseback and on foot the settlers flew to the nearest towns for protection. Pendleton, Umatilla, Walla Walla, Milton and Wallula were crowded with refugees. Homes had been abandoned in such haste that clothes and provisions were forgotten. Some of these places were mere hamlets at the time and could have offered but slight resistance, had not fortune interceded for the whites.

When Buffalo Horn fell, the command went to Egan, and the Piute chief, severely wounded, made slow progress, which allowed Howard and Throckmorton time to join forces to oppose him, and gave the settlers a chance to organize to some extent. Counting the raid a forlorn hope, with one leader dead and the other badly wounded, the Oregon tribes which were to have joined the expedition joined forces with the whites. The Cayuses lured Egan into a trap and killed him. The Yakimas looked in vain for the signals to announce that the hostiles had crossed the river. The war had fizzled out.

The captive Piutes were placed on the Simcoe reservation for the winter and allowed to return to their own country the following spring. During their stay on the reservation, Sarah Win-na-muca, an educated daughter of their great chief, Win-na-muca, who had refused to join Buffalo Horn in his raid, remained at Fort Simcoe as a guest of the Indian agent, Father Wilbur, looking after the welfare of her people. She was instrumental in bringing about permission for them to return home in the spring.

During the height of the excitement in the Yakima valley, the settlers had banded together for protection in many places. A sod fort was built on the farm of J. B. Dickerson in the Ahtanum, about a mile southeast of the Woodcock academy. The walls were of mud piled eight feet high and three feet thick. A trench was dug around the outside of the fortification. The plan was to keep provisions and the families on the inside, while the men would defend the fort from the entrenchment. Tunnels were dug at intervals to permit communication between the trench and the fort, wells were sunk at convenient places so that the refugees might be prepared to withstand a long siege.

Another fortification of smaller dimensions was built on John Cleman's ranch in the Wenas to protect settlers at Selah, Wenas and Nah-cheez. Most of the settlers from the lower Yakima congregated at Yakima City, using the Centennial and Schanno halls as forts. Not all of the settlers, however, went to the forts, many taking their chances at home.

Shortly after the death of Buffalo Horn, when Egan's lack of leadership began to show up, the Columbia river Indians from

Wallula down as far as The Dalles, who had joined the hostile Bannocks and Piutes in the John Day's country and had participated in several massacres of settlers, deserted and started north to join Chief Moses at the mouth of the We-nat-sha. Here Moses had gathered together, as the year before during the Nez Perce war, all the disaffected Indians in his vicinity.

When this deserting band reached the lower end of Long Island, in the Columbia below Umatilla, and began to cross, a steamer which had been converted into a gunboat for the purpose of preventing just this thing, appeared and began firing, killing several Indians and keeping the larger portion from crossing at this time.

A small party, however, had succeeded in making the landing on the north side and it included some of the most desperate renegades of the Northwest tribes, Has-sa-lo (Star), How-wil-lis, Til-la-toos, Wi-ah-na-cat, Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne and others. They were greatly angered at the killing of some of the tribesmen by the steamer and, while some remained behind to help the others cross, a hundred more succeeding in reaching the opposite shore the following night, a band including Wi-ah-ne-cat, Shu-lu-skin, Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne, Te-wow-ne, Chuck-chuck, Moos-tonie and Ki-pe started north at once.

They reached the Rattlesnake Springs the afternoon of July 9. Here they came upon Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who were on their way to Yakima City to visit Mrs. Perkins' mother, Mrs. Cheney. They had left their cabin on the east side of the Columbia that morning, being ferried over by Mr. King, who with three other cattlemen—Jordie Williams, Fred Rolen and A. Duncan—were then living at White Bluffs.

At the first trial in the justice court when the Indian murderers were bound over to the superior court, I acted as interpreter. Each and every one of the Indians told practically the same story, convicting themselves without need for any other testimony.

When they found the man and his wife at the springs, they said, Wi-ah-ne-cat suggested that they kill them. Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne said that two of their own people had been killed by the gunboat, one of them a friend of his, and that he wanted revenge.

During their argument, Perkins and his wife, no doubt becoming alarmed, began to saddle their horses. Wi-ah-ne-cat and Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne drew their guns and ordered Perkins to stop. He had his own horse saddled by this time and mounted. Mrs. Perkins, who was a splendid horsewoman, did not wait to saddle, but mounted her mare bareback, and with only a rope around her neck to guide her, they started on the run. A shot from Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne's gun wounded Perkins, but he kept on till a shot from Wi-ah-ne-cat reached him, when he fell from his horse and soon died.

Mrs. Perkins' mount now began to run and was outdistancing her pursuers, when a deep ravine appeared, which the brave little mare failed to clear. The animal fell, throwing her rider, who lay stunned until the Indians came up.

She raised her hands, they said, as if in prayer, then begged them, if they must kill someone, to let it be her, and to save her husband, she not knowing that he was already dead. While the Indians who had come up with Mrs. Perkins sat upon their horses, undecided, Wi-ah-ne-cat rode up and asked why they sat there like women, instead of killing her. He promptly drew his gun and fired.

Thus perished Blanche Bunting, whom I had known from childhood, her young life cut short by a bullet from a fiendish savage out on the lonely hills of the Rattlesnake. Such was the toll the pioneers had to pay.

By the terms of the original treaty, the Indians of this band of murderers belonged to the Simcoe reservation, but they had never lived there, residing with several smaller bands along the Columbia between the mouth of the Umatilla and the Wichrams at Celilo. These tribes had always been known as freebooters since the coming of the whites. This crime, therefore, is not justly chargeable to the Yakima reservation.

After finishing their hellish deed, the Indians rode on up the Columbia. When they were opposite my Figure 2 ranch at Priest Rapids, where I had Dana Gillett, a white man, and two Indians—Sam, a Priest Rapids, and Barney, a Klickitat Indian—working, they called across. Barney and Sam went over in a canoe, but recognizing some of the party as "bad men," they declined to land. They were asked if there was "any white man at Jack Splawn's camp," and they said "No." The Indians moved on, but shouted back that they would cross above and come down on the other side, and if they found Sam and Barney had lied, they would give them a beating—which they later got.

The two faithful fellows prevailed on Gillett to pack up and go down to White Bluffs, where four cattlemen were living. The renegades showed up in the morning and, finding that a white man had been there and made his escape, they kept their promise to my Indians.

Because of sickness I was compelled to go at this time to Portland for medical treatment. Before starting I arranged with Adam Duncan to go over to the Figure 2 and tell Dana Gillett to leave the camp and remain at Yakima City until the question of Indian hostilities was settled. There was an element of danger in the trip, so I gave Duncan my famous riding horse, Crazy Jim, noted for his speed and endurance. He arrived at the camp the day after Gillett had left for White Bluffs. After learning from my Indians of the raiding party, he went on down to White Bluffs, and the two, with E. M. King, made their way to Yakima City. Upon arrival there, they inquired if Perkins and his wife had got through safely. Learning they had not arrived, Duncan and John McAllister, an uncle of Mrs. Perkins, set out at once for the Rattlesnake springs, the first place to water after leaving White Bluffs.

They found at the springs, upon close search, a piece of quilt and a broken dish which, upon their return to Yakima City, were identified as the property of the missing pair. Agent Wilbur, upon appeal for assistance, sent three Indian scouts, Stick Joe, Joe Eneas and a California Indian named Dick. These, with six white men—John M. Edwards, J. H. Conrad, Adam Duncan, Andrew Chambers, John A. Splawn and John McAllister—from Yakima City set out once more to the springs, forty miles east. Stick Joe found the bodies in the bottom of a shallow ravine near where the old White Bluffs wagon road crossed the little stream. They were covered with rocks and brush. A partial island made by flood waters separated them.

John Splawn rode back to Yakima City for a conveyance in which to take the remains to Yakima, while the rest of the party stood guard over the dead. They were laid to rest in the little graveyard around which Blanche Bunting had gathered flowers in her girlhood.

A few days after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and before it had become known, Walter Burbank and his cousin, Albert Burbank, believing that horses belonging to Harry Burbank, the father of Walter, were in danger of being run off by some roving band of Indians, rode over to the range between the Hog ranch and the head of Cold creek to gather up the stock and drive it to the Wenas. When the young men had reached a point about a mile beyond the big willows, later known as the Hog ranch, they were fired upon. Walter's coat and vest were pierced by a bullet, while another tore off a portion of the horn of his saddle. Seeing eight Indians come out from behind a small hill, the young men began a hasty retreat, with bullets whistling all about them. Albert, who was not so well mounted, jumped his horse over a small precipice and hid, while the Indians followed Walter, whose fleeter horse carried him out of danger. Albert was able to escape notice and rejoin Walter near Selah springs. When they rode into Yakima with their story, excitement ran high. There was much uneasiness in the little village, though the inhabitants were as yet in ignorance of the Perkins murder.

Walter Burbank, William L. Splawn, Ed Lindsey and John M. Edwards went at once to the scene of the attack to discover the Indians and, if possible, bring in the band of horses. The former they did not find, but succeeded in getting the horses. It was afterwards learned that this band of Indians included such desperados as Has-sa-lo, Eel-spike and Til-la-toos, on their way to join Chief Moses.

During the summer and fall efforts were made to discover the Perkins murderers, the only definite information obtained being that they had joined Moses. About this time, when John M. Edwards and an Indian boy named Jim Nelson were looking after William L. Splawn's cattle on the east side of the Columbia, a Yakima Indian, Wow-nat-tee, rode into their camp and said that the murderers were then at White Bluffs in a great gambling game. Wow-nat-tee said that he would go with Edwards and point out the murderers to him, by placing his foot behind each one as he passed around the circle.

Edwards went, though it was a perilous undertaking both for the white man and the Indian. As Wow-nat-tee extended his foot behind each of the seven guilty ones, Edwards carefully noted their features. As he started to return to his canoe, the game ceased and there was loud talking and much gesturing. He kept on, however. A big, powerful Indian stepped up in front of him, and asked what he was looking for. Edwards replied, "Just watching the game." The Indian answered, with oaths, "You are looking for me." By this time Edwards had reached the bank where the Indian boy, Nelson, was waiting in the canoe. He shoved the boat out into the current and crossed the river. Looking back, he observed commotion in the Indian camp. Mounting his horse, he sent the boy back to the Indian camp with the canoe, and rode on down river.

When out of sight, he left the trail. As night came on, he hunted up an old dug-out he knew of hidden in a bunch of brush. It was in bad shape, but he got it into the water, tied an old saddle blanket around it as best he could and, swimming his horse alongside, crossed the river. He rode into Yakima City at daylight and told William L. Splawn what he had seen and done. A call was made for volunteers, but that course seeming too slow, Splawn, Edwards and my cowboy, Dana Gillett, started for White Bluffs, intending to make the arrests for themselves. They found, however, that the renegades had gone.

The information obtained by Edwards was sent on to Agent Wilbur at Fort Simcoe. About the first of December Agent Wilbur sent an invitation to Chief Moses to visit him at Fort Simcoe. Moses went and, after talking it over, both Wilbur and Moses went to Yakima City to hold a council with the citizens. Centennial hall was packed to hear what the great chief had to say. Wilbur presided. He emphasized what a crime it was for one person to kill another, said that the murder of Perkins and his wife was an outstanding crime done by a renegade band of Indians without cause or provocation, and that the guilty ones must be caught and punished. In introducing Moses, Wilbur said, "The greatest chief in our territory is present and can, if he will, be of great help in capturing this band of outlaws."

Moses made a long talk, denying any complicity in the crime, and said he had not, and would not, harbor the murderers in his tribe. He gave it as his belief that the renegades were in hiding among the lava beds on Crab creek and offered, if Agent Wilbur would send some of his Indian police and the whites some volunteers, to send ten of his men to assist in their capture.

Agent Wilbur at once sent for ten of his policemen, with Eneas as captain and John Lumley as first lieutenant. A call for volunteers was made and the following men came forward: William L. Splawn, Moses Splawn, John A. Splawn, John M. Edwards, Pleas Rader, William Eaton, George S. Taylor, D. B. May, Dana Gillett, Mal Shaw, Tom Shaw, Eugene Flint, S. Munson, James Simmons, Dan Simmons, Berwick, George W. Goodwin, W. E. Thornton, Ed Lindsey, Dave Corrall and John Perkins, brother of the murdered man. These twenty-two were joined the following morning by the ten Indian policemen.

On reaching their first camp, not far from Priest Rapids, they organized, electing William L. Splawn, captain; George S. Taylor, first lieutenant, and James Simmons, second lieutenant. John A. Splawn was a deputy sheriff and held warrants for the arrest of the murderers so that this force was in the nature of a posse.

The arrangements made with Moses were that these men should cross the Columbia at his village, where ten men from Moses' band would join them. Captain Eneas of the Yakima Indian police, however, was fearful of treachery on Moses' part and so stated to Captain Splawn. The plan to cross at Moses' village was therefore abandoned, the party crossing the river a short distance above the Figure 2 ranch. After breakfast Captain Eneas mounted and rode to a point where he could see several miles up river. Soon there came into sight around the narrow trail at Saddle mountain, just below the present Beverley, a long string of Indians. Riding back, he reported to Captain Splawn, who ordered his men to get ready for battle.

Lieutenant Taylor and some others suggested that half the force should get among the drift logs to protect the canoes, but before this could be done the oncoming warriors hove in sight. In giving the order to line up, Captain Splawn remarked, "We may not have any use for canoes by the time this thing ends."

Mounting his horse then, six-shooter in hand, he rode out alone to check the mad rush of the red devils, stripped for battle. Chief Moses was in the lead and by his side rode In-no-mo-se-cha Bill, the terror of his tribe and the bravest warrior in the Northwest. The Yakima Indians had by now stripped, appearing only in breech clout, but there were no yells and whoops, the big band bearing down on the little one in silence.

Splawn met Moses about fifty yards in advance of his force. Putting his six-shooter against the Indian's body, he ordered him to halt. Moses obeyed promptly. Captain Splawn asked him what he meant by coming in this manner and the chief replied: "This is the way I met General Howard."

He was informed that the present company did not care for that particular style of approach.

"If you come for a fight, turn loose; we are ready," said my brother.

But Moses said he had nothing against the whites and did not come to fight them, but that Eneas was a traitor to him. He was told that this company of volunteers was out after the Perkins murderers and proposed to get them.

At a command from Moses, his warriors formed in line of battle and some fifteen guns were leveled at the captain. Lieutenant Lumley of the Indian police gave orders to his men to cover the Indians who had drawn on the captain. My brother was still holding his six-shooter against the body of Moses, the two regarding each other, eye to eye. At last Captain Splawn said: "Moses, if there is a shot fired, it means death to you and to me. Give the signal at once or order your men to move back." The latter order was given, and tne Indians rode back up the river, thus concluding what had for a time looked like a hopeless battle. Captain Splawn's iron nerve had saved the day.

This volunteer command then moved on down the river a dozen miles to Smo-hal-la's village of fifty lodges, which they searched, finding only old men and women. The fighting men were no doubt with Moses. They kept the village under watch that night and in the morning found and made prisoner Moos-tonie, one of the murderers.

Having learned that the rest of the murderers, with a considerable force, were fortified in the lava beds of Crab creek, and having reasons for believing that Moses and his warriors would lend them aid, it was decided to send to Yakima City for reinforcements, George W. Goodwin being selected to carry the message.

Upon Goodwin's arrival, the call went out for volunteers. The following day seventy well-armed men were on the way to White Bluffs, the rendezvous. Here they found the other band of volunteers and Indians waiting them.

Sixty men left about dark for the lava beds, the rest staying behind to guard the horses and camp. The expedition was joined in the night by Sheriff F. D. Schnebly, Charles Schnebly, Charles B. Reed, Charles Kenneth and John Catlin, all brave men, from Kittitas, who would prove a valuable addition in case of difficulties.

From the top of the ridge overlooking the Crab creek country, a fire was to be seen on the plain not far from the upper crossing of the creek where it rises out of the sand below Moses lake. Believing that this fire had been made by the horse herders of the hostiles, they decided to attempt a capture.

Upon approaching nearer, the volunteer company was divided, Captain Splawn leading one division and Lieutenant Taylor the other. The former dashed in above the encampment, while Taylor threw his force in below to cut off retreat.

Great was the surprise of the besiegers when they heard Chief Moses' familiar voice calling out to Captain Splawn not to shoot. Splawn ordered the camp surrounded, but no shooting. Moses and nine of his warriors, including In-no-mo-se-cha Bill, were made prisoners and disarmed. It was with much difficulty that Captain Splawn, Lieutenant Taylor and Captain Eneas prevented some of their men from killing Moses. Those most desirous of scalping the great chief were Dave Corrall, William Eaton and a man named Jose.

Moses gave as his reason for being so far away from his village his discovery of the hiding place of the murderers and his wish to guide thither the white volunteers, whom he was trying to locate.

All started for Crab creek about daylight and by 7 o'clock came upon a deserted camping ground. Moses appeared anxious and asked Captain Splawn what they were going to do with him. He was told that no decision had yet been made in his case.

"You have made a great mistake," said my brother. "The whites have always thought you truthful, but now we believe that you warned the murderers and so they have fled."

Powerful man that he was, Moses cried and said he regretted the way he had acted. He also gave it as his opinion that the renegades were still encamped not far below in the rocks. Moses said that if Captain Splawn and his brother Jim might go with him, he thought they could catch sight of the camp, without themselves being seen. About three miles down the canyon, they came upon horse tracks coming from out the rocks. There was a skift of snow on the ground, which showed them plainly. Further on was the place where the Indians had camped, but they were gone, though fresh tracks showed in what direction they had passed that morning.

Captain Splawn returned to his camp, with the intention of sending part of his force to follow the murderers, and the rest back to Fort Simcoe with the prisoners. Captain Eneas, when the matter was broached to him, flatly refused to follow any further. Captain Splawn then asked him to take back the prisoners and he declined that, too. Moses then proposed that he stay with the command, and send his sixteen warriors to get the fugitives.

This proposition was accepted. Moses' warriors brought back one of the murderers, Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne, and reported that another, Chuck-Chuck, had committed suicide. The command then went back to White Bluffs, where a message reached them from Indian Agent Wilbur to bring in all the Indians that belonged on the Simcoe reservation. This order did not cover Moses and his people, as they had never belonged on this reservation.* The command collected all the Indians along the Columbia from the mouth of the Snake to Priest Rapids, crossed them over and put them on the reservation.

Lieutenant Taylor, with a portion of the command, took the prisoners to Yakima City. The Yakima settlers had already sent a runner to Goldendale to ask aid of the only militia company in the territory at that time, one organized and armed for home defense at the time of the Bannock and Piute war, with Enoch Pike as captain, George Latimer, first lieutenant, and G. J. Google, second lieutenant. It had on its muster roll sixty-six names.

The Yakima messenger arrived on Christmas day and Captain Pike at once called out his company and set out to answer the appeal for help. Some of his men were unable to procure horses on such short notice, so loaded their saddles on the supply wagon and struck out on foot. Arriving at the Simcoe reservation, they appropriated as many horses as required and pushed on to the assistance of Captain Splawn.

Before their arrival at Yakima City, however, the Yakima volunteers had returned with some of the murderers. The Klickitat men were, however, called into service to guard the jail, as it was feared that some of the citizens, greatly enraged, might attempt to break in and hang the Indians.

At the request of Agent Wilbur, the Klickitat militia escorted Chief Moses from Yakima City, where the feeling ran so high, to the agency at Ft. Simcoe. One member of Captain Pike's own company, indeed, made an attempt to kill the chief, but the kick of the gun warned the captain and the man was quickly disarmed.

Moses remained at the agency, rather as a guest than as a prisoner, until February, 1879, when he was permitted to start for his home on the Columbia. On reaching the Yakima, near the present Parker station, however, he was arrested by Sheriff Schnebly and Deputy Conrad on a warrant charging him with complicity in the murder of Perkins and his wife. He was tried, released on bonds furnished by Agent Wilbur, and allowed to proceed on his journey.

Soon after Moses was called to Washington, D. C., where he succeeded in getting a large reservation set aside for his tribe on the west side of the Okanogan river, a gift which he never would have received had it not been for the notoriety he gained in connection with the Perkins murder. It was the mistaken policy of this government to make heroes of warlike chieftains, thus paying a bonus for hostilities.

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*"I talked freely with him (Moses) in reference to coming to this agency with his people. He replied General Howard had given him encouragement that a reservation would be given him and his people." Report of James Wilbur to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, August 25, 1879.

Moses always disclaimed any connection with the Perkins murder. When I asked him why he rode into Captain Splawn's volunteers in the way told of above, he answered:

"That was my great mistake. You know my young men and you know I have some that are hard to control. When I informed them of the coming of the volunteers and of the Indian police with Eneas as captain, they became angry, asking why the whites had to bring Eneas and his bunch of traitors along. I tried to calm them, but to no avail. They wanted to fight the Yakima Indian police."

Captain Eneas and Moses had not been friendly since the war of 1856. Moses said that when he saw it was Billy Splawn who rode out to meet them, he was surprised, realizing then that, in order to fight the police, it would be necessary to fight Billy and the other whites, against whom they had no grievance. In-no-mo-se-cha Bill spoke up and said: "Billy Splawn is our friend. We will return."

I have always believed Moses' story, and that when he said he wanted no more war, they were his true sentiments, not because he had any love for the whites, but because he was clever enough to recognize that the whites were too powerful for the Indians to cope with.

Two of the murderers were captured near the mouth of Satus creek and two above The Dalles, thus completing the party known to have been concerned in the killing of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins. All of them, except Moos-tonie, who turned state's evidence, and Chuck-Chuck, who had committed suicide, appeared in the district court, to which they had been bound over in October, 1879.

Samuel G. Wingard was federal judge for Eastern Washington territory at the time and he presided at the trial. T. J. Anders prosecuted the case, while J. W. Hamilton and Edward Whitson appeared for the defense. Wi-ah-ne-cat, Shu-lu-skin, Te-won-ne, Kipe and Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne were convicted and sentenced to be hung.

But many things were to happen ere this fiendish bunch was sent to the happy hunting grounds. A few days after the trial the prisoners all escaped, but were recaptured at Union Gap. A short time later, they again made their escape and were located in the tules and brush near the Toppenish creek by Deputy Sheriff York, who asked for aid. J. H. Conrad, the sheriff, together with Captain William L. Splawn, John A. Splawn and a Mr. Nash, left Yakima City at once and on reaching an Indian house near the place where the murderers were supposed to be in hiding, they encountered two Indians, covered with mud, who had been captured by two Indian policemen, who suspected them of carrying provisions to the escaped prisoners. Sheriff Conrad turned the matter of recapturing the murderers over to Captain Splawn, who straightway proceeded to sweat the two suspicious Indians in such an effective way that they shortly confessed that they had been carrying food and had made an arrangement with the refugees that after dark that day they would meet them at a stated point with more food.

One of these Indians was detained by Sheriff Conrad, while Captain Splawn took the younger one along as guide and decoy, with instructions to obey orders under penalty of death. After dark the posse set out for the rendezvous, and on reaching it the young Indian was given certain instructions. The place selected was a small opening among the tules. Here the posse secreted themselves, and the decoy built a small fire as a signal that he was there with the food. No one appeared, however.

Captain Splawn whispered to the Indian to halloa, which he did, but there was no response. When he had hallooed several times, however, Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne cautiously ventured out from his hiding place, and was soon followed by Wi-ah-ne-cat. Two others had raised up from among the tules to go out towards the fire, when the voice of Deputy Sheriff York and the ringing of his heavy spurs, which had bells on them, were heard not far off. It has always seemed strange to me that a man would go hunting hidden prisoners with a voice like a trumpet and Spanish spurs on.

Hearing York's voice, the Indians said to the decoy, "White men are near."

"But the decoy answered, "You are women to get up and run for nothing more than the voice of a white man."

Then, just as they were rising, Captain Splawn stood up from his place in the tules and called upon them to surrender. With a wild yell, Wi-ah-ne-cat made a run for liberty, bounding from side to side as he ran, but his pursuer was used to that kind of work and kept close behind. When opportunity came, with his six-shooter he sent a bullet through the worthless body of the ringleader of the band, the one who had shot the beautiful and beloved Blanche Bunting.

Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne made his escape, because he shaped his course so as to keep Captain Splawn between himself and the posse. Next day Kipe and Shu-lu-skin were captured in the tules and Te-wow-ne by the reservation Indians. Wi-ah-ne-cat had already paid the penalty for his crime. The others were taken back to Yakima City, but a few days before their execution they broke jail again.

Through some means unknown the prisoners had obtained a moccasin with a good-sized stone in it, and during a time when Jailor York was off his guard, they struck him on the head with the stone, rendering him for a time unconscious. He soon rallied, however, and began firing on the fleeing Indians. Judge Brooks, in the sheriff's office at the time, heard the noise and, snatching up a loaded rifle, joined in the fight. Other citizens were quickly on the scene and the Indians recaptured. In this fight Te-wow-ne was wounded and died before execution day. Shu-lu-skin's arm was shattered, but he lived to be hung, in company with Kipe, at the appointed time.

Ta-mah-hop-tow-ne was killed in July of 1880 by James Taggart and Bob Bunting, the latter a brother of Mrs. Perkins. Thus, after two years of constant pursuit and watchfulness, the last of the Perkins murderers were disposed of and a conclusion brought to the saddest incident that has yet occurred in the Yakima valley.

CHAPTER XL.

REMINISCENCES OF 1880-1881

The winter of 1880-1881 was a close second to that of 1861-1862 for severity and loss of stock. I had been for a number of years buying and selling cattle as well as raising them on the range. In 1880, I was furnishing beef cattle to many butchers in Portland. About the first of December I began sending over the trail from Yakima to The Dalles my fancy Christmas cattle, to be shipped by steamer to Portland.

After starting two bands two days apart, I started the third and rode on in advance to overtake the leading herd. I stopped to purchase another lot to follow and in starting on again met the stage. The driver told me that the Columbia was frozen over at The Dalles and that my cattle had arrived and could not be ferried over; neither was there any hay at Rockland, on the opposite side of the river from The Dalles.

Reaching the top of the mountain between Klickitat valley and The Dalles, I discovered the ground there bare of snow, with plenty of grass and soon was delighted to see my cowboys with the cattle returning to graze on the bare spot which they had noted. Taking one of the boys with me, I went on to The Dalles. We found that we could cross the river on foot, but that the ice was not strong enough to hold up the cattle.

In the evening Captain Fred Wilson of the steamer running to the Upper Cascade, where there was a portage of five miles, came into the Umatilla House where I was sitting and I told him the fix I was in. It was either get the cattle to Portland or go broke. Wilson said he thought he could break through the ice and get up to the landing and would try it the next night. If he succeeded, he was to blow the whistle long and loud which would be the signal for my boys, out with the cattle ten miles away, to bring in the stock. Then I turned in to bed, leaving it all to Captain Fred.

It was with immense relief, however, that I heard the next night the steamer's whistle and saw the boat plowing through the ice, up past the town then down to the wharf on the south side, thereby opening up the ferry. When Captain Fred got up town, there was nothing too good for him. The ferryman was ready for work by daylight, my cowboys soon hove in sight and by good luck, the cattle I had left in Yakima had caught up, so we crossed them all together. When a boat load was landed on the opposite side, my friends, among them Ben Snipes, drove the cattle down to the stock yards where the steamboats landed. We had them all across by evening. An extra steamboat was made ready, and we had the whole bunch in Portland that night.

A down stream wind from the east developed into a blizzard, the river became blocked with ice and steamboat navigation was at an end for sixty days. Dame Fortune had saved me once more by the skin of my teeth. There was nothing too good for my cowboys, who had been in the saddle twenty-four hours, without food or sleep, when that job was finished.

On my return to Yakima, a little before Christmas, snow came on and reached a depth of fifteen inches by New Year's. A Chinook wind settled it to twelve, then came a freeze, leaving a heavy crust on top. There was more snow about January 10, another Chinook and another freeze, leaving the whole country covered with snow and ice to a depth of from eighteen to thirty inches. With the weather clear and extremely cold, there was a glare of crust and ice over everything. The cold weather lasted about two months, making the length of this memorable winter over ninety days.

The live stock industry constituted about all the business of Eastern Oregon and Washington at that time. Especially was this true of the Yakima valley. People did not pretend to put up hay for all their cattle. It had been a great and mild range country and they were not uneasy. Even had they had hay, they could have gotten but a small portion of their cattle in to it, for they were scattered out miles in every direction. Stock could not travel in the ice-covered snow. It cut their legs so that, whenever they had attempted to move about, the snow was covered with blood. Many cattle perished in their tracks.

The cattlemen made rawhide leggings for their horses, which fitted below the knee and hocks down to the hoofs. The sharpness of the snow and ice soon cut them up, so we were kept busy making new ones. With our horses thus equipped, we were constantly on the move, breaking trails to the different watering places where the cattle had banded together during the different storms and by moving around had kept the crust broken. At such places what was alive and able to travel we brought home to feed. At least, those did who had hay.

We took our pack horses along and camped wherever night overtook us. We had grain for the horses, but often had to melt snow to get water for man and beast.

I shall never forget the sight, after we had succeeded in breaking trail from Parker Bottom to Willow spring in Moxee coulee, about eight miles east of Yakima City. At the spring and strung along up the coulee were hundreds of dead and dying cattle, piled up in heaps, as if seeking companionship in the hour of death. Gathering up those strong enough to travel, we started them on the trail to Parker Bottom. From the top of the hill, I looked back on that valley of death. As far as the eye could reach, it was a vast plain of ice-covered snow glistening in the sun. Then and there I resolved to own no more cattle than I could take care of.

When we reached Parker Bottom we met David Murry and his young wife who had been enjoying their honeymoon in California. He was an old man and a large owner of cattle. His loss was heavy.

He gasped when I told him how great the general loss would be and said, "Is it possible that I will lose my fortune after marrying so happily?"

"You are fortunate," I said, "to have your beautiful wife left. You no doubt have enjoyed yourself during your honeymoon, rambling with your Minnie May. While you were having the time of your life mid sunshine and flowers, we fellows were sleeping in the snow and breaking trails through the crust to help save a few cattle for you. Your cabin is still there. Get into it and feel glad you are still alive and have your pretty May."

We found the Rattlesnake hills and canyons piled high with dead cattle. Over on Alder creek and the Glade, however, was the worst sight to look upon. The cattle were here piled up by the thousands. It was in the heart of the Snipes and Allen range. They had, before the winter set in, fully 40,000 head. No one believed over 10,000 survived. In the bottom along the Yakima river, within a mile of Yakima City, at least 500 lay dead, most of them belonging to Thomas Chambers. The Indian department went into the winter with 3,000 head, coming out with less than 1,000 and they had fed out at least three hundred tons of hay. On the east side of the Columbia, from the Snake to Priest Rapids and on Crab creek and up the Snake to Lewiston, the loss was fully as great.

Conditions were just as bad about Walla Walla and Umatilla as well as all the strip up and down the Columbia on both sides. The John Day's country, Prineville and that section, however, did not suffer over half the loss sustained in the higher altitudes which had more Chinook winds.

The Indians suffered no less than the whites. Their ponies were scattered over hill and plain and they died in their tracks. At Ko-ti-ah-an's village near the present Parker, the noise and din of the medicine men was kept up for two months. The Chinook dance was going on every night with whooping, yelling, pounding of sticks and the ceaseless noise of the pum-pum. The medicine men were called on for their best efforts, but their tam-man-a-was was not strong enough to bring the wind. Old We-i-pah, the last of the great medicine men, had died thirteen years before.

While that winter proved a great calamity to many of the earliest settlers, wiping out their accumulation of wealth at a stroke and putting them back twenty years, most of them continued in the business with the remnants of their herds and eventually retrieved their fortunes. Others disposed of what little was left, quit the business and gradually drifted out of the country.

About the last of February the weather had moderated and I had gathered in something over a hundred of the four hundred cattle I had on the range. I concluded to go home for a few days and said to the man who was feeding the cattle on the old Brooks ranch just below the present Donald, "If the Chinook wind begins to blow, drive the cattle out from the feed yard (which was down in the brush) and put them in the corral on the hill, for whenever the break-up comes, there is bound to be a jam in the river and no one can tell just where they may occur. Take no chances."

He said that high water had never covered the ground where the cattle were. Again I said to him, "If there is any doubt about your obeying my instructions, I will stay. I know what I am talking about." He said, "Go on, for I will certainly do what you ask."

With a lingering doubt still in my mind, I rode on home. The Chinook began to blow that afternoon, but in a mild form, and I was not uneasy. During the night, however, it grew stronger and warmer and was certainly melting the snow.

Saddling my horse, I started early for my cattle. On reaching the ferry where now stands the bridge at Parker a sight met my eye—the ice piled up mountain high. The ferry boat had been put out of commission; the water, confined to a narrow channel, was a boiling, seething mass of broken ice. Robert Dunn, whose ranch was a short distance below, was standing on the opposite side of the river. His voice could hardly be heard. What he had to tell me was that my cattle were all dead; that the jam had nearly destroyed his house, from which he had barely escaped with his family, and then, passing on down the bottom, had covered my cattle beneath ten feet of ice and debris.

Crossing at this point being out of the question, I rode down to an Indian camp where I found a canoe but nobody who wanted to take me across in such water. Finally, a big, fearless Indian said he would do it for ten dollars. No sooner were we in the canoe, then we shot down stream like an arrow. The swift water was running in a narrow channel between two great walls of ice. When I asked the Indian where we could land, he made no reply, did not even look up. But his brain was working. A rift in the wall of ice could be seen at a bend in the river and here we succeeded in making a landing.

Working our way up over the jam we came to the place where my cattle had been. Looking down through the crevices, we could see heads, tails and horns scattered throughout the pile of debris. One little calf was still alive, on top of a cake of ice, the lone survivor of that awful mix-up. While we were viewing the ghastly sight, some men and a boy came out from the shore. I told the boy to take the calf with my good wishes, as I did not want any remnant of cattle left behind to ponder over. I would start all over again and make another stake.

When we got back to the camp where my horse was tied, instead of feeling down hearted, I was actually happy. I had done all I could, shirked no duty to save my stock, yet they were completely wiped out in a few minutes. I was always a believer that whatever happens is for the best. I felt that Dame Fortune, who had helped me out so many times before, was running things to suit herself, and let it go at that.

When I got back to Yakima City and my friends came around to sympathize, I would have none of it, telling them I had my saddle horse and my pack horse and would soon come back.

While the Chinook had taken the snow off the higher points and softened the crust, there was still about six inches all over the valley and it turned cold again. I was soon on the way to The Dalles. The first night I spent with my friend Jock Morgan who lived just below the present Toppenish, and the second at an Indian village on what is now known as Me-nin-ick's ranch on Satus creek. The village was on the same spot where I had spent the night in a similar village eighteen years before as guest of Ken-e-ho. With no grass in sight, I tied the horses, fed them oats and went into the lodge of Ap-pal-li-klet, a brother of Ken-eho. The odor of salmon was strong, dogs were fighting and snarling, there came the sound of the pum-pum, and the whooping and wailing of the old women. The north wind began to blow fierce and wild.

I took part of my blankets out to the horses and returned to sit by the lodge fire. I missed many familiar faces. Ken-e-ho and Eliza, his squaw, and the beautiful Lal-looh, who were here in 1863, had gone the long trail.

Bidding my red friends good-bye the next morning, I set out once more, stopping at the summit of the Simcoe mountains that night, where Al Lillie with his splendid little wife kept a stage station. Goldendale was reached the following day. Snow had drifted all over the town and the people were discouraged. It was a dry town, but a sympathetic druggist let me have a bottle on the ground that my looks indicated I needed a stimulant.

As the regular traveled road to The Dalles was very circuitous, I decided to take the direct course. I had no trouble getting over fences. The snow had drifted and packed hard, so I got over the stake and rider fences with ease. At The Dalles that night, people flocked into the Umatilla house to ask about the cattle losses in the Yakima country, for I was the first man through. Ben Snipes was among those who came and when I told him what I had seen on his range, he asked me if when I was in Portland I would make it a point to tell the facts to W. S. Ladd the banker, for Snipes wanted to borrow all the money he could to buy up the remnants of the herds as he knew many people would be quitting the cattle business.

I said that I would not lie to Mr. Ladd, but that I could certainly say it would be a profitable thing for a man to do.

Mr. Ladd let Snipes have all the money he needed and in a few years Ben had regained his fortune.

At Portland I called upon A. H. Johnson, the largest and wealthiest butcher in the Northwest. When I told him I had lost all my cattle, was broke and wanted a job, he replied, "I am sorry you are broke, but glad you came to me. You can go to work at $250 a month. Provide me with what cattle I want for my own market and sell as many as you can to others. We will divide the profits and I will put up the money."

I certainly took up that offer and was with Mr. Johnson three years. We both made money on the deal.

CHAPTER XLI.

EARTHQUAKE, 1872

In the late fall of 1872, we cowboys, having finished marking and branding the calves on the range, came into Yakima City to disband and celebrate the season's work at the Sagebrush saloon, the first in the county. About ten o'clock at night when things were coming along fairly swift there came a sound like some one hitting the side of the house with a flat board; then the building began to shake. The boys ran to the outside to see who was trying to turn the house over; when we reached the outside we saw the flagpole at Schanno's store waving to and fro, people were running out of their homes in their night clothes, the dogs set up the howl while the chickens crowed. A friend of mine who preferred to visit his best girl than to celebrate with the bunch, when the quake struck the house, thought it was the gang trying to upset the small building. Out he came with gun in hand and full of fight. I was the first one he met and he wanted to know if I was mixed up in trying to turn the house over that he was temporarily occupying? If so, friendship would cease and war begin. We informed him that he was on the wrong trail, as he was not of so much importance that we cared where he went or what he did; but this was a bigger circus than cowboys could start, and was run by a higher authority. It was an earthquake. When the fact dawned on him his eyes bulged out, resembling two drops of indigo in a pan of buttermilk. Turning, he ran for the house he had just come out of, saying, "I must save Hattie." A woman in her nightdress, barefooted and bareheaded passed me on the run yelling, "Where is John?" John, her husband, was in a poker game at the saloon.

Near Schanno's store stood an old Indian with his blanket wrapped around him, silently gazing at the stars, apparently unmindful of the things happening around him. When I asked him if anything like this had ever occurred here before, he turned his eyes on me, saying: "This land, before the coming of the whites, was only inhabited by the Indians who worshipped the Great Spirit in ceremony and song, and who obeyed the teachings of our forefathers and were happy until the paleface came among us with their forked tongue, religion and fire water. Since that time this country has been going to the bad. Look at these white men and women running out of their homes screaming. They have been wicked and are afraid to die. Indians are always ready when the Great Spirit calls. The palefaces are a strange people. This is a warning they had better heed."

Soon I saw him light his pipe, mount his horse and ride off in the darkness for his lodge down on the reservation.

There was no damage done in the Yakima valley. In the Tieton Basin south of Soda Springs, there were many slides and uprooted trees. Further north and above the Wenatchee, the quake was much harder, especially just above the mouth of the Entiat river. Part of a large mountain broke off and slid into the Columbia river, almost damming it up for a short time. This slide caused what is now known as Entiat Rapids. Wapato John, an Indian who had a small farm and a trading post a few miles above where the mountain slid into the river, had it destroyed by back water. He thought it was a bad Ta-man-na-was, and moved up to Lake Chelan where he and his following settled and are now residing.

Lighter shocks, forming many small fissures in the earth, were felt for several years in the surrounding mountains.

CHAPTER XLII.

A GREAT INDIAN AGENT—JAMES H. WILBUR

Among the various officials who presided over the affairs of the Yakima Indians at Ft. Sim-co-e, "Father" Wilbur held a unique place in the esteem of his charges. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to pay a just tribute to a man whom I knew for thirty years to be the soul of honor.

James H. Wilbur was a pioneer of Old Oregon, arriving in 1847. He went to Ft. Sim-co-e in 1860 and remained there more than twenty years. Born on a farm in the village of Louisville, New York, September 11, 1811, he married when he was twenty, Lucretia Ann Stevens. Though his parents were Presbyterians, both Wilbur and his wife joined the Methodist Episcopal church in his native village. He became more and more interested in the work of the church and when in his twenty-ninth year was granted a license as exhorter, in accordance with the customs and usages of the church at that time. Two years later he was given the usual

JAMES H. WILBUR

license to preach, and did so throughout northern New York until called to the missionary field in the west. In company with Will Roberts, who had been appointed superintendent of the Oregon mission established by Jason Lee in 1834, Wilbur took passage on the bark Whitton to go around Cape Horn and arrived at Oregon City June 22 of the next year. Some of his co-workers at that time were David Leslie, George Garry, A. F. Waller, Gustavus Hines, William Roberts and T. F. Royal.

A strong man, both mentally and physically, Wilbur was not only a forceful preacher, but a great executive. Inured to the hardships and privations of pioneer life, he labored as a common workman in the construction of the old Taylor street church and the Portland academy, of both of which he was the founder. He preached the first sermon in the church in 1850, the academy being finished in the next year. He also founded the Umpqua academy in the town named after him in Douglas country, Oregon. In 1860, Wilbur was appointed superintendent of schools of the Yakima Indian reservation at Ft. Sim-co-e and four years later became agent, holding the position for nearly twenty years. Continuously in the Indian service for so long a period, he learned the character of the red men as few ever do. His firm and just dealing with his charges won for him a place among the tribes of the Northwest that no Indian agent before or since ever attained.

Wilbur's only daughter, became the wife of the Rev. St. Michael Falcher, first Episcopal clergyman in the Oregon country. She was married in 1849 and died the next year.

After leaving Ft. Sim-co-e, the Wilburs went to Walla Walla to live and Mrs. Wilbur died there September 13, 1887, in her 70th year. Her husband survived her only a month, being seventy-seven when he died. Mrs. Wilbur was my first Sunday school teacher—and my only. She and my mother were friends and she spent a good deal of time at our home in Oregon.

I acquired one of the worst whippings of my life on account of the Rev. James Wilbur. My mother was a devout Methodist. When Father Wilbur stopped in one day, she welcomed the opportunity to have family prayers. I was summoned, and obeyed with extreme reluctance. I took the precaution, indeed, to sit near the door and to leave the door partly ajar. But Wilbur had observed my objections to attending the prayer meeting, I guess, and he began to pray for my soul. This embarrassed me considerably; so much so, in fact, that I chose a moment when he was at the height of exhortation, and slipped through the door. It was long before I heard the last of it. My mother said I disgraced the family. She whipped me as hard as she could when I returned to the house, and various times afterward when she happened to remember how I had absconded from prayer meeting.

Wilbur, through his excellent service at Ft. Sim-co-e, gained the confidence of the authorities at Washington and when, in 1873, a commission was appointed to meet at Linkville, Oregon, to make a peace treaty with the Modoc Indians, Wilbur was named to serve on it with A. B. Meacham and T. B. Odneal. Meacham refused to act with either Wilbur and Odneal, so two other men were appointed. They failed to make any treaty. I am not alone in thinking that, had Wilbur been present and Meacham many miles away, the life of Gen. E. R. S. Canby would not have been sacrificed. The Indians had faith in Wilbur, but none in Meacham.

Whatever he might have been at times, Wilbur was always a Methodist. He built churches and turned out Methodist preachers from among the Indians. In his zeal to Christianize his wards, he would preach for them in the church houses and pray with them in their wigwams. He was certainly a crusader. Sometimes, he would bribe an Indian to go to church on Sunday by plowing for him a day in the fields, and as the agent was a giant of a man, able to do a splendid day's work, the Indians were only too glad to attend church under these conditions.

When Father Napoleon St. Onge, in 1867, was sent to reestablish the mission, St. Joseph, on the Ahtanum which had been burned by the Oregon Volunteers in the Indian war of 1855-56, a religious rivalry at once sprang up between him and Wilbur. There were already many Catholics among the Indians, as the mission had been in existence seven or eight years previous to the outbreak, and the priest was a brilliant and worthy man. While some of the Catholic Indians had subsequently joined the Methodist church, they were now returning to the mission. So dissatisfied did Wilbur become at this state of affairs, that he made a trip to Washington, D. C., in 1870 to lay the matter before the Indian department, with the result that President Grant issued an order allotting the spiritual welfare of the Yakima Indians to the Methodist church. Father St. Onge left the mission, but the Catholic work was continued there by the Jesuits. Wilbur, however, had won his point and he maintained it.

There is no possible question of the earnest effort Father Wilbur made to benefit the Indians as he saw it. It is equally true that, had he made the same investment of time and labor among his own race, there would have been much more to show for it. After a pretty long observation of the Indian, I have come to the conclusion that, where he sees a worldly advantage in it, he will stick to Christianity; but, if not, his religious ardor quickly cools.

Father Wilbur told me a story once which shows the characteristics of the man. In his church work in the Willamette valley, in the very early days when settlers were few and far between, he was requested to preach on a certain Sabbath in the Santiam district. He started out on horseback with a hard day's ride before him.

Rain began to pour in torrents and darkness came on before he had reached his destination. Seeing at last a light, he rode up and halloed. The door opened and a voice inquired what he wanted. "A place to stay over night," said Wilbur. "I cannot find my way further in this darkness." The answer came back, "We cannot keep you, but about a mile further on you will find another house. Perhaps they can accommodate you there." "Thanks for your kind information," said Wilbur. "I expect to preach in this neghborhood tomorrow. This action of yours will furnish me the text for my sermon." When the man learned who the stranger was, he said, "Mr. Wilbur, I am a member of your church. Come right in. I will take your horse to the stable." But the rider quickly replied, "No, sir, if you would not care for the poorest hireling who might be so unfortunate as to travel this way on a dark and stormy night such as this, your roof cannot shelter James H. Wilbur." And he rode on to find more hospitable people.

Father Wilbur came nearer representing the type of Bayard of old, a man without fear and without reproach, than any one I ever knew. While the Indians sometimes got angry at him for his autocratic methods, they realized that he had their interests at heart, and they knew him to be fair and good. His credulity was often imposed upon, it is true, by men from time to time arrested for infringement of the rules and regulations of the reservation. If the culprits did not already know, they soon learned Wilbur's weakness for a convert. The prisoners would ask to attend prayers, profess to repent of their sins and sometimes join his church, a line of conduct which never failed to bring about their release, with presents thrown in. That he favored the Methodist Indian there is no doubt. He had little use for the Catholic red man and still less for the wild, blanket Indian who still clung to his ancient ceremony and believed in his tam-man-a-was. That he faithfully endeavored to Christianize them all by making Methodists of them, no one will deny; and he failed only because, nature, a stronger force, was working against him.

I had always supposed, and others had the same idea, that Wilbur had at one time, before entering the ministry, been a policeman on the bowery in New York, but now that I come to write of him, I cannot say that he actually ever told me so. I do recall, however, that he spoke about having to handle toughs, and we assumed that he meant on the Tenderloin. He certainly knew the trick, wherever he learned it. Two Indian friends of mine, while on a visit to some of their relatives near the agency, got hold of some whisky and became troublesome. They were fine specimens of their race, both athletes priding themselves on their wrestling, and good fellows except for their weakness for fire water. Word came to Father Wlibur of the racket they were making, and he dispatched two of his Indian policemen to bring them in to the agency. In a short time, the policemen returned without the prisoners, but showing signs of having tried to make the arrest. Wilbur himself mounted his mule—he weighed 300 pounds and could not find horses strong enough to carry him—and, with two other Indians, immediately set out for the scene of the disturbance. The boisterous Indians came out promptly, thinking to treat him as they had the policemen. Father Wilbur just took one in each hand by the neck and bumped their heads together until the blood ran from their noses; after which they went to jail meekly enough. Word of this exploit was carried from mouth to mouth through the tribes and no one, after that, cared to measure strength with the powerful agent. The Indians that received the chastisement, laughingly told me about it, saying that Wilbur was not human, but part an-e-hoo-e (bear).

Another time when a few of the tribes which believed in the dreamer religion, began a series of spiritual seances, Father Wilbur took a hand. The high priests of the cult were supposed to have visions from the other world. The ceremony always works the people into a frenzy; and, if the high priest should advocate trouble, or arouse resentment against the whites perhaps, a crime might be committed. Col-wash, head man of the Wich-rams was conducting this seance of dreamer religion at his home village above The Dalles. The Wich-rams were the most thieving and treacherous band of freebooters in the west and Wilbur thought best to interfere. He sent a couple of policemen to arrest Col-wash and bring him to Ft. Sim-co-e. They found the high priest in the midst of his ceremony, and his orders to the policemen to depart were of such a nature that they promptly obeyed. Wilbur hitched up a two seated rig and started for Wich-ram accompanied by the same policemen. He fought his way into the great lodge, knocking right and left and piling up a bunch of Indians near the entrance. The balance took to their heels and hid in the rocks. Wilbur grabbed old Col-wash, dragged him to the hack and loaded him in, thus ending the ceremony.

Late in the fall of 1864 a Frenchman named Francois Jondro settled in Parker Bottom. He had come to the Northwest from Canada with the Hudson's Bay company; had trapped all over what is now British Columbia, Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Nevada; had been with Peter Skeen Ogden in the buffalo country at Salt Lake as early as 1825 and was with Trader McKinley at Ft. Walla Walla in 1830. Later he was with Chief Trader Black at Ft. Kamloops in the Shus-shwap country and with John Todd at Ft. Alexander on the Fraser river. When old age came on, he, with his Indian wife and two half-breed daughters, settled in Walla Walla in 1858. Half a dozen years later he sold his squatter's rights and moved to Yakima where settlers were not so numerous. Civilization held no charms for him. His eldest daughter was a horse thief, gambler, highwaywoman, and an all-round tough. She bore many scars of bullet and knife and could ride any horse that stood on legs. Her sister, Mary Ann, was the direct opposite, sensible, kind and gentle.

One day in 1868, Leonard Thorp and I were at the home of William Parker, a neighbor of Jondro when Father Wilbur and five of his policemen rode up to summon us to assist in the arrest of Jondro, charged with selling whisky to the Indians. As he was a government officer, we had no choice but to go, though it was a great array of force to parade before one little, dried up old Frenchman.

When told the cause of his arrest, Jondro said, "I no taste whisky for ten years; never had it around my house. I cannot understand." Picking up a shovel, Wilbur said, "Come with me." He led the way to a hog pen, dug a few minutes, and, very much to the disgust of Jondro, unearthed a five gallon keg of whisky. The Frenchman's horses were confiscated, and he and the keg taken to Parker's house for the night. As I was guarding the prisoner, he moaned and asked me to tell him how to get out of his trouble. "I know Father Wilbur pretty well," I said. "He sets great store on religion, and, if you take my advice, you get religion just as quick as you can. Then you will come out all right; perhaps a little better than you are now."

Next morning Jondro said to Wilbur, "I am going with you and will give you no trouble. With you and your good wife I will learn much and be well treated. I am very old, and my wife is also old and blind. Neither of us are long for this world." On arriving at Ft. Sim-co-e, he lost no time in joining the Methodist church, showed great penitence, diligently attended prayers and in about a month was back home again with all his horses, with plenty of seed grain, plows and harrows.

When next I met Jondro, he said, "Jack, you save me and I be no more bad man." From that time, indeed, he was a good citizen.

I once had a difference of opinion with Father Wilbur which came near to costing him dear. I was buying cattle, paying twenty dollars in gold a head, and went on to the reservation to buy stock held there. I dealt direct with the Indians, without asking permission at the agency, and after I had bought and paid for what I wanted, it occurred to me that maybe Wilbur would not like it, so I sent Willis Thorp, who was with me, up to see him. Wilbur did not like it at all, would not listen to Willis and ordered me off at once and would not permit the transaction. I was mad and told the Indians what I thought about it. "You have been selling your cattle to Connell, haven't you," I said, "with Father Wilbur's permission, and he has paid you twenty dollars in greenbacks? When you went to get gold for the greenbacks, you got just half as much, didn't you. (Greenbacks at this time were discounted fifty per cent.) Now I have been paying you in gold, so that you got twice as much from me as from Connell. Yet Father Wilbur says not to sell to me, but to sell to Connell. Do you know what I think? I think Connell is a Methodist."

They rode away, mad clear through, after returning my money, to the last gold piece, and arranging for a later meeting between myself and the cattle in the Mok-see out of the jurisdiction of the agent.

On my way back from the mines, after selling the cattle, I overtook Father Wilbur one day on the road. He was amiable and pleasant and we conversed for a while. Then he said, "What did you say to those Indians that day, Jack?" I told him. "Well, you ought not to have done that, Jack," he replied. "I know it," said I, "but you see I was pretty angry." "Well, I guess you were right about the greenbacks," he said, "though I never thought about it that way before. I wrote to Mr. Connell and told him to send on the rest of the money, but he never answered." "You bet he didn't," said I. He then invited me up to the agency to see Mrs. Wilbur, and said, whenever I wanted to buy any more cattle, just to speak to him about it and it would be all right. At the agency, Mrs. Wilbur took me aside and told me never to do a thing like that again. "I was really fearful for Mr. Wilbur's life," she said. "The Indians hung around so threateningly that for three days he was not able to leave the house."

After that I was able to buy all the Yakima cattle I wanted, and once, at least, Father Wilbur turned another buyer down for me. There were about 200 head of nice cattle, owned at the agency, that I wanted. I spoke to Wilbur about them and he said the man that owned them was away, and he hardly liked to sell in his absence, but to come back in a couple of weeks. I returned at the appointed time, with one of the Thorp boys to help me drive them, and went up to the house. Mrs. Wilbur said that her husband had just gone over to look at the cattle with a man from the Sound. I lost no time in overtaking them and was far from pleased to recognize in Father Wilbur's compaion, Lem Whittaker, buyer for a rival firm, whom I could not be expected to like.

"Hello, Jack," said Wilbur. "Come after those cattle?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Why you have never been down to look at them," he answered. "Maybe you wouldn't want them." I had been riding among them for several months and knew them all right. I told him so.

"Well, if you are sure you want them, they are yours," he said. "We needn't go any farther, Mr. Whittaker."

My, but Whittaker was mad. "You may have the cattle," he said to me, "but I chartered the steamboat on my way up from The Dalles, so you will have to figure some to get them over to the West side." I did figure a whole lot. If he had the boat, it meant I would have to hold the cattle two weeks till the next trip. I thought about the mountains. It was May and everybody said it would not be possible to cross the divide for another two months. But I thought I would like to try it. If I succeeded, I would not only save time, but several thousand dollars in money for my employers, since water transportation at that time was frightfully high. I sent an Indian herder on ahead to the summit to look over the ground and he met me at the present Easton, with news that we could make it all right, the crust would hold. And make it we did in good style, the cattle only two days off grass. When I sent word in to my employer from some meadows on the west side that I had come over the Snoqualmie pass, he couldn't believe it. After that, I made all my drives that way. Sometimes we got bogged in the deep snow, but there was always a crust at night, and by waiting a few hours, it would be possible to get a footing.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHIEF MOSES AS I KNEW HIM

In his earlier days, Moses was known as Que-tal-e-can. According to Indian custom he did not take the name of his father, Talth-scosm* (half sun) until the old chief had been dead a number of years. I saw Chief Moses for the first time September 1, 1861, on the spot where the Great Northern railway station now stands at Wenatchee, and only a few hours later he saved my life. The next time I met him was three years later near Rock Island when we met under peculiar circumstances which I have described in another chapter. From that time on, I believe he resolved to be my friend.

CHIEF MOSES

Moses was a good sportsman. Especially was he fond of horse racing. Many a time we have matched horses and wagered all our possessions on the result when there was not another white man within a hundred miles. The cheers went up just the same when I won as when the chief's horse beat me.

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*So named because a partial eclipse of the sun occurred at the time of his birth.

In June, 1869, while hunting lost cattle, I found Moses encamped at Rocky Ford on Crab creek. The Indians were holding their spring festivities. In Moses' lodge stood a ten gallon keg of whisky with the head knocked out, and a tin cup dangling at its side, an invitation to everyone to help himself. The chief himself did not appear to be drinking yet, but I felt this was no health resort for a white man. I decided, however, to cook my dinner, and Moses pointed to a place where I could get down to the creek for water and also find grass for my horse. Just as I was finishing my meal, I saw in the distance a large body of Indians coming down the trail from Wilson creek. Great commotion arose in camp; men flew to arms. The new arrivals came on until only Crab creek separated them from Moses' warriors. My outfit was hastily packed up that I might move out from between the two fires, but Moses appeared and inquired why they had come in such a threatening manner to his camp. They said they were after a medicine man of their own tribe who was then with Moses and that, unless he was given up, they would take him by force. Moses replied that the man was indeed in his lodge. He had asked for protection and it had been granted. His word given as a chief was final. He would be responsible for the fugitive, he said, only so long as he remained in his camp; when he left, they could do as they pleased with him. He then ordered them to depart, if they did not want his men to fire on them. Without further parley, they wheeled and filed away in the direction they had come.

I went up to Moses' lodge to seek protection, like the medicine man, for the night, but, while we were talking the chief picked up the tin cup, filled it to the brim with deadly fire water and drained it. I went out to my horse and stole quietly away, the Indians being too busy with their drinking to miss me for some time. Riding down a few miles to Moses lake, I hid among the tules and it was not long before the night was made hideous with the yells of the Indians looking me up. I knew my danger would be over as soon as they recovered from their intoxication, so, when the light broke in the east, I struck the trail on the west side of the lake and continued my way towards White Bluffs on the Columbia. I had not gone far when a bunch of Indians, with Moses in the lead, overtook me. He asked why I had left so abruptly the evening before. When Chief Moses drank like the common herd, I answered, I felt it was time to leave. He asked me to say nothing about the whisky, for fear soldiers might come after him, and I promised.

During the Nez Perce war, Chief Joseph's emissaries were continually going to and fro between the hostile camp and that of Chief Moses, endeavoring to induce the latter to go on the war path, which he steadily refused to do. E. D. Phelps, W. I. Wadleigh and I at the time were in partnership and had purchased several thousand head of cattle on the White Bluffs and Crab creek ranges, covering the territory from Pasco to Moses lake and as far up the Columbia as Moses coulee. Indians from all parts were moving towards Moses' encampment. Those from Snake river points had passed through our range, committing depredations such as burning our houses and corrals and driving off the saddle horses and killing cattle. Everything indicated an Indian uprising. People in the more isolated districts moved for safety into more thickly populated places. This state of affairs continued for about thirty days. People were afraid to relax their vigilance, not knowing at what moment hostilities might break out.

It was well known that a large body of Indians had gathered around Moses. We heard that their lodges extended for many miles up and down the Columbia both sides of We-nat-sha. As our cattle were running on the range adjacent to this territory, things did not look bright for us financially.

About this time I went on a visit to Kittitas valley where I found most of the settlers gathered on Nan-um creek. They had thrown up breastworks for defense. It seemed to me that, under the existing excitement, the greatest danger lay in the fact that an Indian might happen along and get fired upon. My anxiety increased when I heard the guard, a boy about sixteen, instructed to shoot any Indian he saw. One shot would have brought 1,000 Indians on them in ten hours.

Mr. Phelps, who happened to be at the fort, and I talked it over and decided to go to Moses and find out, if possible, his intentions. The settlers begged us not to go. One man, who, a few days before from a tall mountain, had seen the countless lodges extending along the Columbia for miles, assured us we would never return. But I knew Moses well and from the many years' acquaintance with him, felt sure that he was too much of a diplomat to engage in a war with the whites when he knew there was no possible way to win. At 2 o'clock that afternoon we reached the Columbia six miles below We-nat-sha and a sight not easily forgotten met our view. As far as we could see on the north side of the river Indian lodges were strung along, while the plains were covered by grazing horses, kept from wandering off by an occasional rider. Our attention was directed to the high range of hills to the north where a dust was rising and streaming behind like the smoke from a locomotive. The objects causing the disturbance were coming straight towards the river. We dismounted to watch the approach. It proved to be sixteen warriors, their gun barrels flashing in the sun, coming down to water their horses. They espied us and, without much parleying, most of the party hastily manned two canoes and paddled over. As they neared the shore I saw in the bow of the first canoe Chief Moses. Moses looked very searchingly at us as we greeted him. When he asked why we came, we explained the condition of the settlers, their excitement and the possibilities that might result from it, their fear that Moses was preparing for war and their reluctance to have us come to him. We wanted, we said, to talk the situation over with him, without fear of being killed by any of his men. He told us to ride up to Frank Freer's store, at the mouth of the We-nat-sha, where we would find Freer and Sam Miller, and to stay there over night. In the morning, he said he would bring some lesser chiefs and have a big talk. We found the Freer brothers and Sam Miller at the store feeling perfectly safe. On the way up we counted a hundred and ninety lodges and were told that, further up, In-no-mo-se-cha of the Chelans was encamped with a hundred lodges and a short distance above him Okanogans and Sans Poils numbering a hundred and fifty lodges. Moses' camp of two hundred lodges was at the present site of Waterville. Each of these lodges would turn out about six warriors, enough to have swept our valley.

Moses was on hand promptly next morning with Smo-hal-la of the Priest Rapids, In-no-mo-se-cha of the Chelans and some lesser lights. On the flat in front of the store were many Indians, among them, we were told, five Nez Perce chiefs of Chief Joseph's band. Joseph was at that time retreating up the Clearwater in Idaho, followed by Gen. O. O. Howard whom the Indians called "Day-after-Tomorrow." Moses always received news from the seat of war earlier than we did, through their line of swift riding couriers which would have been a credit to any army.

Moses spoke first, saying that he had no intention of joining his cousin, Joseph, in waging a war on the whites which could only end in the killing of many on both sides and the humiliation of himself and his people. He had realized the danger, he said, that small parties might commit outrages on the settlers, and for this reason at the beginning of the hostilities, had sent word for all the Indians to come to him at once. Some of the Indians had thought the order meant war and on their way to join him had done as he feared. After he had all the Indians gathered around him, he kept them under guard continually, allowing none to leave, riding round the circle that enclosed them every day to make sure that no raiding parties had gone out during the night. This was his mission the day before when he met us. He told us to return and tell the settlers that Moses was their friend who did not intend to go to war, and who would hold the Indians where they were for a short time, until he was perfectly satisfied that all danger was passed.

Having been on the ground at the time and understanding conditions as they were, I am in a position to say that I believe to the energy and foresight of Moses, together with his good control of his followers, must be given the credit for averting another Indian war.

We found our friends still holding the fort at Kittitas, but after they had heard the result of our interview, they returned to their homes. About three weeks later Moses permitted all the Indians to return to their different homes. Our horses were returned to the range from which they had been stolen, according to the promise made to us by Moses at We-nat-sha. Thus ended what for a time looked like a general outbreak of hostilities.

When I first saw Moses he was thirty-five years old and, the finest looking Indian I have ever seen. Our friendship covered a period of thirty-five years, from 1861 until his death. In point of intelligence, he was the equal of any Indian in history. He was greater as a diplomat than as a warrior, and might be called, indeed, the Bismarck of the redmen of the Northwest. Reckless in morals, the renegades of the various tribes gathered around him. His well-known fondness for the running horse often forced him to pay long prices for swift animals which it was his ambition to possess. The Indian's love for liquor was his greatest fault, but he never lost the proud bearing to which his inheritance entitled him. To his great force of character, dash and cunning, together with his great ancestry, must be attributed his wonderful control of the Indians.

SHULUSKIN WIYITOOYI

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHU-LU-SKIN'S STORY

One or two years before the Indian war of 1855, two white men camped over night under the lone pine which stood near the bank of the Yakima river at the upper end of Mok-see valley. They had two riding horses and two pack animals. An Indian, Nan-num-kin by name, saw them and rode down to the village, a short distance below, to report two el-li-mas (white men) camped at the tree.

Some of the Indians had never seen a white man before. One of the strangers was about middle age, while the other was a young man who cold talk the Chinook jargon. The Indians were disquieted by the white men's visit. They did not want them around and when the strangers tried to hire a guide to take them to Ta-ho-mah, the great snow mountain which stood in full view, they did not take kindly to the idea, fearing their tracks along the trails might prove a bad medicine.

Shu-lu-skin was then a young man of about twenty, a great hunter who knew the mountains well. Going to his father, Tal-e-kish, he told him what the white men wanted and together they rode to the lone pine. The white men, showing their field glass and compass, explained that they wanted to run a line and take observation of the surrounding country from the tall mountain.

Tal-e-kish told his son to go with them and see what was done as it might be of interest to the tribe.

Starting up the Nah-cheez river, they camped the first night at the mouth of the Tieton where the two white men caught an abundance of trout. The following day they reached the spot which is now the fine ranch of John Russell in the Tieton basin, where they caught more trout. The next day they camped on the head of the Bumping river and the following, the fourth day out from the Yakima river, they reached the eastern base of Ta-ho-mah.

Here the men took their field glass and looked the mountain over. Then they asked their guide if they could get around to the northeast side. When Shu-lu-skin said they could, they packed up and started for a new camp. Many deer were encountered. The white men kill a fawn. Just before going in to camp, they ran into a large band of mountain goats. Here they killed a kid.

The guide asked them why they did not kill the larger animals and was told the younger ones were better to eat. Next morning the men took another look at the mountain through their glasses, took off their shoes and put on heavier ones with nails in the bottom, picked up the compass and glass, and began to climb the great white giant.

They had asked if any Indian had ever been on top and were told "No." When it dawned on the guide that these men were aiming to reach the summit where no man had ever been, he felt that he should never see them again, as an Indian tradition, handed down from ages past, had it that the Great Spirit got angry if any one attempted to reach the highest peak of Ta-ho-mah and, with his voice of thunder, shook the mountain's top. His flashing eyes were the lightning which smote the rocks and trees and all who had failed to heed his warnings and pushed on, perished.

After the men had disappeared up the mountain, it began to thunder and lighten. Shu-lu-skin felt then that the white men had met the same fate which had overtaken many braves of long ago.

Just at dusk, however, the two white men returned to camp, tired and hungry. They ate, however, only a few bites of bread and lay down and slept. They remained in camp next day and did some writing.

They told the guide they had reached the top and found there a basin which contained a small lake. They said they had built a monument of stones at the side of the basin and that they had viewed all the surrounding country. Then they drew a map on a large paper and asked him the names of the different streams that flowed into the Yakima river, which he told them.

They gave the guide for his services, three pairs of double blankets, a hatchet, knife and whetstone, with abundant provisions for his return trip. It was the first time he had received compensation for labor.

The whites went towards Puget Sound, while the Indian returned to Yakima. He never met the white men again. Who they were and whence they came, he did not know. They often mentioned the names of Stevens and Bob. He believes they reached the summit.

One summer day in 1861, while I was traveling alone over a trail between Toppenish creek and the Yakima, I was overtaken by a fine looking young Indian, well mounted and well dressed. He asked me in the Chinook jargon where I was going and when I told him, said, "I know your brother who lives in Mok-see valley. He and I are friends. I will travel that way and show you where to ford the river."

Before reaching my brother's home, I learned that my companion's name was Shu-lu-skin, that he was the son of Tal-e-kish, who was a grandson of the great We-ow-wicht, fountain head of royalty of what now constitutes the Yakima nation.

In his beaded buckskin trappings, he sat that horse as if he were a part of it. With an honest face and eagle eyes, long black hair in two braids tinged with vermillion hanging down below his shoulders, he looked every inch the prince he was.

We became good friends then and are still good friends after a lapse of fifty years. He was a great sport and one of the best judges of a race horse I ever knew. To own the swiftest ones was his greatest ambition. For many years he followed horse racing, visiting every place where Indians gathered for sport and was well known among the tribes of eastern Washington.

He was both brave and generous. I saw him tried. I was in his camp one autumn day on the Yakima river where there was a large gathering of Indians. Chief Moses was camped near by. A younger brother of Shu-lu-skin had that day bought a young girl for a wife who was a relative of Chief Moses and the transaction had seemed unsatisfactory to the great chief.

With a band of his braves he rode into Shu-lu-skin's camp, dismounted and, in a loud voice announced, "Your brother cannot have the young girl he bought this morning for she is my relative, a descendent of chieftains and must marry only her equal."

Throwing off his blanket, Shu-lu-skin stepped in front of Moses, saying, "Your father was a great warrior, but remember, I am a descendant of We-ow-wicht, your equal in peace or war—whichever you choose. The young girl will remain in my brother's lodge. I am waiting your answer."

Moses looked both surprised and disappointed. But he had met his equal and he knew it. Stepping forward, he reached out his hand, which Shu-lu-skin took, and they were ever afterward friends.

My friend then spoke a few words to his brother, who rode off, returning soon with ten horses. Shu-lu-skin said to Moses, "I now add these ten horses to the purchase price of the girl and we will call the matter settled forever."

I met him one beautiful spring day in the early sixties just about where Yakima City now stands and we rode on together through the gap. A woman's wail came from the ancient burying ground on the hill to the west. My companion said, "We will stop here for a time."

Dismounting, we sat together in the little sumach grove and listened to the mournful voice of the old crone which carried the deepest expression of grief and sorrow I have ever listened to. It brought involuntary tears to the eyes. After sitting in silence for some time, Shu-lu-skin spoke, "That old woman on the hill there, Wi-yi-a-ka, is loved by all the tribe. She has been going to that grave on this day for many years to wail for her husband, Ow-we-yah, who long since went the unknown trail. I will meet her here when the sun goes down."

This was my first intimation of the great affection Indians have for relatives and friends.

Shu-lu-skin had the distinction of being the largest eater of the tribe. His gastronomical power was, to say the least, beyond the limit, if rumors were true. This is the story that made him famous.

Passing the lodge of Ne-sou-tus one night, he called in and found Ne-sou-tus asleep. Two old Indians, We-i-pah and Wappo-ti-tit, the salmon men of the tribe, were sitting there trying to finish the vast amount of food Ne-sou-tus had set before them. They had gorged themselves until sick and yet had not devoured all. Indian custom requires that the visitors eat all the food set before them.

Shu-lu-skin, when told of their predicament, helped them finish their viands. Arousing their host, he said to him, "Why did you seek to punish these two old men who have been of such benefit to the tribe? Your lodge has the reputation of being the best supplied with food of all the nations. I am hungry and hope you have enough to satisfy my appetite."

Ne-sou-tus awakened his two squaws and said, "See that our friend gets plenty."

The women began to ransack the lodge, bringing out one large sack of kamas, one of kous and another of dried huckleberries, besides forty dried salmon, weighing in all about 200 pounds. They set this before their guest and went back to bed believing that if he consumed all that bulk before leaving, he would be with them for at least a month.

Ne-sou-tus, peeping out from his blankets at the pile of food, smiled at the thought that his guest was about to lose his reputation as an eater. But before daylight he was aroused again by Shu-lu-skin who said, "I came here believing I could get a square meal. I am yet hungry."

Ne-sou-tus arose and looked about the lodge to see if his guest had not hidden some portion of the great pile of food, but failed to find any. He walked over and felt Shu-lu-skin and looked him all over. Then he called his squaws again and ordered them to gather all the food inside the wigwam, which amounted to about as much as there had been before. Then they lay down to sleep again in great disgust, for it meant another trip with packhorses to their cache of supplies several miles away.

By noon next day, Shu-lu-skin had finished everything in sight and said he was sorry there was not more. He certainly had clinched his reputation as a feeder.

Not long after the above experience Shu-lu-skin was at my brother, Billy Splawn's house in Mok-see and John Allen, a settler from Parker Bottom was there also.

Shu-lu-skin was telling them of the Ne-sou-tus episode. He said that he could eat the bread of three sacks of flour in one day. Billy said to him, "You are a great sport. I will bet you ten horses that you cannot eat that amount and I will furnish the flour."

My friend said, "I have no horses with me, but in three days I will return with them."

Allen spoke up. saying that he wanted half of that bet which was agreed to.

Allen appeared on the third day with five horses and two sacks of flour. When noon had passed and the Indian had not arrived, the white men concluded that his bluff had been called. But shortly after, the noise of horses crossing the ford was heard and Shu-lu-skin showed up with old man Ne-sou-tus and a large band of horses.

The sight of Ne-sou-tus set Splawn and Allen to thinking, for they knew the old man never gambled or sported in any manner and was considered a miser by the whole tribe. When he rode up and wanted to bet his whole band, the white men concluded he had a sure thing and they called it off.

Billy Splawn and Shu-lu-skin often raced horses together and were evenly matched. Sometimes one would lose and go home afoot, and sometimes the other. The last race I remember between them, Billy bought and had in training what he considered a very swift animal and was on his way with it to the big racing event at The Dalles, Oregon. I told him Shu-lu-skin had bought of a Mr. McAllister, who had just located in Mok-see, a fine looking two-year-old colt which was proving to be fast. Billy, who was living at that time at Parker Bottom, said, "I will go up and get a race out of that old sport."

I cautioned him, but to no avail. The morning of the second day after, I saw Billy come riding up to our cabin, bareback, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves. He had met the old sport, lost saddle, bridle, coat, hat, money and all his blankets and the trip to The Dalles was therefore postponed.

In the summer of 1870, while driving a band of cattle, I camped over night on the Yakima in what is now known as the East Selah valley. Shu-lu-skin rode in, saying he would spend the night with me for he knew he was always a welcome guest. After supper, he lit his pipe and smoked in silence. He seemed in deep study, an unusual thing for him. After finishing his smoke, he gazed for a long time into the fire, then turned to me and said, "I am in trouble and have been for two years. My old squaw has grown cross and disagreeable. She growls when she carries all the wood and water, grumbles when I do not help her take down, move and set up our lodge, kicks because I stay out many nights sporting and gambling. My moccasins are no longer covered with beads. My buckskin coat and leggings are minus the fancy silk adornments of days gone by and the old squaw no longer looks good.

"I am the proud descendent of chieftains and it is not for me to do the menial labor of a squaw, gaining the contempt of the tribe and disgracing my royal ancestry."

Again lighting his pipe, he lay down on his blanket. I did not disturb him till he had finished his smoke. Then I said, "Was the old squaw never good?" "For long years," he answered, "she was the sunshine of my lodge. Her voice vied with the birds. In happiness we have wandered together along mountain streams and listened to their rippling waters when the sun was bright. We have slept under the giant pines when the wailing wind's soft voice seemed like that of departed friends speaking to us from the spirit land. In the tall mountains she gathered the huckleberries, while I chased the wild goat. Under the shadow of old Ta-ho-mah* our campfire often blazed. We worshipped this great mountain whose flowing breast is the source of the many streams which furnish water to the people below and the salmon to follow up to the home of the red men.

"Then my lodge was as bright as the noon day sun. Now it no longer feels like home. I will buy a young squaw and rid myself of the old one."

I cautioned him regarding this change in squaws and advised that he stay with the old one for the good she had done; saying that matrimony was a game where no one held four aces. Also, that it was similar to the four seasons of the year. The honeymoon was the spring time when green grass waved on every hill, the birds sang from the tree tops and flowers blossomed by the way. The summer generally ran along fairly well with an occasional storm of thunder and lightning and some days of extreme heat. The autumn period followed with its windy days and chilly nights, when the leaves turned yellow, withered and perished, a sure sign of approaching storms. The supreme test of the hero comes with the winter period of discontent with its chill blasts and raging storms, with the waves of adversity running mountain high, threatening the old matrimonial ship with destruction. A hero at the helm will stay until the storm subsides and bring the ship into a safe harbor."

When I had finished, he was gazing towards the mountains, remembering, perhaps those other, happier days.

He said, "Your talk was good. I have passed through the different stages and am in the winter now and have had enough of it. I am no canoe man and could not guide a craft in the rough waters you mention, so will buy a young squaw and start in with the spring time again. I am glad you have spoken."

There the talk ended. My efforts had only aggravated the case.

The following spring I learned that my friend had bought the beautiful princess Wi-yi-too-yi, at a long price. True to the traditions of his ancestors, too proud to barter over an affair of that kind, he chose to give all of his possessions to the father of the girl. In exchange for his bride, he gave sixty horses and twenty cattle, reserving only four horses to ride and pack. It was considered a show of royalty, as well as being a game sport to thus dispose of all his possessions.

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*Mount Rainier.

A few months after the purchase, Shu-lu-skin and Wi-yi-too-yi came to visit me at my trading post on the present site of Ellensburg. Riding up, Shu-lu-skin dismounted, shook hands with me and said, "My friends down in Yakima tell me I paid too much for my young squaw. Go out and look her over and tell me what you think about it."

Walking out to where she was sitting on her horse, which was decorated with all the fancy trappings that Indian art could devise for such a steed, her own costume, a dress of beaded buckskin with leggins and moccasions also interlaced with ornamental silk needle work in various colors and designs, with long strings of haiqua shells and wampum hanging from her neck, she looked a princess. Returning to my friend, I took his hand and said, "She is worth all you paid for her and some more."

Wi-yi-too-yi, indeed, proved a gem and now, after a lapse of forty-five years, is the finest specimen of Indian womanhood on the Simcoe reservation.

Shu-lu-skin is a typical inland or plains Indian of the Columbia group, adhering to his native customs and religion, believing that this land should be free to all people regardless of race or color. He cannot understand how we can claim private ownership of land in which we had no part in making. The Great Spirit, according to his ideas, intended that his children should have equal shares in all benefits in all things while on earth and that these possessions would pass on from generation to generation.

Shu-lu-skin was opposed to and never joined in the treaty with Governor Stevens at Walla Walla in 1855. He felt that the Indians had no right to sell the land which belonged to the Great Spirit. All they could claim was the use of it while on earth. He never accepted any of the annuities distributed by the government to the Yakima Indians at the Simcoe agency. He never in any way recognized the treaty.

CHAPTER XLV.

EARLY INDIAN RELIGIONS

Smo-hal-la and His Doctrine—Ko-ti-ah-an's Version of the Dreamer Cult—Description of the Salmon Dance.

Many of the tribes of eastern Washington practiced a cult known as the dreamer religion, a system of observance which, through rather peculiar circumstances, obtained a hold on a number of the Indian peoples throughout the whole Northwest. The dreamer religion seems to have originated with the Wi-nah-pams or Priest Rapids Indians. Long before the coming of the white man So-wap-so, chief and prophet of this tribe, practiced the ceremony which was later, used by Smo-hal-la, chief of the same tribe and now spoken of as the "dreamer" religion. Tradition has it that So-wap-so always erected a tall pole near his lodge and on this pole he would often find messages from the Great Spirit written on buckskin and foretelling events. The chief read the messages and imparted the information to his tribe.

In this way, it is said, the Indians were informed of the coming of the white man years before his arrival. So-wap-so told his people of a message from the Whee-me-me-ow-ah (far-away chief) which read, "The first white men to appear will be travelers passing through the country who will not remain. The next will build houses and bring many things the Indians want to exchange for the skins of animals. These people will not want the Indian's country. After these will come men to tell you of the white man's God. Part of them will wear black gowns and be good to the Indians." Following these, said the message, would come the Koo-ya-wow-culth (white men), entirely different from any who had come before. These, he told them emphatically were enemies to be feared; that they would overrun the red man's country, the hunting grounds would be no more, the roots would disappear from the hills and the berries from the mountains.

Ever after this prophecy the Indians had watched for the coming of the white people with fear and distrust. How nearly correct were the statements in So-wap-so's announcement, history tells. When So-wap-so died he left all the messages he had ever taken from the pole to the care of his son So-happy, with instructions that he guard them closely in order that succeeding generations might know of the things that would come to pass. When they went to the huckleberry mountains, So-happy's favorite young squaw hid them in the rocks, and, when they returned was unable to find the spot where she had secreted them. She mourned over what she had done until she became insane and hung herself. Thus ended all hope of ever finding the lost messages.

So-happy was killed in 1858. During his reign he had a rival for the chieftaincy in the person of Smo-hal-la, who had begun to follow in the footsteps of So-wap-so while yet very young and who coveted So-happy's place. After the pathetic end of So-happy on the Nah-cheez near the mouth of the Nile, Smo-hal-la assumed the leadership. The Priest Rapids were never a very large tribe. They roamed along both banks of the Columbia from about ten miles above the mouth of the Yakima to La-cos-tum, or Saddle mountain, near the present Beverly.

Smo-hal-la was a strong character in many ways, obstinate, persevering and cunning. The ancient village of Pi-nah (fish weir) situated on the west bank of the Columbia at the foot of Priest Rapids had for generations been a great gathering place for Indians, especially during the salmon time. The Priest Rapids were thus afforded an opportunity for spreading their peculiar religious rites which were, in time, believed and practiced by a large portion of many tribes.

No sooner did Smo-hal-la come into power than he put the dreamer religion on a more solid basis. At this time an incident occurred which wrought a great change in his life and stamped him as an oracle and prophet, beyond any doubt giving to his religious doctrine a force of authority which it maintained for many years. Smo-hal-la had already acquired considerable reputation as medicine man and was generally believed to be making bad medicine to accomplish the death of Sulk-talth-scosum (Chief Moses), of the Ko-wah-chins or Sin-ki-use, the adjoining tribe above him on the Columbia. Moses became afraid of Smo-hal-la's medicine and concluded to put the pestiferous individual out of his way. Meeting him one day on the banks of the Columbia, Moses set upon him, beating him until he thought the Priest Rapids chief dead. Then he mounted and rode away.

Smo-hal-la, however, revived, crawled to the banks of the river where he found a canoe, pushed it out into the stream and lay down in the bottom to float with the current. He was finally picked up by some white men below Umatilla and cared for until he could travel. Not caring to return to his people in disgrace, and fearful, indeed, lest Moses next time should finish him, Smo-hal-la determined to become a wanderer. So began one of the most remarkable wanderings ever undertaken by an uncivilized Indian. Down the Columbia to Portland he went, then turned south, stopping at different points in Oregon and California. He went on past San Diego into Mexico, then turned back, returning home by way of Arizona, Utah and Nevada.

It had been supposed by his people that Moses had killed him, since nothing had been seen or heard of him for two years, so that when he returned, announcing that he had come back from the spirit land at the command of the Whee-me-me-ow-ah to guide his people, his story was accepted as truth and his words and commands henceforth had to them a peculiar significance.

"You must retain your primitive manners," said Smo-ha-la. "The Great Father above sent me back to see to it that you adopt none of the habits of the pale face." He then explained to them his form of doctrine, in which he had made some changes during his absence and he admonished them to adhere to it in order to be in good standing with the Whee-me-me-ow-ah. The Indians accepted what he said as truth. Had he not been dead two years? Had he not visited in his spirit form many different countries? Had they not heard white men confirm his descriptions of these countries? He had been among the Mormons and explained how their prophets received direct communication from heaven. He fell into a trance like a spiritualist medium and came out of it looking weak and haggard to tell his followers what he had seen and of things that would come to pass.

I remember spending a night in Smo-hal-la's lodge when, after all were asleep, the chief came to me and asked if I knew anything regarding the government's probable action on any matters pertaining to the Indians, or any other matter which would be of interest to them, saying that he always liked to know these things in advance so he could tell his people what was going to happen. He was a wily old redskin. I gave him no information for the very good reason that I had none.

Smo-hal-la's doctrine opposed everything that appertained to civilization. His people raised no food of any kind, had no cattle, sheep, hogs or chickens, not even vegetables. Their food consisted of fish, game, roots and berries only. They were continually warned to resist every advance of civilization as a thing unworthy of a true Indian and contrary to the faith of their ancestors. He said, "My young men shall never work, for men who work cannot dream, and wisdom comes from dreams. We will not plow the ground, for we cannot tear up our Mother's breast. We will cut no hay, for we dare not cut off our Mother's hair."

In stature Smo-hal-la was thick set with the head of a statesman—very large with high forehead and deep brow and piercing eyes. His manner was mild in the persuasive style but when aroused, and in earnest, he was fiery and full of eloquence. He was the greatest Indian orator I ever heard. I had the pleasure of listening to him at a council held at We-nat-sha in 1877, when there were 500 warriors on the plains surrounding us, among them several of the hostile emissaries of Chief Joseph sent from the Lo Lo trail in Idaho where the great warrior chief was making his masterful retreat with all his people before an army many times the size of his own, headed by Gen. Howard. Moses had been asked by his cousin Joseph to help in the war by attacking the Yakima settlements, thus halting Howard's army in its pursuit and giving Joseph time to follow back and lay waste the country. It was an excellent military move and but for the level-headedness of Chief Moses would have been successful. It was upon this subject that Smo-hal-la made the greatest speech I ever heard from an Indian in favor of peace.

Having known Smo-hal-la personally for twenty-five years, I am in a position to say that he was as cunning a hypocrite as I ever came across, red or white, and his tribe was made up of the most lazy, worthless vagabonds in the Northwest. Though the religion which he preached was directly opposed to the advance of civilization, I know that he offered to advise his people to go on the Sim-co-e reservation, settle and cultivate the ground, providing the government would give him a yearly salary.

Ko-ti-ah-an, son of Show-a-way, whose father was We-ow-wicht, the fountain head of royalty in the Yakima tribe, practiced a religion similar to Smo-hal-la's. His home was at Pa-ho-ta-cute near the present Parker. Ko-ti-ah-an's explanation of the beginning of the world was to the effect that at first all was water with the Great Spirit dwelling above it. "The Great Spirit," said Ko-ti-ah-an, "began throwing up large quantities of mud from the shallow places, thus making land. Some of the mud was piled up so high that it froze hard and the rains which followed were turned into ice and snow. Some of the earth was made hard into rocks, and this has not changed except that the rocks have grown harder. We did not know all this of ourselves, but it has been told us by our fathers and the knowledge handed down to us from past generations. We were told that the Whee-me-me-ow-ah had thrown down many mountains. He made it all as our fathers told us. We can see that it is true when we are hunting for game or berries in the mountains. He made trees to grow and man out of a ball of mud and instructed him in what he should do. When the man grew lonesome, he made a woman as his companion, teaching her to dress skins, gather berries, make baskets out of bark and roots which he taught her how to find. She was asleep and dreaming how to please man. She prayed to the Great Spirit for help. He blew his breath on her, giving her something she could neither see, hear, smell nor touch and it was preserved in a basket. By it all the arts of design and skilled workmanship were imparted to woman and her descendants. But notwithstanding all the benefits they enjoyed, there was quarreling among the people and Mother Earth was angry. The mountains that overhung the Columbia river at the Cascades were thrown down and dammed the stream, destroying many Indians, burying them beneath the rocks."

Ko-ti-ah-an believed that some day the great Me-ow-ah would again overturn these mountains, and so expose the bones of the perished which, having been preserved through all these centuries, would be re-occupied by the spirits which now dwell in the mountain tops, watching their descendants on earth and waiting for the resurrection to come. The voice of these spirits of the dead could often be heard, he thought, in the mountains among the murmuring pines. Mourners who wailed for the dead heard spirit voices replying and felt that their lost ones remained always near them. "No one," he said, "knows when it will come and only those who have observed nature's laws and adhered to the faith of their ancestors will have their bones preserved and so be certain to have an earthly tenement for their spirits."

Ko-ti-ah-an differed from Smo-hal-la in this, that he wanted his young men to practice agriculture in a limited way and to remain near their villages.

Sunday has been observed as a holiday among the Indians ever since the Hudson's Bay Company and the missionaries came among the tribes a century ago. Even the wildest tribes considered it a great medicine day. It has taken the place of many of their ceremonial dances, such as the ghost and the sun dances. Among their periodical observances were the lament for the dead, the salmon dance which occurs when the salmon first begin to run in the spring, and the berry dance when the wild berries begin to ripen in the autumn.

The salmon dance is the most ceremonial and important of them all. The door of the lodge, I have always observed, is in the east end of the house. On the roof at the east end are three flags, the center one blue, representing the sky, one white representing the earthly light, and the third yellow, the light of the spirit world. Blue, white and yellow were the sacred colors of both the Smo-hal-la and Ko-ti-ah-an religions. On entering, the worshippers arrange themselves in two lines along the sides of the buildings, men and boys standing by one wall, women and girls along the other, all facing towards the center. In the center, between the rows of men and women is a man whose business it is to see that every one is in his proper place. All are dressed in the best, as many as possible, in their ancient costumes of beaded buckskin and shell ornaments with their faces painted, white, yellow and red. At the west end of the lodge, facing the door, sits the high priest with the interpreter just behind him. On his left sit three drummers with their pum-pums before them. The high priest carries a large bell in one hand and a small bell in the other. Dishes of freshly cooked salmon and jars of water, together with an abundant supply of other foods are in front of those ready to partake.

After a preliminary ceremony in the nature of a litany in which the principal articles of their theology are recited, in the form of questions and answers by the whole body of worshippers, the high priest gives the command, "Take water." Everyone raises a cup to his lips. At the command "Now drink," each one takes a sip. At the words, "Now the salmon," each takes up a piece of fish and puts it in his mouth. When the command comes "Now eat," they all begin to chew. At last comes the order, "Now help yourselves" —a signal for a general attack on the provisions. When all have satisfied their hunger, the remains of the feast are cleared away and the dance begins.

At a signal given by a stroke of the bell in the left hand of the priest all stand up in a line on either side of the building; at another stroke, all put their right hands on their breasts; a third stroke, and the right hand is brought out in front of the body; another, and they begin to move their right hands backward and forward like fans in front of their breasts. Thus they continue throughout the dance, keeping time to the singing by balancing alternately upon their heels and toes without moving from their places. Ritual songs and chants are kept up throughout the remainder of the ceremony, time being kept to the sound of the drums and their movements regulated by the stroke of the bell.

Between songs, anyone who wishes to speak may step out into the open space. With a single stroke of the bell, the high priest summons the interpreter who comes forward and stands behind the speaker, a few feet in front and at the right of the high priest. The speaker then in a low tone tells his story, usually a trance vision of the spirit world. The interpreter repeats it in a loud voice to the company. At the end of the recital, the priest gives the signal with the bell, when all raise their right hands with "Ah, yes."

The songs are then given while standing motionless, right hand on the breast and eyes cast downward. One song begins, "Verily, our Father made our body. He gave it a spirit and the body moved. Then he gave us words to speak." Another will break in and say, "Verily, our Father put salmon in the water for our food." Another begins, "Oh, brothers and sisters, when first the light struck the world, it lighted the world forever."

After this the company files out singly and with formality while the high priest stands and rings the bell continuously. When all have passed from the lodge, the high priest follows and the ceremony is ended.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

The first Catholic missionaries visited the Yakima Indians in 1847. They were the Rev. Paschal Ricard and the Rev. E. C. Chirouse, Oblate fathers, who were sent at the request of Ka-mi-akin. One authority states that they established the first mission at Chem-na and called it St. Rose.* Chem-na is the Indian name for the locality around the mouth of the Yakima river. The other authority, the Rev. E. M. Kauten, to whom Bishop O'Dea referred me for historical data, quotes from the records of A. M. A. Blanchet, who with Demers was the first Catholic priest to reach the Northwest in 1838 to show that the two Oblate fathers mentioned above established the first mission, St. Rose, at a place called "Simkoe," which I will assume as correct.**

Father Blanchet's record says:

"Father Ricard selected a place called Simkoe and left Father Chirouse in charge of the mission which they called St. Rose. During the following year, Father Chirouse followed the Indians as they moved from camp to camp and baptized sixteen children, thirteen adults and married nine couples, but had to leave during the winter of 1848 on account of the Cayuse war."

But Father Chirouse returned to the Yakima valley in the spring of 1849, bringing with him Father J. Charles Pandosy and Brother Blanchet, who located another place for a mission on the north side of the river and called it Mission St. Joseph. Here they erected two houses, one for a church and the other for a dwelling. The Indian name of the place chosen is Al-e-she-cas, meaning "Turtle land."***

During the same year they baptized two hundred and twenty-six people. Part of them, I imagine, were baptized at the temporary mission, Wa-ne-pe, in Mok-see valley where Father Pandosy had charge during the winter of 1849. Here were camped that winter the people of Ka-mi-akin, Te-i-as, Ow-hi, Qual-chan and Sko-mo-wa. The following year Wi-e-mash-et, a son of Ow-hi, told his father that if he wished to feed and support the che-mook-dat-pas (the black gown) he should take him away and keep him among his own people in the Kittitas or Selah valleys, for he would kill him if he remained at Mok-see.*

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*Historicus, Gonzaga magazines, 1914.

**If the Mission St. Rose had been established at Chem-na, the probability is that they would have stated that they had gone up the Yakima fifty miles and established a new mission on the north side of the river. But when they say that they established a new mission on the north side of the Yakima, it would indicate that the Mission St. Rose was established at Simkoe, which is on the southwest side of the Yakima and only about fifteen miles distant from the Mission St. Joseph.

***W. P. Sawyer's fine residence stands within a hundred feet of the site of the old mission.

Ow-hi, therefore, took Father Pandosy to live among his people, sometimes in Selah and at others on Nanum creek on the Me-nash-e-tash. He built a log house on the latter creek about 1850.

Chirouse with Brother Blanchet remained at St. Joseph's. After 1849 Ka-mi-akin took Father Chirouse under his protection and most of the time the priest followed the wanderings of the tribe.

About 1850 we find Father L. D. Herbonnez at St. Joseph's, which seems to have become the main mission among the Yakimas. April 3, 1852, the second Mission St. Joseph was established by Fathers Pandosy and D'Herbonnez on the Ahtanum, and the mission at Al-e-she-cas was abandoned. The Indians who camped there during the winter months used the log houses for firewood. In 1865 when I first saw the place there were only a few remains of the buildings left.

During the Indian war of 1855 Major Rains with his command, accompanied by Colonel Nesmith, in command of the Oregon and Washington volunteers, the next day after the battle at Union Gap, moved up and camped at the Ahtanum mission which the priest had deserted, taking refuge with some of the Indian families. Some of the volunteers, rustling around, found some buried potatoes and digging further, unearthed a keg of powder. They took this evidence, together with the fact that the priest was then with the Indians, to prove that the missionary was furnishing the red men ammunition.

In the excitement of the discovery, some one cried, "Let's burn the mission!" Almost at once the fire was started, though the unfortunate affair was not justified by the facts as they appeared later.

This put an end to the Catholic missions in the Yakima valley for some time. Fathers Pandosy, Chirouse and D'Herbonnez spent the following year among the camps of the We-nat-shas and Okanogans and the winter of 1856-7 with the military at Fort Simcoe. The self-sacrificing spirit shown by these fathers, as well as others of their faith in the Spokane country merits high parise. By keeping the principles of the religion they had taught these savages constantly before them, they had something to do with bringing about peace.

Father Chirouse left the Yakima country in 1857 and assisted in establishing a Catholic mission at Priest Point at the mouth of the Snohomish river on Puget Sound, now known as Tulalip. Father D'Herbonnez later became first bishop of New Westminster in British Columbia. Father Pandosy, as nearly as I can ascertain, left the Yakima country in 1857 and spent a few years with the Jesuits among the mountain tribes to the north, along both sides of the boundary line. On my first trip to the Cariboo in 1861 an Indian helper pointed out to me midway of Okanogan lake a mission established by Father Pandosy. The town of Corona now occupies the site.

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*That temporary mission was on land now owned by G. V. Harris.

Father Pandosy was the son of a French admiral and had received a splendid education. Surrounded by all the benefits that family influence could procure, he nevertheless gave them all up for a life consecrated to helping the Indians of the Northwest. After forty-six years of constant work, he died alone among his people at the mission of the Immaculate Conception on Lake Okanogan.

These three early Oblate fathers were men who exemplified the true Christian spirit, men who would be an honor to any society or any church. During the eight years following 1847, they succeeded in converting four hundred and thirty-four souls.

During the twelve years from 1855 to 1867, there was no Catholic church or mission in the Yakima valley, but in the latter part of 1867 Father St. Onge took up the work on the Ahtanum and commenced to rebuild. I met him just as he was preparing to erect his first house. The Rev. J. B. Boulet became his assistant the next year. Both worked hard and succeeded in publishing the first catechism of Catholic prayers and doctrines in the Yakima language. Many Indians were converted to the Catholic faith by that tireless worker, Father St. Onge. But when President U. S. Grant allotted the spiritual welfare of the Indians on the Simcoe reservation to the Methodist Church, it is little wonder that the Catholic priest decided that competition was hopeless.

After repeated requests made by the Bishop of Nisqually to the general Superior of the Jesuits at Rome that some one be sent to take over and care for the Yakima district, Father Caruana was assigned to the Ahtanum in 1870 and under the tutelage of Father St. Onge learned to speak the Yakima language which differed so much from that of the Salish tribes which he had mastered so perfectly during the eight years he had been in charge at Coeur d'Alene.

The buildings on the Ahtanum, which were started in a small way in 1867, were finished in 1870 and dedicated by the Right Reverend A. M. A. Blanchet, bishop of Nisqually, July 15, 1871. In 1872 these Jesuit fathers set out an apple orchard at the mission.

Like most of the pioneer missionaries who came to this western country, Father Caruana had given up the comforts of a splendid home and sacrificed the high prospects of ecclesiastical preferment to which personal attainments and family connections would have paved the way. At his own request he was sent to Coeur d'Alene in 1863. He wanted to be an Indian missionary and an Indian missionary he was to his dying day.

I first met Father Caruana at the Coeur d'Alene mission in 1867 and many times later in the We-nat-sha and Okanogan country, alone in Indian camps, subsisting on Indian food. Once at We-nat-sha when I offered him provisions, he refused on the ground that, in order to hold his influence with them, he must live as the Indians did. I often saw him during the ten years he was in charge of Mission St. Joseph.

His territory embraced all the country from Klickitat valley to the Okanogan and he was constantly on the move, converting and baptizing. Finding some Catholics among the early whites who made their home at Yakima City, Father Caruana took them under his care and administered to their spiritual welfare. Yakima City by this time, 1875, indeed possessed several hundred souls, many of them Catholics, and the need for a school, as well as for a place of worship impressed Father Caruana so that he went to Fort Vancouver to lay the matter before Bishop Blanchet with the result that Nov. 6, 1875, Sisters Blandina, Dorothea and Melania made a six-day trip from the motherhouse at Vancouver to Yakima.

Through the efforts of Charles Schanno, a house sufficient for their needs was procured and on November 13 mass was said for the first time in the small chapel. Nine days later the school was opened with nine pupils, the number being largely increased during the following year. These three sisters will always have a warm place in the hearts of those who knew them.

Father John Baptist Raiberti, S. J., became the first chaplain of St. Joseph's Academy. He was a plain looking man with a saintly face and during the twenty-four years he remained at the Yakima mission he gained and maintained the respect of all. I often met him on the road, astride the old white horse which was his mount for so many years, repeating the rosary, oblivious of his surroundings. His body was so frail, that his friends feared he might pass away any time, yet he struggled on in his good work for nearly a quarter of a century.

He died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in North Yakima, September 1, 1899. To my mind, he was a fine Christian and the most devout person I ever met.

Father Urban Grassi, another of those great Jesuits, was sent from the Colville mission to relieve Father Caruana in 1872, as the work had become too burdensome for one man. Grassi proved a great help. He at once set out on missionary trips which took him into the mountains, valleys and canyons, wherever Indians were camped. Like Caruana, he lived in their wigwams and ate their food. He was what we now call "a hustler"—no road was too long, no journey too hard for him when he thought a soul could be saved. But such hardships could not go on indefinitely without Nature feeling the strain. In 1876 Father Grassi was transferred to St. Francis Regis mission near Colville where, for five years, he used his energies for the betterment of this mission. In 1881 Father Caruna was called upon to take charge of the St. Francis Regis mission and Father Grassi sent back to the Ahtanum. Two years later, Father Caruana was ordered back to Yakima and Father

Grassi sent to Spokane to take charge of the erection of the first Gonzaga college.

While Father Cataldo, the superior, was absent in Rome in 1885, Father Caruana was appointed vice superior and ordered to remove to the De Smet mission among the Coeur d'Alenes from whom he had been absent fifteen years. He was glad to get back to a place which seemed like home, for among that tribe he had done his first missionary work.

In 1889 Father Grassi, the indefatigable, is found in charge of the Umatilla mission, a mission which, though in existence over 30 years, seems not to have made the progress that others did, for at the time Father Grassi took it over there was nothing of value there except its church. Setting to work with his usual energy, Father Grassi moved and remodeled the building and lived just long enough to see a school started there by the Sisters of St. Francis from Philadelphia. He was called to his reward March 21, 1890, aged 60 years, half of which had been devoted to the Indians of the Northwest.

Father Caruana succeeded Father Grassi at the Umatilla mission. These two fathers had been almost inseparable. They were built in the same mould, soldiers of the cross. Father Caruana's health began to fail almost at once and about a year after going to Umatilla he was removed to the hospital in Spokane. His health improving somewhat, he was moved from one mission to another where special work was to be done, until 1896, when he was once more in charge at Coeur d'Alene.

Many of the old Indians here had passed away and with them had gone the religious spirit for which this tribe had been noted. The last link between the past and the present, the pioneer missionary, Father Joset, was now only a walking skeleton. Weakened in both mind and body, he was rapidly approaching the grave. He died about the middle of June, 1900, at the age of 90. Father Caruana, who revered him as a master in the apostolic life, had the sad privilege of ministering to him in his last moments.

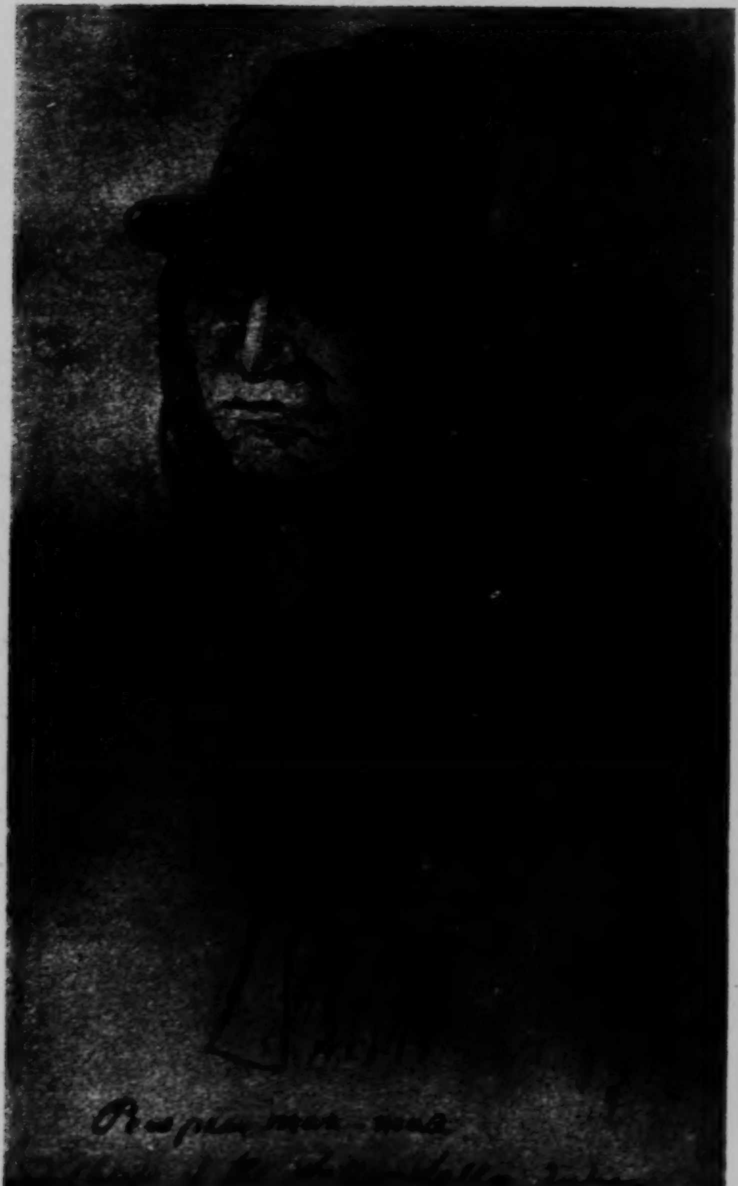
Father Caruana missed his Indian friends, Chief Edward, Chief Vincent and Andrew Saltice, all dead now. For a few years he remained in quietude and waning health. The busy world had almost forgotten him when the unexpected happened and public recognition was accorded him such as is given to but few men.

The Catholic population of Spokane on October 19, 1913, resolved to observe the fiftieth anniversary of the first work done by Father Caruana within the limits of their rapidly growing city. The good old man had to be coaxed out of his retreat to go to Spokane to take part in the ceremonies in which he was the central figure. And the exertion was too much for him, too, for two days after his return to his mission, he passed away, having been for fifty-one years a missionary to the Indians, giving his life to strangers and they mostly of a savage race.

It must have been a sad disappointment to those Fathers, who had endured hardship and suffering, working faithfully for so long, when they realized that with the passing away of the early chiefs and head men, interest in the church began to wane. The younger generation, noticing that the invasion of their country by the whites meant the loss of fishing and hunting grounds as well as homes and burial places of their ancestors, became restless, discontented and hopeless. With gun in one hand and Bible in the other, the pale-faced race with its boasted civilization had come in and conquered them. And yet we called ourselves Christians.

When these conditions arrived, the Fathers felt only too keenly that their lives had been wasted in trying to save a vanishing race. It was well, perhaps, that these early missionaries should pass with the older Indians and thus be spared the humiliation of witnessing the finishing touches of civilization on the red men.

And was it any wonder that the Indian should become doubtful concerning our religion when the earliest missionaries of the different denominations, in their eagerness for their trade in souls, would each tell the poor savages that his particular doctrine was the right one, and through his church only, could they hope to reach the spirit land. Many times around their camp fires have I heard the Indians thus give voice to their perplexity and say that where all religions were doubtful, they would follow none.



CHAPTER XLVII.

THE INDIAN'S FIRST HORSE

Pe-peu-mox-mox's Journey to California—His Son's Death—The Revenge.

Many years ago, when I first came among the Yakima Indians I asked a number of their older men where they had obtained their first horses and how long since. They all pointed to the southeast and stated that their grandfathers said the horses had come from the Sho-sho-ne or Snake tribe inhabiting the country now known as Southeastern Idaho. This would date the coming of the horse to Eastern Washington and Oregon and to the Nez Perces of Idaho back over 150 years, to 1750.

In following the early history of the horse in its connection with the tribes of the Northwest, none of the authorities which I have consulted are so searching in detail as is Bancroft's history. The first horses to set foot on the mainland of North America were landed by Cortes in Mexico in 1519 and were sixteen in number.

In Coronado's great military expedition into what is now New Mexico and Arizona in 1540-1542 many battles with natives are chronicled and it is undoubtedly from this company of Spaniards that the Indians obtained their first horses. I believe that the honor of being the first horse owners, if there is honor in it, belongs to the Apache nation, the most noted freebooters of the plains for over three centuries.

The town of San Geronimo in Sonora was attacked by Indians in 1541 and both cattle and horses driven off. In the great Mixton revolt about that time, the most formidable and wide-spread struggle for liberty ever made by the native races in any part of Mexico, lasting two years, the Spaniards reported the loss of horses. A few years later the Zacatecas and other rich mines were discovered in Durango and other North Mexican states which rapidly filled up with miners. Stock ranches were started and for a few years prospered until the great hordes of Indian horse thieves came down from the north, making great inroads on the stock.

In 1598 Bonilla and Humana, sent by the governor of New Viz Caya against some rebellious natives in the north, extended their expedition into New Mexico, going far up into the buffalo country, probably to the Pawnee country in the present Kansas. Here Humana murdered his chief in a quarrel, and was in turn himself killed with all his men save one, by the natives. Their horses fell into the hands of the Indians. In 1594 it is reported that Jironza Petrez de Crusate in a fight with Apaches and allied tribes in Sonora killed thirteen and captured seven of a noted band that had stolen one hundred thousand horses in the vicinity of Terrenate and Batepito.

In the year of the great Indian uprising in New Mexico, 1680, when the Spaniards were driven out for thirteen years, the Indians captured a number of horses. When in 1693 the Spaniards under Diego de Vargas reconquered New Mexico, the Indians succeeded in stealing many horses from the Spanish invaders. For nearly three-quarters of a century thereafter New Mexico was an isolated Spanish settlement struggling not very zealously for a bare living, constantly in fear of another Indian revolt. During all this time the country from Durango to Sonora was at the mercy of Indian horse thieves—Apaches, Comanches, Utahs, Navajos.

In 1742 the Apaches captured a number of horses from Padre Keller on the Gila river in Arizona. Forty years later Capt. Andza, while preparing for his overland trip from New Mexico to California, had all his horses stolen, delaying the expedition a year. In 1761 the Utahs and Comanches in a fight at Toas, New Mexico, with a company of Spaniards captured a thousand horses, and in 1781 Capt. Rivera Y. Moncada and sixteen men, driving horses and cattle to California were killed by the Yumas while encamped on the Colorado river, and all the stock driven off.

The first cattle and horses to reach California came up from Lower California in 1769. Other stock was brought in from time to time from Mexico, Arizona, Sonora and New Mexico. In the warm climate, with an abundance of grass the year around, the stock increased rapidly. In 1800 there were 24,000 horses in California.

Owing to its remoteness from the territory which for over a century had been infested by renegade bands of Indian horse thieves, who made of their stealing a regular business to fill the requirements of a trade built up with the tribes to the north and west, California had up to this time suffered little from depredations. In 1820 or thereabouts there was a marked increase in the number of horses in California, and some wild bands were noted. Within the next ten years the increase was so rapid that many wild bands roamed from Sacramento to San Diego. Thieving which had been formerly practiced on a small scale only, now became wholesale. Indian bands began to over run the country, roaming at will and including representatives from almost every tribe—Apaches, Comanches, Utahs, Navajos, Snakes, Klamaths, Cayuses and Walla Wallas. They drove off thousands of horses without interruption save for an occasional fight with a few Spanish soldiers who seldom succeeded in recovering the animals.

In 1847 at Jumol Rancho of Rio Peca near San Diego a body of Indians killed Levia, the major domo, captured his two grown daughters, Tomasa and Ramona and drove off hundreds of horses. Nothing was ever heard of the daughters or the horses.

Comanches from New Mexico in April, 1840, stole 1200 horses from San Luis Obispo and though pursued, were victorious in battle and escaped with the spoils. By 1844 the American population had increased to a point where the frontiersman was able to cope with the red man and in their battles the thieves were generally worsted.

During the latter part of the summer of 1844 Chief Pe-peu-mox-mox of the Walla Wallas and his son Elijah Hedding, who had been educated at the Willamette mission, founded by Jason Lee near Salem, together with fifty warriors went to California to trade furs for horses and cattle. They reached Sutter's fort about the middle of September. Sutter gave them permission to hunt and capture the wild horses which roamed in great bands through the foothills and valleys. They spent the winter catching and breaking horses to the saddle; then traded them for cattle which they expected to drive home to Walla Walla. On one of these excursions in the spring they fell in with a roving band of freebooters who had a bunch of stolen horses. A fight ensued in which the Walla Wallas captured the stolen animals. On their return to Sutter's fort with their booty it was all claimed by former owners. The chief remonstrated saying that in his country horses captured from an enemy belonged to the victor.

Pe-peu-mox-mox was offered fifteen head of cattle as a reward for the recovery of the horses, but refused to give them up. A few days later Grove Cook, an emigrant of that year, found a mule belonging to him in the recaptured band and demanded it. Upon being refused he attempted to take the animal. Elijah, drawing his rifle, said, "There is your mule. I dare you to take him." Cook wisely refrained. Next day, however, when a meeting was held by several of the horse owners to arrange with the Indians for delivery of the disputed stock, and when Elijah and another Walla Walla were present unarmed, Cook arose, during the absence of Sutter from the room, and said to Elijah: "Yesterday you were going to kill me. Now you must die." He deliberately took aim and shot the Indian dead.

The Walla Wallas hastily gathered up the horses and hurried away, leaving behind the cattle that were due them. They succeeded in escaping a party sent by Sutter after the horses. An old Indian who was on this trip with Pe-peu-mox-mox told me many years ago that after the party was well on the way, part of the Indians returned and stole 300 more horses, so that they made their way back to Walla Walla with a thousand head.

No sooner was Pe-peu-mox-mox home than he called on the Spokanes, Nez Perces and Cay-uses to join him in a war of extermination of the whites to avenge his son. He threatened to invade the Willamette valley and to kill and lay waste every white settlement, including those in California.

There was great excitement among the tribes of Eastern Oregon and Washington. Pe-peu-mox-mox was both powerful and brave, and had great influence. As the war clouds were gathering, the "White Eagle" of Ft. Vancouver, Dr. John McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company, met Pe-peu-mox-mox by arrangement and explained to him that the people of the Willamette should not be held accountable for the deed done by a stranger in a strange land. He told him moreover that he could not successfully carry out his war of extermination; that to wage war away from home would require food, arms and ammunition which could be had only from the Hudson's Bay Company. He said that he, as chief trader, would refuse to sell to the Indians and that, if necessary, he would join forces with the white settlers. McLoughlin advised Pe-peu-mox-mox to send a trusted emissary to Indian Agent Elijah White at Oregon City. Chief Ellis of the Nez Perces was selected and after that conference no more was heard of the threatened invasion, though California had received the news of it and her people were on guard. Pe-peu-mox-mox was good enough diplomat to realize the foolishness of carrying on a war of this sort with the Hudson's Bay company against him, so let the hatchet lie where it was buried for the present; digging it up again ten years later.

In 1846 he went again to California with forty warriors to avenge the death of his son and to recover, if possible, the cattle abandoned in the hasty retreat of the year before. He found the country notified of his coming and up in arms against him, but the settlers believed him when he stated that he had come only for trade and to recover his cattle. Lieut. John C. Fremont, with his company of explorers and some volunteers was at this time preparing for the conquest of California. He had met Pe-peu-mox-mox previously in Oregon and he invited the chief to join forces with him. Ready for any adventure which had in it a glint of personal gain, the Walla Walla chief made an arrangement whereby a portion of his warriors joined Fremont's command as scouts. Bold and fearless riders, of cunning and stealth, they proved of great service to the Americans in the campaign which followed.

In the fight at Nitividal Rancho, where a small party of American scouts and some of the Walla Wallas under command of George Foster, were surrounded in a small grove by Gen. Castro's army, when Foster fell, riddled with bullets at the foot of the tree he had used for protection, and the outcome seemed hopeless, the Walla Wallas mounted their horses, made a bold dash through the Spanish lines and rode to San Juan where Captains Burrough and Thompson were encamped with a small force. Learning of the situation, these officers went to the rescue of the besieged scouts. A desperate encounter ensued. It was a drawn battle, but most of the scouts had been killed.

Pe-peu-mox-mox, with the portion of his warriors which did not go with Fremont, remained in the vicinity of Sutter's fort to watch for Grove Cook, the murderer of Elijah Hedding. Meanwhile they gathered and broke wild horses, as well as stole some already broken until the middle of October when the Indians who had served as scouts returned with a large number of horses which they had captured on their way north through unprotected country.

Indians who remember this expedition have told me that the California party brought back to Walla Walla from this trip 2,000 fine horses and many Mexican saddles. Old men, fifty years ago, made the statement to me that Pe-peu-mox-mox began his California horse raids when only a small boy, going on a trip with his father and a band of warriors. This information, if correct as I have no reason to doubt, would place the coming of the horse among the Walla Wallas by way of California as early as the begining of the nineteenth century, or a little earlier.

In view of the fact that the Indians went great distances from their homes for purposes of trade or war, the rapid spread of the horse from tribe to tribe, after they were first procured from the early Spanish settlements by the Apaches, is understandable. When the Spanish explorers came the second time within the borders of what is now New Mexico, they found that the red man had learned the value of the horse and was bent on having more. For three-quarters of a century the horse thieves overran the northern Mexican states until there was not left behind a sufficient number of horses to permit of pursuit. At the beginning of 1700, these freebooters were driving annually, thousands of horses to supply the trade with tribes occupying the present states of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and Washington.

The Pawnees and Arapahoes to the north and east as well as the Utahs and Sho-sho-nes to the northwest—the latter Indians holding tribal relations with the Comanches—joined in these expeditions. All of the tribes occupying the vast territory from the Missouri river to the Pacific and from New Mexico to the frozen north would barter anything they had for horses—making a market which could absorb an almost endless supply of the animals. This raiding and selling continued for 150 years or until the American occupation in 1846 when Mexico ceded a greater portion of the territory to the United States.

The Indians of Eastern Washington and Oregon and also the Nez Perces undoubtedly obtained their first horses in the early part of the eighteenth century from the Sho-sho-nes or Snake tribes who inhabited what is now southern and eastern Idaho as well as northern Utah. The Sho-sho-nes secured them from the Comanches, an offshoot of themselves which had migrated to the south in the sixteenth century. There is a tradition among the Cay-uses and Walla Wallas that in the long ago their people, in company with the Nez Perces, went in large war parties into the Sho-sho-ne country for the purpose of stealing horses and that, while they lost some warriors, they gained many horses.

Robert Stuart, one of Astor's men, on his return overland from Astoria to New York, in 1812, bought a fine horse from an Indian at Wallula, but near Salmon Falls on the Snake river the horse was claimed by an Indian who said that this animal and many others had been stolen by a roving band of Walla Wallas a few years before. Stuart refused to give up the horse, but the Sho-sho-ne stole it that night.

Fifty years ago the hills and plains of the Yakima were covered with Indian horses, the wigwams of their owners being strung along the river from Kittitas to Mabton. The horses were small, seldom weighing over a thousand pounds, varied in color, by nature, treacherous and dishonest, but hardy and possessing great endurance. Mounted on one of the roans, duns or blues of Spanish origin with the black stripe down the back and black rings around the legs one need never fear that he would fail to reach his destination, though the way be long. I have ridden them a hundred miles between sunrise and sunset. Never was horseflesh wrapped in a tougher hide, except, perhaps, the Arabian; never was steed which could endure more punishment. I have ridden them unshod, with no feed, save the native grasses on journeys covering thousands of miles with my blankets and provisions tied on behind the saddle and averaging fifty miles a day.

Snow white and spotted were the favorite colors for war horses. It was an imposing sight to behold one of these horses painted in fantastic colors and designs, covered with war trappings and mounted by a centaur-like warrior with his bonnet of eagle plums streaming behind.

The most important means of transportation in the settlement of the west was the cayuse* or Indian horse pack train. The fur trader and the early settler soon learned the value of the sure-footed, hardy animal. The cayuse became a vital element in the every day life of the pioneer. Side by side they conquered the wilderness.

The cayuse carried the adventurous prospector into the remotest parts of the desert and the mountain. The volunteers and soldiers used him in all the Indian wars. He was the greatest factor in transporting freight from the head of navigation to the different mines and settlements in all that vast country. Through sunshine and storm, subsisting on whatever he could gather by the wayside, he stuck to his duty, often time perishing from starvation. I know of more than one instance where the swiftness and staying qualities of his horse has saved a man pursued by hostile Indians.

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*The Cayuses were the first tribe in this part of the country who had horses in numbers.

A man must not allow sympathy for this little animal too much scope or, in some unexpected moment, the cayuse will kick the pipe out of his mouth, break loose and run away, leaving his owner to travel on foot. But with all his faults, he is entitled to a place in pioneer history. Without him, the development of the west would certainly have been delayed. But the cayuse, like its owner, the red man, has seen its day. The Indian horses will soon be regarded as rare specimens of an almost forgotten race.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PACK TRAINS

It was in 1861 while on the Cariboo trail that I saw the first well equipped pack trains. They consisted of from thirty to sixty animals with two men to every fifteen animals, not including the cook who was also bell boy, riding the bell mare in the lead. Here I met many of the packers who later became famous in Arizona and New Mexico—Hank and Yank, Jack Long, Jim O'Neill, Long Jim Cook, Old Tom Moore, Lu Campbell, Frank Louden and others. Afterwards Old Tom Moore was in charge of the transportation under Gen. George Crook in his first Arizona campaign, 1871-1875.

That unrivalled Indian chase covered four years of constant fighting and moving over almost inaccessable trails. With Moore as packers in this campaign were a number of the men who had once traveled the Cariboo trail. They were the best frontiersmen that every pulled a diamond hitch and they knew how to care for their animals.

This train with Crook was known as the best equipped, absolutely competent military transport ever known in the field or in the documents. There is no other record of war, mining or commercial operations in which the same number of animals did so much hard work over such bad country as economically as these under the watchful eye of Old Tom Moore and his veteran packers.

The best packers used aparejoes which were better in every way than the pack saddle. The average load for a mule was 300 pounds. Charge for freight on the Cariboo trail in the early sixties was a dollar a pound from Ft. Yale at the head of navigation on the Fraser river to Quesnel Forks, a distance of 200 miles. From there it was fifty cents a pound for the remaining fifty miles to Williams' creek. On the latter part of the road only horses could be used as the small feet of the mule render it useless in a swampy country.

Men made fortunes those day with their pack trains, but like the miners, seldom kept their money. These trains were the most effective means of transportation then and were to be met on every trail throughout the mining regions of the entire west. The packing was generally conducted in a systematic way, the animals were well cared for. Their backs required constant attention to prevent sores from carrying the heavy loads.

This was where the peculiar merits of the aparejo came in. The sweat cloth, a piece of heavy ducking, two by three feet, went next the animal's skin. Blankets that were placed under the aparejo required care and must be kept clean. The boss of a pack train was called the cargadero. The arrieros were the men who did the packing and the bell mare was called the mulara. The whole train was known as the caballada.

It was an imposing sight when the old mulara started out on the trail followed by a caballada of from thirty to one hundred loaded animals, with the arrieros riding alongside, watchful for a pack that might be shifted or unbalanced. When all the packs were satisfactorily adjusted, the arrieros would break out in song, the music blending with the rattle of the bell on the old mulara.

An arriero had to be quick, tough and wiry. If an animal lay down with its pack on, when loading or unloading, it was difficult to get it up without repacking, which meant loss of time and was likely to cause sore backs. A slow man was a misfit with a pack train and did not last long.

I have seen two men load fifteen aimals, after they had their aparejoes on, in fifteen minutes. Brother Billy Splawn and myself have done it often, but it means quick work.

The cook, besides riding the mulara on the trail, was expected to have his meals on time. The minute camp was reached he made a grab for the kitchen animal, unloaded the cooking utensils and provisions and built the fire. By the time the rest of the animals were unloaded, he generally had the meal ready. If he failed to be on time, he had to endure the ridicule of the arrieros all the rest of the day.

Throwing the diamond hitch is an art now almost forgotten, but nothing has yet been invented which can take its place for fastening a pack on a horse. It is a Spanish invention, as old as the pack train, which is one of the oldest means of transportation on either continent.

The aboriginal method of transportation was by dogs which were either packed with saddles or used for hauling sleds. The Spanish introduction of the horse, mule, burro and ox caused a swift advance in land transportation.

The pack train was the pioneer means of transportation in the settlement of this continent. It lasted for three hundred years. The great Coronada, in his long expedition into what is now Arizona and New Mexico in 1540-2 used the pack train. Many such trains have had a commercial route of 1500 miles. Captain Anza's expedition from Sonora to San Francisco, in 1774, was much longer.

The great colzada, the shod-mule path from Vera Cruz to Mexico City for centuries had carried over it the vastest amount of wealth ever known in the world. For the greater part of the time as many as 60,000 mules a year were used. Here the arriero was at his best.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE GOLD HUNTERS

Emigrants' Lost Discovery—Rush to Fraser River in 1858—Trouble With the Indians—Richest Mine in the Cariboo — Place of the Miner in Development of Northwest — The Man Who Discovered Rich Bar.

The first gold discovered on the Pacific Coast was in 1845 near the head of the Malheur river in Oregon, when the party of "lost emigrants" were wandering through that country.* Daniel Herron, while hunting cattle, picked up a nugget in the rocky bed of a small creek separated from the Malheur river by a ridge. This stream ran southwest and was supposed to flow into the Malheur, an erroneous supposition, which later interfered with the relocation of the spot. Herron carried his bit of rock to camp because it was bright. Another nugget was found at this camp by Henry Marlin, who hammered it on a wagon tire and threw it into his tool box, never dreaming of its value.

The place where these nuggets were found was much talked of for years, especially in the sixties, and a number of parties set out to find it, but were led astray by the belief that it was on a tributary of the Malheur. By some it was called the "lost" mine, by others the "mine of the lost emigrants," and by still others the "blue bucket" mine, since one of the emigrants who had picked up a nugget stated that he could have filled a blue bucket—a pail common in those days holding about three gallons—with gold. My brother, Moses Splawn, in his chapter describing the discovery of the Boise basin, tells of an unsuccessful attempt to locate this "lost" mine.

Henry Marlin, the man who had hammered a nugget on his wagon tire, and who should have been able to find the place, if anyone, headed a party that left Brownsville, Oregon, in July, 1860. Though only fifteen at the time, I remember hearing him talk about the nuggets while he was in my home town securing volunteers for the expedition. The route lay through a hostile Indian country, right into the stronghold of the relentless old raider, Pa-ni-na. About 60 adventurers made up the party, which went through McKinzie pass in the Cascades. They were well armed and had two pack horses and one riding horse to a man. A fine-looking cavalcade they were as they passed out of the quiet village. They reached the country beyond the Des Chutes river in Grant county without any difficulty and had consequently become careless. The most essential thing in an Indian country is vigilance. The party had encamped on a small stream where wood, water and grass were in abundance. Most of the horses were grazing unguarded and the prospectors were enjoying themselves with foot racing and similar sports, when suddenly, with whoops and yells, a band of Indians swooped down on them and ran off all the horses, save a few that were tied up at camp and a small number hobbled near by. Men saddled the horses which were left and set out in pursuit, but never recovered any of the stolen animals. It took all the horses left to carry the blankets and provisions, so the miners had to make the long journey back on foot. I remember them as they came straggling into Brownsville, ragged and footsore. Thus ended what should have been a successful expedition. I met Marlin eight years later, settled on Crab creek on the site of the present town of Krupp. He was a typical frontiersman, standing over six feet tall, broad of shoulder, with sharp features and piercing eyes, clearly a man of courage.

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*Bancroft. History of Oregon, Vol. I, pp. 516-517.

There is little doubt that the emigrants did pick up gold nuggets, for in 1862 the Canyon City mines were discovered on the John Day's river and numerous rich pockets of gold were found in that vicinity.

Gold was discovered on the Thompson river in British Columbia in the summer of 1858. The find was made at a point known as Nicommen, a short distance above the confluence of the Thompson with the Fraser, by an Indian who, lying down flat to drink from the river, saw a shining pebble, which he picked up. Finding out that it was gold, the whole tribe then went pebble hunting up and down the river, taking it out of the crevices of rocks along the bank. Shortly afterwards an American miner named Adams happened along and saw the Indians gathering the precious metal from the rocks. Moving to the Fraser, a few miles below, he began to search for gold and readily found it. Filling a large buckskin purse with nuggets, he set out for Puget sound, where he reported the discovery and showed the purse to prove his story.

The same year a number of Canadian half-breeds and men who were formerly in the service of the Hudson's Bay company, with a few Oregonians who had been prospecting in the Colville country, wandered on to the Thompson river and found gold only a few weeks after the discovery had been made by the Indians and by Adams. With Adams' report so soon corroborated by the Oregonians, who had taken out a considerable amount, the news flew far and wide by newspapers and by letters until it reached the remotest parts of the earth. Excitement was great. Men began to flock to the new Eldorado from Oregon and Washington. They left their farms and shops; quit their business. Sawmills on the Sound had to shut down because of lack of hands and vessels were left without men enough to run the ship. The ripsaw and hammer were silent; the anvil's ring was seldom heard. The mad rush for the northern mines was on.

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In the country south of Oregon the excitement reached its highest pitch. With the discovery of gold on the Fraser river, it was at once assumed that there would be found another California. All the inhabitants of that state were seized with a desire to try their fortunes in the north. Every old vessel, worm-eaten or otherwise, was put into service, while men, with perfect recklessness, rushed aboard in order to be among the first to reach the promised land. Others started overland on horseback over Indian trails leading to the north, though the greater number traveled up the Sacramento via Shasta into Oregon by way of the Rogue and Umpqua rivers, through the Willamette valley to Portland, this route being the main thoroughfare from California to Oregon for the Hudson's Bay company's brigades and trappers for the past thirty years. It was the road used by Ewing Young in driving in from California the first cattle for the settlers and mission in the Willamette valley in 1836, and was used in 1844 by the earliest emigrants from Oregon to California.

As a boy of thirteen, I remember the constant stream of men on horseback, driving pack animals, passing through the Willamette at this time. There were men of all ages and kinds, some well outfitted, others whose horses were worn to the bone and reeled while they walked. Some were well dressed and seemed to have plenty, while others were ragged, worn and half starved, but in the blind, hopeful way of prospectors, they moved on, confident no doubt that their fortunes merely awaited their arrival at the mines. No mining country was ever yet found and developed without risk and chance.

Never before in the migrations of men had there been such a rush so sudden and so vast. Those who left California by vessel from March to July numbered thirty thousand. Most of them had assembled at Victoria, in British Columbia. They were a brave, fearless, rough-and-tumble lot of adventurous men, inured to hardships and dangers. They had among them the usual quota of thieves and gamblers, but the pickings that fell to that class were small and they soon returned to San Francisco, where their opportunities for plying their favorite professions were much better.

The only safe in the country belonged to the Hudson's Bay company, of which Mr. Finlayson was treasurer. He said that the miners had on deposit at one time in his safe over two million dollars, a vast amount for those times. The money, when presented to Mr. Finlayson for deposit, was in sacks, which he refused to accept unless they were sealed with the names of their owners. When any one wished for money, he would get his bag, take out what he needed and return it. No complaints were ever made regarding this mode of handling so great a sum.

The army of gold seekers whose tents surrounded Ft. Victoria threatened for a time the supremacy of the crown, as well as the territorial claims of the Hudson's Bay company on the Pacific Coast. The miners were for the most part of the western stamp of men, orderly under ordinary conditions, but easily aroused by what they considered the unreasonable exactions of the Hudson's Bay company, which was in charge of what little government there was. The American miners wasted little time in ceremony, but gave Governor Douglas to understand that "This far shalt thou go, and no farther." At this crisis the United States government sent John Nugent to Victoria as consular agent. Many of the restrictions which had been placed upon the Americans were then removed and things were settled to the satisfaction of both miners and authorities. A number of the miners who had previously become dissatisfied with the arbitrary actions of Gov. James Douglas, the autocrat of Victoria, had begun to seek shelter under the Stars and Stripes. Thousands moved over the Straits of Fuca to Whatcom on Bellingham Bay. Here they started a Puget sound city that was to be the rival of San Francisco. Town lots ran up to fabulous prices and buildings sprang up like mushrooms. Hundreds of miners passed the winter of 1858 at this point, but in the early spring packed and moved on up the Fraser river.

By this time steamboats had made their way up the Fraser as far as Ft. Yale, thus demonstrating the navigability of the stream. Whatcom, the would-be city where so many men had invested their money, sank out of sight, to be raised again nearly half a century later.

The first body of miners to leave Victoria in April crossed the Gulf of Georgia in skiffs, canoes and whaleboats. The best of these boats were only makeshifts and many lives were lost, the upturned craft floating on with the waves. All American steamers were at this time excluded jealously from the Fraser. Inadequate steamship communication being carried on by the Hudson's Bay company, Gov. Douglas finally allowed American steamers on the river, but insisted on the payment of a large royalty for each trip. Five or six American steamers entered the business on these terms, and the movements of the miners were thereby greatly facilitated.

There were many, however, who did not have money to pay steamboat fare, so they continued to battle with the waves of the Gulf, towing their boats up along the brushy banks and climbing for days over fallen trees before reaching Ft. Yale. All that suffering manhood could stand it had to stand on these trips.

At Ft. Yale the water was over the low bar and the foaming torrent of the great river was hemmed in by perpendicular rocks on either side. Here the timid turned back, pronouncing the country inaccessible. Others waited for months, while a daring few, taking what provisions they could carry on their backs, pushed on, climbing the rocks and the treacherous slopes of the Fraser canyon seventy miles further up to La Fontaine, where they found good diggings, but had only began to prospect when their provisions gave out and they had to go back. By midsummer miners were working the bars of the Fraser from Ft. Hope to La Fontaine, some very rich bars being found along the big canyon.

Just as the miners were getting down to work and taking out gold in satisfactory quantities, trouble arose with the Indians. The red men, realizing by this time the value of gold, and seeing the hated white men taking it out of the gravel and soil that belonged to them, began a murmur of discontent. Disputes between the miners and the savages became common. Councils were held by the Indians, inflammatory speeches made by the head men, and finally it was decided that no white man should be allowed to mine above Yale. The influence of Gov. Douglas kept down hostilities for a time, but he was not strong enough to stem the tide of war. On August 7, 1858, two Frenchmen were killed on the trail above the big canyon. When this news reached Yale, a party of forty miners organized at once, under Capt. Rouse, and left, with packs on their backs, to force their way through to Thompson river forks, fifty miles above. At Boston Bar, in the big canyon, they found 140 miners equipped for battle. August 14 the combined forces encountered the hostile Indians at the head of the big canyon and a three hours' fight ensued. Seven braves were killed and all the Indians in the vicinity put to flight. The miners then returned to Yale, where they found about 2,000 miners congregated from different parts of the country to decide on a course with regard to the Indians. After much talk, it was decided to organize a strong force and march at once up the Fraser. When the Indians were met, it was the plan to have a talk to see if peace could not be restored, but, if this proved impossible, they were to fight it to a finish.

At Spuzzum, where they encamped for the night, were some miners who had retreated from further up the river. Here a man named Snyder called for a meeting to organize and agree on some line of action. He was chosen captain and John Centros lieutenant. Snyder, with the greater part of the 150 miners, here moved up to Long Bar, where a treaty was made with the most troublesome tribes, who professed a desire for peace. A man named Graham, with a following of about twenty men, who did not favor Snyder's peace policy, following up in the rear of the main force, was surprised at night by a band of scouting warriors, who had been out on the mountains and did not know of the treaty with Capt. Snyder made that day only a few miles further on. Graham and his lieutenant were killed at the first fire and the greater part of the little band slain, and their bodies thrown into the Fraser. Sixteen bodies were picked up later at different points down stream. At China Bar, nineteen miles above, Capt. Snyder's force fell in with another bunch of Indians and a treaty was made. Two more treaties were made August 21. Still further up the river they met Splintum, a noted Thompson river chief, accompanied by six other chiefs and 300 warriors. Speeches were made on both sides with much reason and good sense.

Snyder's company reached the mouth of Thompson river, after having made treaties with several additional tribes, and was then compelled to return through lack of provisions. They reached Yale August 25. In this campaign there were thirty-one Indians killed, nearly all of them by the rifle company in the first fight, and the sixteen white men of Graham's company.

By the first of September miners were once more strung out along the bars. The Indians now came in to offer their services as laborers. Many were put to work digging, while others were employed carrying provisions on their backs from Ft. Yale. It was the best means of transportation.

Of the thousands working their way to the mines overland from California, Washington and Oregon, many wintered at The Dalles and Walla Walla. Some went on to Ft. Colville. Many of this advance party, for lack of money, were compelled to live among the Indians, subsisting on whatever food the red men had, dried salmon, roots and berries. I have met some of the men who wintered with the Indians and heard them recite their experiences. The things they went through with seemed almost beyond human endurance. It took that class of men to conquer the wilderness.

The McLoughlin company from Walla Walla, some smaller companies from Washington and Palmer's wagon train from Oregon arrived on the Fraser river in 1858. The spring of 1859 saw all this force headed for the mines. By May they were scattered along the great river and its tributaries, finding gold, not in abundance, but sufficient for their needs and some to spare. By midsummer they were strung along the Fraser bars as far up as the mouth of the Quesnel and a short distance from that stream, finding plenty of coarse gold. The following year prospectors were searching the mountains and streams all over that territory from Thompson river on the south to Ft. George on the north and between the Rocky mountains and the Fraser. Wandering in a vague way, not knowing where the richest deposits were, whether in the canyons, the smaller streams or along the bars of Fraser river, or on the slopes of the Rockies, these hardy prospectors continued in their blind, hopeful way and won. Of the same type of men as these were the conquerors of Alaska forty years later.

The finding of coarse gold in fair quantities on the Quesnel river in the fall of 1859 started some of the boldest prospectors to working further up the stream and into the mountains. Keithley and Harvey creeks were discovered in the fall of 1860. They were good finds and the gold a few miners dug out of those two creeks, when exhibited, started an excitement. Here was evidence that coarse gold in paying quantities existed. The hardy prospectors now renewed their efforts during the winter, on snowshoes, with provisions and blankets on their backs, penetrating into the mountains around the headwaters of the Quesnel river. Cunningham and Antlers creeks were thus discovered. The richness of Antlers creek was all that was needed to fan the flame already burning.

By the spring of 1861 miners were flocking into the Quesnel forks by the hundreds. Rose, McDonald and Deitz, three of the most famous prospectors in British Columbia, struck out for the streams heading in Bald mountain. Soon other rich creeks were found, including Grouse, Lowhee, Lightning and Jack of Clubs. It remained, however, for Rose, McDonald and Deitz to discover Williams creek, the stream that made British Columbia and the Cariboo famous. I doubt if the world ever turned out a better mining district for its size. Bald mountain stood alone, and with the exception of the Lesser Snowshoe by itself, conspicuous by its barrenness of timber, but covered with a heavy growth of fine grass about six inches high with brown seed heads. Packers often left poor, worn-out horses here to rest until the return trip, two weeks later, when they would find them fat-and sleek. Poor cattle left there were fit for the butcher a month later. I saw the same kind of grass on a small bald mountain at about the same altitude between Florence and Warren's Diggings in the Salmon river mountains in Idaho.

This faithful old mountain in the Cariboo proved a fountain head for gold, a reservoir from whose sides flowed all the rich creeks, which produced a vast amount of wealth which astonished the world.

Brief mention might be made of some of the amounts taken from Williams creek, and the same could be said of Antler creek. The Hard-Curry company, consisting of three men, divided 102 pounds of gold as the result of one days' washing. Fifty pounds weight for the day was a common occurrence. Six hundred dollars was taken out of one shovel of dirt. Three men, in twenty-four hours, on one claim took out 104 pounds. Judge Begbie, writing to Gov. Douglas from Quesnel river, states that he knows there is a ton of gold now lying at different creeks; also that he hears the Abbott and Steel claims are producing from forty to fifty pounds a day each. The Ericsson claims averaged 2,000 ounces per day during a season of about 100 days. It was common to speak of gold in pounds rather than in ounces or dollars when they made their clean-ups. These were not isolated cases. The whole bed of Williams creek was covered with gold.

I watched a clean-up at the Steel claim one evening in 1863. There were fruit cans fastened along the flume, where men were at work stirring the gravel as it was being washed down over the riffles. They picked up the large lumps as it passed, putting them in the cans. At night the cans were nearly full and the man who was gathering the gold said there was at least twenty-five pounds in the cans, to say nothing of the finer stuff in the clean-up, which would be much more. It certainly was a feast for a poor boy to behold.

I had met the owner of this claim the year before on his way out from this same mine to San Francisco. He had 200 pounds of gold loaded on a mule. I was camped on Bonaparte creek near the Cariboo trail and, hearing that such a man was coming out, I rode out every day to watch for him. I saw him next spring, too, coming back on foot and carrying his blankets on his back. As I was the only boy in all the interior, he recognized me and said: "Boy, do you remember me?" When I said, "Yes," he went on: "I have a little money left, but am punishing myself as a reminder of what fools these mortals be. I tried to run San Francisco; did it, too, for a time, but one muleload of gold was not enough for the job. When I get another load like that I shall endeavor to keep it."

It was his clean-up the next year that I had watched, as mentioned above. He certainly had his muleload.

In a region of rotten shale not more than fifty miles square forty million dollars were taken out, the largest part coming from Williams creek in an area of three miles. This great mining region not only made British Columbia, but was a great help to Oregon and Washington. Here was our greatest beef market. Thousands of cattle were driven over the trail every year to these mines. Many horses also found here a ready sale, as well as our surplus bacon. It was a Godsend to the whole Northwest.

To those bold and hardy prospectors who in the sixties were spread out in the mountains of the whole Northwest, we owe a debt of gratitude. They did more for the development of the Pacific Coast than any other class of men and received less for it. It was their work more than any other that built our cities, furnished markets for our produce and developed transportation. Without them the west would be 100 years behind its present development.

They were a class by themselves, a brotherhood of men. In prosperity and adversity they clung together. Whatever one possessed his friends were welcome to, if they needed it. They believed in fate; their strongest characteristic was hope. If they failed to find the precious metal where they expected it, they knew they would find it in another place, always believing that they would strike it rich soon. They did not know what discouragement meant. In the face of starvation, into unknown mountains which contained little game, where even the Indians feared to go, went the prospectors, trusting to the genius of the region to take pity and guide them to caverns lit up by the yellow light they loved so well.

History does not take much account of the disappointments and the tragedies, but they were far from few. Here is an instance:

Rose, one of the discoverers of Williams creek, was in the habit of disappearing for long intervals on prospecting trips. Even an unusually long absence did not worry his friends. But one day a prospecting party, a good distance off, found tracks and, following them, came to Rose's body. Near it, hanging on a tree branch, was his drinking cup. On it he had scratched with the point of his knife, "Dying of starvation."

While many prospectors made fortunes, few retained them. Either they spent their money or gave it all away.

In 1868 I met at the mouth of the Okanogan the man who had, six years before, discovered gold at Rich Bar, on the south bank of the Columbia, five miles below the present town of Brewster. He had been prospecting with little success in the Kootenai country. At old Ft. Colville he hired an Indian to take him down to The Dalles in a canoe. The Indian was a rover, who had acted as boatsman for the Hudson's Bay company years before between Ft. Vancouver and Ft. Colville, and knew the river well. As the canoe was passing the mouth of the Okanogan, he said to his passenger, "If you wish I will land you at a spot where a Hudson's Bay trader told me there was gold." No sooner did the white man see the red gravel on the bar where the Indian landed him than he began to pan it out and found plenty of gold.

Using what provisions he had and what he could buy of the Indians, he stayed here two months. When he reached The Dalles and weighed up his gold he found he had about $30,000. He and the Indian wintered in Portland, but in the spring, his health being bad, and feeling that he had all the money he would ever need, he decided not to return to the bar. Loading up the Indian with all the things that pleased him, he bade him good-bye and went to Victoria, B. C., and made his home.

When I met him he was going over the old ground in the hope of finding the Indian who had given him a fortune and whom he had never seen since parting with him in Portland. When he decided not to return to his mine, he told others of it. When I passed in 1863 there were 500 miners strung along the Columbia in a distance of fifteen miles. It is hard to tell how much gold was taken from the spot known as Rich Bar, but no doubt hundreds of thousands. After the white men worked it out, Chinamen mined it for years.

CHAPTER L.

FIRST WAGONS

When the American Fur company broke up and went out of business in 1840, it left the trappers and mountain men no employment; and as it was abundantly necessary for them to seek the settlements to earn a living, a group of these Rocky mountain trappers assembled at Fort Hall about the latter part of July, 1840, consisting of Robt. Newell, Jo Meek, William Craig, Caleb Wilkins and William Doty. They decided to go to Oregon. Newell had two wagons he had taken from the Clark company of missionaries for his services as guide from Green river to Fort Hall a month before. Wilkins had purchased another from Joel Walker, and they concluded to take those wagons through with them. So Newell sold one of his wagons to Ermatinger, the Hudson Bay factor in charge of Fort Hall, who hired Craig to drive it through. Wilkins drove his own, while Newell hired Meek to drive his remaining wagon. With their native women and half-breed children they struck out for Oregon, over a wild country where no wagons had gone before. Newell and Doty drove the loose stock, among which were a few cattle belonging to Newell; they reached Wai-il-lat-pu, the Whitman mission, in due time. They had thrown away their wagon beds and had only the running gears, while the high sagebrush had almost worn out the axles. Here they remained a while to rest up their sore-footed and wornout cattle. Craig remained among the Nez Perces, as his native woman, whom he had picked up in the Rocky mountains, belonged to that tribe. Leaving their wagons at the Whitman mission, Newell, Meek and Wilkins, with their families and loose stock, proceeded on horseback down the Columbia river. After much hardship and having to swim the Columbia twice in cold and storm, they reached the Clackamas bottom, a few miles below Oregon City, in December. Travel-worn, wet, hungry and homeless, and altogether beneath the notice of the missionaries, who very unwillingly sold them a few potatoes, they resorted to the Hudson's Bay company at Fort Vancouver for help, which their own people, the Americans, had refused. But the big-hearted McLoughlin aided them to establish homes. They crossed the Willamette river to the west side, driving their horses and cattle through mud and storm to the Tualatin plains, in what is now Yamhill county, Oregon. Here they selected farms and built their homes. Here they were soon joined by other mountain men, Doty, Walker, Ebberts and Larrison, thereby having a settlement of their own kind. They proved of great benefit in forming the provincial government for old Oregon two years later, 1842. Newell arranged to have his wagon which he left at Whitman's mission brought down to Tualatin plains, making this wagon the first to reach the Willamette valley from across the plains. The writer remembers seeing all these men at Champoeg in 1853. They were diamonds in the rough.

The first wagons to pass through Yakima valley belonged to that hardy band of emigrants headed by James Longmire and others in 1853. They had met Nelson Sargent of a previous emigration, who had settled near Olympia at Grande Ronde valley, Eastern Oregon; he was out to meet his father, who was one of this company. He told of the settlers around Olympia and Steilacoom who had started out to make a wagon road over the Cascade mountains through the Nah-cheez pass with the hope that some of the emigrants would come to Puget sound. After dwelling on the vast possibilities of that region, this company decided to go there. After reaching the Umatilla river near the present Pendleton, Oregon, they turned north. There were one hundred and fifty-five people and thirty-six wagons in the train. They reached the Columbia river at the present Wallula. Here they whipsawed lumber out of drift wood and made a boat to ferry their wagons and outfit across the river, hiring Indians with canoes to swim the stock over. From here they were entering virtually an unknown land. After enduring the hardships of their long journey across the plains, it must have been a matter of grave concern when this band of iron men and women decided upon this last desperate undertaking, but they proved equal to the task. Moving up the Columbia to the mouth of the Yakima river, they followed up the latter stream to what is now known as the Horn,* having crossed this stream eight times in a distance of about ten miles; at the second crossing one of the party by the name of McCullough died, no doubt the first white man to be buried in the Yakima country, leaving a widow and two little girls, one eight years old and the other a baby born on the journey. But good fortune was with them; the widow soon married a good husband, as did the older girl later, while the youngest, then a babe, was doing service a few years ago at the Providence Academy in Vancouver, Washington.

Here they left the Yakima river and struck out in a northerly course to Wellspring,** where they camped.

In a strange and desolate looking country, they began to wonder in what direction their route lay, and tried to get some information from their Indian guide, whom they had hired on the Yakima. No one could talk Chinook jargon, but the guide marked out two trails on paper. One ran north, the other westerly. The end of each trail was doted, representing, as the guide stated, soldiers; also a dot for each camp, meaning the number of days it would take to reach the soldiers' station. The north trail had less dots or camps, so they decided to take that trail.† After traveling some distance, they came in sight of a long line of perpendicular white bluffs, which they believed they could not get their wagons up, and decided to return to Wellspring and take the westerly course. That evening Nelson Sargent, who had gone on in advance, rode into camp with the good news that he had reached a point in the mountains where the settlers had blazed the road. Next day they moved over to the present Cold creek, on up that stream and through what is now known as Pleasant valley to Selah, where they again crossed the Yakima river. Here they found a Catholic priest. Then over to the Wenas creek, which they followed up to near its source; then over to the Nah-cheez river and on up that stream, crossing it sixty-eight times before reaching the summit of the Cascade mountains. Here they remained a few days to rest their worn and sore-footed teams, before going forward on the last lap of their journey down the western slope to Puget sound. They had received some information while camped on the summit of what lay beyond, but it only nerved them the more, and they moved on, encountering fallen trees of giant size, sometimes cutting their way through, at other times building logs up on both sides, thereby making a bridge and crossing their wagons over on them; many times having to dig out the banks of a stream before the oxen could pull the wagon up from the stream just forded; killing oxen to get their hides to make a rope long enough to let the wagons down some precipitous mountain; men, women and children trudging along on foot in the mud and rain, fording rivers and crossing foot logs, worn, weary and hungry, they moved on as fast as their strength would allow. Their suffering had reached almost to the limit of human endurance when they reached Nisqually prairie, where their journey ended. From here they scattered out and located their homes in that beautiful land they had suffered so much to reach. They were a brave, intelligent and hardy band of people, who did much for the Puget sound, where their earmarks can yet be seen along the beautiful streams and valleys.*

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*A sharp bend in the river at the point of a mountain a few miles below Kiona.

**The place is now known as the E. F. Benson ranch just below the Rattlesnake Spring.

†The northern end of the which trail was marked by soldiers was no doubt Fort Colville, the other Fort Steilacoom.

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*This information was taken from the narrative of James Longmire, a leader of this immigration, as well as an article written by George H. Himes, who was a boy belonging to this party, and incidents told me by David Longmire, also a boy at that time, and who now lives in Yakima county, an honored and respected citizen.

CHAPTER LI.

PIONEER WAGON TRAIN FROM PRIEST RAPIDS ON COLUMBIA RIVER TO FORT KAMLOOPS ON THOMPSON RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

In 1858 General Joel Palmer shipped a cargo of miners' supplies consisting of provisions, tools, etc., to Priest Rapids, on the Columbia river. These were sent on the steamer Colonel Wright, the first steamer to plough the waters of the Columbia above Celilo, and the first to reach Priest Rapids. His ox teams and wagons were driven from The Dalles, Oregon, over the old emigrant road to Walla Walla, over across the Snake river and on up the Columbia by White Bluffs to the foot of Priest Rapids, where the steamer's cargo had been unloaded. Loading the wagons, they struck out up the river. About eight miles above this starting point they encountered the rocky bluff on the east side of the Columbia at Saddle mountain, known by its Indian name as La-cos-tum.

Here they engaged two large canoes of about equal size; placing them side by side at a distance corresponding with the width of the wagons, then lashing poles across the ends to keep them steady, they placed them endwise to the shore; then after laying down boards in the bottom of the canoes to prevent the tires from splitting the bottoms, they lifted and rolled the wagons into them, having previously taken the loads out. They had no difficulty in making this portage of about two miles to the mouth of Crab creek, where now stands the town of Beverley, driving their cattle around the narrow Indian trail through the rocks.

Here they yoked up the oxen and hitched them onto the wagons and proceeded on the Indian trail up the river. A few rocky points had to be worked before the wagons could pass, but they kept moving on for about twenty miles where the river cuts into the mountain; here they had to build a grade from the river up to the top of the plain, which took a few days' labor. From here on the country for a short distance presented no obstacles until they reached the vicinity of the present town of Trinidad on the Great Northern railroad, where they took an easterly course for a short distance and turned up a ravine, and, finally, over a high ridge, then turned northerly and entered Moses coulee, which was about thirty miles from where they had left the Columbia river bluff, following up this coulee about twenty miles to an alkali lake, which is about one mile long. The shore of this lake is generally soft, and must have been some trouble to the wagons; there was a fine spring at the upper or north end of this lake. From this point they abandoned the coulee and traveled in a northwesterly course over a high plateau covered with bunch grass to a spring sixteen miles. From there their course was the same until they struck Foster creek and down that to the Columbia at the present town of Bridgeport and followed down about six miles to Fort Okanogan at the mouth of that stream; here they crossed the Columbia in canoes as they did at Saddle mountain. They had been following a large Indian trail from the time they had first struck Moses coulee. From here on they virtually followed the Hudson's Bay company's brigade trail up the Okanogan river to the forks of the Similkimeen, where now stands the town of Oroville, on up to Big Okanogan lake in British Columbia. Then up the west side of this lake which is eighty miles long, sometimes having to put their wagons on a raft of logs to carry them around the rocky heights protruding into the lake, to its head where now stands the thriving town of Vernon. From here the brigade trail turns to the westward through Grand prairie, but these wagons continued in a northerly course which they had been traveling and struck Salmon river, a tributary to the Shus-shwap, and followed down to Fort Kamloops, where they again intercepted the brigade trail, thence down the Thompson river to the Bonaparte creek where he sold his cargo and wagons as well as his oxen, which were killed for beef, making a large profit for his daring adventure.

General Joel Palmer was an emigrant of 1845 to Oregon. With his family he joined S. K. Barlow who had left The Dalles a few days before his arrival there to try and find some pass through the Cascade mountains south of Mt. Hood where they could get through to the Willamette valley with their wagons; the story of hardships and suffering will forever stand as a monument to their courage and endurance. He was one of Oregon's ablest and most useful pioneers. He did much to help the growth of this western empire.

Three years later, in 1861, the writer traveled over much of the route taken by Palmer's wagons, and the tracks were yet plain. It was an adventurous trip for wagons and he barely got through the Okanogan country before Indian hostilities opened; had he been two weeks later his party would have been massacred. Such was the material of the old pioneers.

CHAPTER LII.

OLD OREGON PIONEERS

After more than sixty years spent on the border, I now look back with pride upon the noble work unconsciously done by those pioneer men and women of long ago. The writer, when a boy, belonged to the great emigration of 1852, the largest that ever crossed the plains to Oregon. It was an era of hard times and discontent in the border states. The discovery of gold in California and southern Oregon, coupled with the glowing accounts of the distant west where a donation claim of six hundred and forty acres of the finest land the sun ever shone upon, was theirs free upon arrival, once more aroused the restless pioneer spirit which spread like a prairie fire. Soon thousands of covered wagons with families and loose stock were moving west; organizing into companies at different points on the Missouri river they struck out into the great unknown plains, with their faces turned towards the setting sun; over desert sands and swollen rivers they moved on. But few realized the vast undertaking they had embarked upon; mishaps and breakdowns began to occur that caused vexatious delays. Mutterings and discontent began to spread and grow until large trains broke up into smaller factions, with little discipline or order; many were massacred by the Indians. With much bitter feeling towards one another it now became a mad rush, each striving to out-travel the other. Humanity was in the melting pot—cowards never started, the weak died on the way, only the strong survived; children were born and people died, men quarreled, fought and killed one another; women wept as they laid at rest, perhaps their only child, in the new made grave, and with one passing look hurried on to keep up with the train, or be left behind to perish. Friendships and hatreds were formed that lasted through life. I remember seeing a scaffold by the roadside upon which was placed a rocking chair to mark the spot where a mother had died giving birth to a child. Indians were taking their heavy toll of life while the Asiatic cholera crawled in on the plains and, like the hungry wolf, followed the wagon trains from the "River" to the "Rockies," killing thousands; if there was a mile that the Indians failed to fill a grave, the cholera remedied the omission. How many thousands were on that great overland route that year no one knows, but we do know that there was a constant string of wagons for hundreds of miles, and we were seldom out of sight of new-made graves until after the Rocky mountains were crossed. The heat, and the dust from the wagon trains was all that man or beast could bear. Horses and cattle dying from fatigue and hunger, wagons breaking down and thrown by the wayside, causing the transfer of the loads to other wagons and a general lightening up, compelled many people to walk; old men, weak and worn women, and little children were seen trudging along on foot beside the wagons, sometimes barefooted in the stifling dust that reddened the sky. Many parents lost all their children, while many children lost their parents, thereby becoming orphans to be divided among the different families, perhaps never to meet again.

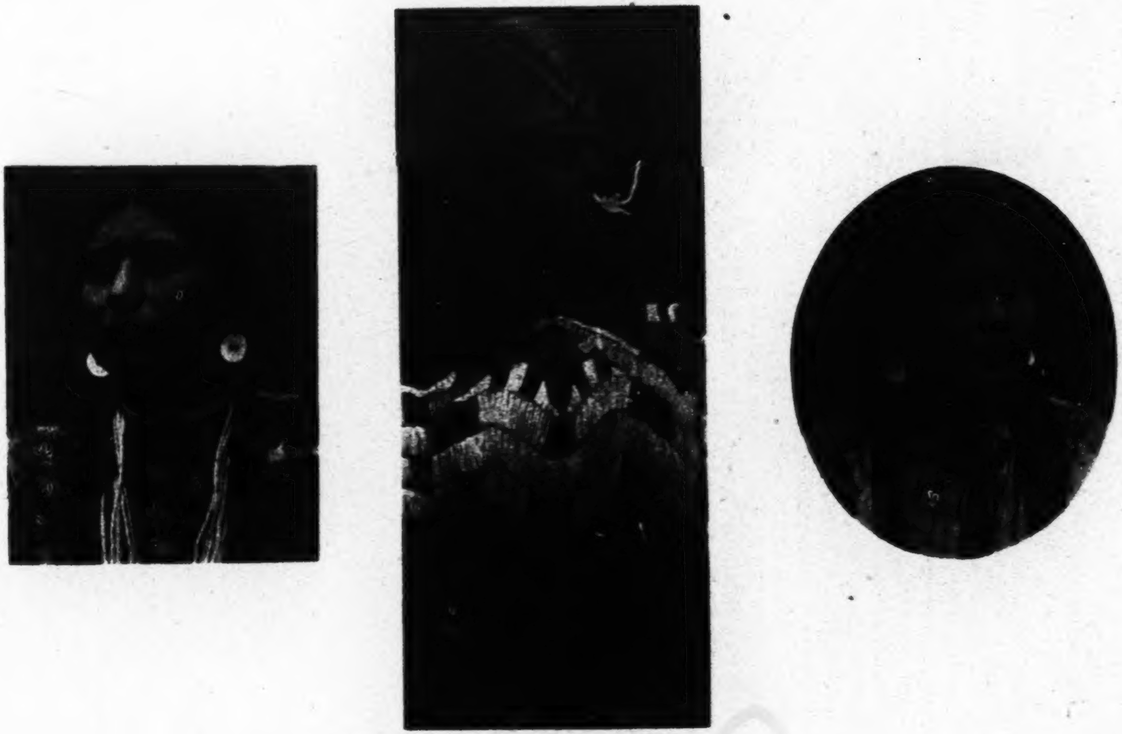
Midst all their overwhelming sorrow, enduring everything within the calendar of grief, they moved on. It is untranslatable to the present generation, and marked this the most ghastly highway in history; in its pathless distance, heart rending tragedy, together with the courage and endurance of the people concerned, it stands alone. In all migrations of people, for its accomplishment, heroic self-sacrifice, it stands unequalled in the history of the world. I have read many diaries kept by women where each day's journey was recorded, and from the Missouri to the Rocky mountains they mention the number of new graves counted in each day's travel, which would average about fifteen miles, and they run from one to twenty-five graves.

An incident recorded by Mrs. John G. Parker, who was daughter of Gilmore Hays who crossed the plains in 1851, which is full of pathos, reflects what kind of people these hardy emigrants were. Before reaching Fort Hall, the Hays train overtook a lone emigrant wagon with a very sick boy. Mrs. Hays undertook to help the lone family by doing all in her power for the sick child. Soon she fell sick with a high fever which developed into the black measles which she had contracted from the sick boy. Quickly all the younger members of the train were down with the dread disease, but there was no time to stop for they had to keep moving. Three of her sons one after the other died and were buried on the way At Salmon Falls, on Snake river, Mrs. Hays passed away. With no means of making a coffin, she was wrapped in a blanket and buried by the roadside. Her husband, Gilmore Hays, took off a board from the endgate of the wagon and wrote on it "Naomi Hays," and placed it over her grave and moved on. Her noble life, together with her three sons, was given in the cause of humanity.

When the train of Lapsley Yantis, an old friend of the Hays family, came along a few days later they noticed this fresh grave and on going out to look, saw the name of their friend on the headboard. Mrs. Yantis was lying sick and weak in a wagon. On being told of the death of her old friend she broke down and wept; two days later she died, her last words being, "Take me back to sleep beside Naomi," which was done, and on the same headboard and under the name Naomi was written "Ann Yantis." Side by side these two heroines of the old Oregon Trail sleep, within the sound of the roaring waters of Salmon Falls, which has sung their requiem for over sixty years. Buried on the banks of the desolate

Snake river mid sand and sagebrush, their graves have long since been obliterated. Such was the type of those pioneer women; one lost her life and three sons in doing a Christian act; the other showed that rare friendship which was true in death when her last words were, "Take me back to sleep beside Naomi."

The old west we loved so well is gone with the people that made it; it passed out with its romantic age, the nineteenth century; the few remaining old pioneers of that time, now weak and weary, with tottering footsteps, are going down the sunset trail; the writer who knew them for what they were, the good they did for civilization and humanity, bids them farewell until we meet on that beautiful shore.



DIFFERENT TYPES OF INDIAN MAIDENS

CHAPTER LIII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INLAND NATIVE

In describing the characteristics, habits and religion of the Indian tribes of the northwest, it will be at a time when the writer first came among them, over fifty years ago, and will only include the two great families of the Inland tribes belonging to the Columbian group, a name given to those tribes living along the Columbia and its tributaries, the Salish and Shahaptans. These family names are in reality the true name for the largest and most important tribe of that group who speak the same, or nearly the same, language though they may be scattered over a wide territory.

Salish is the proper name for what is known as the Flathead tribe who dwell south of the forty-ninth parallel in western Montana, while the Shahaptians, generally known as Nez Perces, inhabited the country immediately south of the Salish between the Cascade and Bitter Root mountains. These interior tribes have long faces, bold features, thin lips, and broad cheek bones. The men are generally tall, while the women are of medium height. The Salish features are not so regular and their complexion darker than the Shahaptian; their dress varies; most of them wore skirts of dressed deer or mountain sheep skins often ornamented with beads, bears' claws, etc. The women's shirts were longer than the men's while some of the more shiftless wore nothing but a breech clout of cloth or skins. Their staple food was salmon, which with roots, berries and the flesh of wild game which they dry in the sun or over a slow fire gave them plentiful variety. Slavery was more or less common with all the tribes; the prisoners of war furnished the slaves. Mourning for the dead was deemed old women's work, and it was faithfully adhered to. The sorrowing wails of those faithful old crones would touch a heart of stone.

Considering these tribes from every viewpoint, they come more nearly being the traditional red men met in fiction. Their laws, rules and regulations governing society were crude but honest and were strictly practiced. All disputes were settled by arbitration; either the chief or some trusted old man acted as judge, and his decision was final and satisfactory. Such a man was Chief Te-i-as of the Kittitas tribe of Yakimas. There was less crime among the whole Northwestern tribes at that time than exists in a small civilized village today.

Indian Tribes of Eastern Washington

The Chual-py or Quail-pi, meaning basket people, now known as the Colvilles, are of Salish stock. Their main village was originally at Kettle falls, and occupied both sides of the Columbia river from that point to the mouth of Spokane, and extended north into British Columbia a short distance from lower Arrow lake. These people were mentioned by Lewis and Clark under the name of Wheel-poos. Kettle Falls was one of the noted fisheries of the Salishan tribes of the Northwest. It was here in 1846 that the Catholic mission of St. Paul was established, consequently a great majority of these tribes became Catholics. They made no treaty with the government. In 1872 they were assigned to the Colville reservation which had been set aside for the different tribes of that section.

Spokanes (Salishan) are closely connected with the Hi-ai-ni-ma or Sans Poils. The lower Spokanes are Protestants, but the remainder are Catholics. They formerly roamed over the whole Spokane basin in Washington and extending into northern Idaho. They are now on the Spokane and lower Coeur d'Alene reservations.

The Qu-ma-appel (signifying Kamas people), now known as Coeur d'Alenes (meaning pointed hearts) are Salishan and occupied the lake and river of Coeur d'Alene in Idaho and adjacent headwaters of Spokane river, a part of this territory being held jointly with the Spokanes whose language they speak. They are now on the Coeur d'Alene reservation.

The Hi-ai-ni-ma, now known as the Sans-Poils, are Salishan; they are the Skeet-samish of Lewis and Clark. They have always occupied the country around Sans-Poil river, which is now included in the Colville reservation. Closely related to the Nespelems, these two tribes are the most aboriginal in eastern Washington, adhering strictly to their primitive customs and religion. They never received any presents from the government, although they have frequently been asked to do so. Suspicious of the whites, they are the least civilized and the most independent of any of the tribes, practicing their own religion, which is Smohala's doctrine.*

The Nespelems (Salishan) occupied the country along the Nespelem and the north bank of the Columbia as far down as the rapids above the present Bridgeport. Also the south side of the Columbia around Grand coulee. They speak the same language as the Sans-Poils, and are similar in their habits and religion.

The Okanogans (Salishan) occupied the Okanogan basin in Washington and extended into the Similkimeen and the great Okanogan lake in British Columbia. They were a powerful tribe when the fur traders first came among them in 1811, introducing venereal diseases, smallpox and fire water; the natives simply vanished. A few are left on the Colville reservation. They are Catholics. A few remnants of Chief Su-cept-kane's tribe are now living near Loomis, in Washington.

Methows (Salishan) are closely allied with the Okanogans, living along the Columbia from the mouth of the Okanogan down for about twenty miles, and along the Methow river and its beautiful valley. They are Catholics and are now on the Colville reservation.

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*See chapter on Indian Religion.

Chelans (Salishan) living along the Columbia river from about ten miles below the mouth of the Methow to a few miles above Entiat and the beautiful Chelan lake, were Catholics. Their Chief, In-no-mo-se-cha, was a noted warrior.

We-nat-sha signifies river issuing from the canyon, sometimes called Pisquas. They were originally Salishan, but are so intermarried with the Kittitas band of Yakimas as to have almost lost their identity. They fought in the war of 1855 and were assigned to the Simcoe reservation. But most of the tribe later joined Moses on the Colville reservation. They were Catholics.

Ko-wah-chins or Sinkiuse (Salishan) were called by the fur traders Isle de Pierre (Rock Islands) for the reason that their principal village then was at Rock Island about fifteen miles below the present city of Wenatchee. They originally occupied the east and north bank of the Columbia from Lacostum (Saddle mountain), now Beverley, north to where the Great Northern Railroad bridge spans the Columbia a few miles below the mouth of the We-nat-sha, and the plains of the Big Bend country. They were a warlike tribe who were recruited to a large extent by daring, adventurous and restless warriors of other tribes. About the year 1800, their Chief Talth-scosum was the greatest chief and warrior in all the Northwest country. He made annual hunts into the buffalo country east of the Rocky mountains, where he met in battle the Blackfeet and other tribes who considered him and his band trespassers. Ofttimes his force was joined by the Flatheads and many battles were fought. He was a very large and strong man and a desperate fighter, and was thought to bear a charmed life. The mere sight of him often caused the enemy to flee; but he nevertheless seems to have been only human, for in his last fight a stray bullet found its mark, striking his heart and he fell. When his warriors saw this, a panic ensued and they beat a hasty retreat. After this the Ko-wah-chins for many years ceased their buffalo hunts or until the great chief's two sons, Quil-ten-e-nock and Que-tal-i-can, later known as Sul-talth-sco-sum (Moses) grew to manhood. They both inherited the warlike spirit of their father. Then the buffalo hunts were renewed. These pople fought in the war of 1855; when, combined with the Owhi and Qualchan band of Yakimas, they were the bravest warriors known in that war. They are intermarried with Owhi band of Kittitas Yakimas. The Ko-wah-chins were in the treaty of 1855, but refused to go on the Simcoe reservation. They are a turbulent band of Indians and many white men have lost their lives along the trails through their country. They are now on the Colville reservation. Some of them were Catholics while others practiced their ancient religion.

Wi-nah-pams (river people), sometimes called Sokulks, are Sha-hap-tan stock. They occupied both banks of the Columbia river from short distance above the mouth of the Yakima river to La-cos-tum (Saddle mountain), the present Beverley, and are now known as the Priest Rapids Indians. They were the original tribe which practiced the dreamer religion.* In 1811, Alexander Ross, of the Astor expedition, making his first voyage up the Columbia river to found a fur trading post in the interior, tells of this peculiar doctrine of their chief, whom he named the Priest, and from this fact the Priest Rapids first derived its name. This tribe was not very numerous after the smallpox broke out among them in 1836; in fact more than half of the Indians died along the Columbia river from its mouth to Kettle Falls, then Fort Colville. These people were closely connected with the Yakimas, Palouses and Nez Perces. Their language was similar. Lewis and Clark met some of their people at the mouth of Snake river in 1805; they mention them as living farther up the river. Their main village, Pi-nah (signifying fish wier) was on the south or west bank of the Columbia at the foot of Priest Rapids. They have now dwindled down to a few lodges, a shiftless lot, still practicing their peculiar doctrine, beating the Pum Pum, and going through the ancient ceremonies of their forefathers. They belong to the Simcoe reservation, but refused to move on to it, preferring to die where their bones may rest in the sand hills besides their ancestors.

Palouse (Sha-hap-tan), the Chop-pe-nish of Lewis and Clark, once owned the whole Palouse basin, and were strung along the north bank of the Snake river from a short distance below the mouth of Palouse river up to the mouth of Alpowa creek. They were included in the treaty of 1855. They did not go on to any reservation for many years, but finally moved on to the Nez Perce reservation; they were very aboriginal in their habits and true devotees of the Smo-hal-la doctrine.

Pisch-wan-wap-pams (stony ground people) (Sha-hap-tan stock). This tribe originally occupied the Kittitas valley, the headwaters and lakes of the Yakima river. Formerly the men and women were short of statute with large stomachs, and for that reason the Salish tribes to the north nicknamed them E-Yakimas, meaning big bellies, and that is the origin of the name Yakima. All the fur trade routes were by the Columbia river and when they asked the Ko-chin and We-nat-sha Indians what tribe occupied the country to the west or south they answered E-Yakimas; so the whites evidently eliminated the E as it was easier to pronounce and sounded better. The writer spent much time trying to learn the meaning of Yakima, and this is the only reliable information obtainable. Alexander Ross, in his book, the Fur Hunters, called the Kittitas the beautiful E-Yakima valley in 1814. This tribe was warlike and extended their domain by conquest until they occupied all the country along the Yakima river as far down as Pisco (tall grass) at the mouth of Toppenish creek; they were the fountain head of the present Yakima tribe. These people practiced the Smohalla doctrine until 1847, when the Oblate fathers first came among them, when many became Catholics. This tribe produced such wise chiefs as We-ow-wicht, senior, and We-ow-icht, junior; their reign dating back to about 1700. Among their descendents were such worriors as Owhi, Te-i-as, Qualchan, Lokout and Penah, who fought in the war of 1855-8. Pa-ho-ti-cute Lema (people of two heads) (Shahaptan), were a small tribe who, before they were conquered by the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, occupied the country from the mouth of the Nahcheez down the Yakima river as far as (Hee-lah) (water serpent) the present city of Toppenish, including the Ahtanum and Mok-see valleyes. Their main village was near the present Parker station on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

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*Chapter on Indian Religion.

Squaw-nan-na (meaning whirlpool) occupied the Wenas and Selah valleys. Their main village was below the mouth of Wenas. They were Sha-hap-tans. The Simcoes occupied the village of that name. Pisco-pams (tall grass) people (Sha-hap-tan) occupied the country from near the present city of Toppenish down the Yakima as far as the mouth of Satus creek. These small tribes were the Cut-san-im of Lewis and Clark.

The Tap-teil-min (narrow river people) occupied the country from below the mouth of Satus creek down the Yakima river to the present Kiona (Sha-hap-tan stock). The ancient name of the Yakima river from near the present Mabton to its mouth was Tap-teil (narrow river) so mentioned by Lewis and Clark.

Chem-na-pams (the horn people) Sha-hap-tan, occupied the country around the mouth of the Yakima down the Columbia as far as the present Wallula. Ko-wass-egee (Sha-hap-tan) occupied the country from Wallula down the Columbia as far as lower end of Long Island.

Pisch-quat-pah (Sha-hap-tan) occupied the north bank of the Columbia from the lower end of Long Island down to the mouth of Rock creek in Klickitat county. All the above small tribes belong to the Simcoe reservation but the greater number have disappeared by death and intermarriage.

The Cayuse (or Wai-il-et-pu) (rye grass people) sometimes called Cusan stock, placed as Sha-hap-tan, because the writer believes them identical with the Nez Perces, are people who formerly occupied the country of the Blue mountains, Umatilla and Grand Ronde valleys in eastern Oregon. They were the most warlike of all the Northwest tribes, almost constantly at war with the Snake and other tribes to the south, so their numbers never increased. Much intermarriage with the Walla Wallas and Nez Perces, caused them to almost lose their identity. It was so when the writer first knew them half a century ago. Most of them are now on the Umatilla reservation. They were superb horsemen and true specimen of the plains Indians.

Nez Perces (Sha-hap-tan) (pierced noses) occupied a large territory in eastern Oregon and western portion of northern Idaho, along the Snake, Salmon and Clearwater rivers, bounded on the east by the main divide of the Bitter Root mountains, including the lower Grande Ronde and all of Wallowa valley in Oregon, the disputed title of which brought on the Nez Perce war of 1877. They were honorable, brave and intelligent, a tribe of exceptionally high character traits, which were strikingly displayed in the Nez Perce war. In 1832 they sent a delegation to St. Louis to ask that Christian missionaries be sent to them. They wanted the white man's book (the Bible). In 1834, Jason Lee was sent but he passed through the Willamette valley, Oregon, and built a mission near the present Salem. In 1836, H. H. Spaulding built a mission among them. They treated him well and many became Christians.

The Klickitats (Whul-why-pams), or people beyond the mountains, and the Qulth-howi-pams, or prairie people, belonged to the same tribe.

This tribe has been described as the Arab merchants of the West. Bold, adventurous and cunning, they had in a trading capacity acquired an influence over most of the Indian tribes of the lower Columbia at a very early date. About 1835 this warlike tribe descended from the Simcoe mountains in eastern Washington to the Cowlitz river on the lower Columbia, making war upon the Chinook tribes, which they conquered and reduced to such terms of tribute as they chose to dictate. In 1841 they began to turn their attention to the Willamette valley, of which their tradition had spoken as "beautiful valleys, streams and rich hunting grounds."

The tribes of the Willamette had been so reduced by disease which had spread among them—measles, smallpox and venereal—that they had been almost swept away, and could not resist the invasion of this tribe, consequently were reduced to submission. The Klickitats then gradually forced their way south over the Calapooya mountains to the country of the Umpquas. The Willamette valley now for a time became their public highway. After the immigration of 1843, they were of some help to the settlers, as they were willing to work.

In 1851, when Lieutenant Stewart was killed on the Rogue river, they arrayed themselves on the side of the whites and were ready to unite in war against the hostiles. In 1854 Gen. Joe Lane availed himself of their offer to join his forces, and sixty Klickitat warriors, well mounted and armed, joined him at the seat of war.

The Whul-why-pams had certainly some show of right to claim the Willamette valley, for they had conquered it. In 1855 many differences arose between them and the settlers, none of which was serious, but the Superintendent of Indian Affairs concluded to remove them from the valley back to their original country. They left with no good feelings towards the whites. They had conquered the country, and claimed the right of conquest, and from that time on they assumed a different attitude towards the settlers—were ready for war, which was not long delayed. They fought with the Yakimas in 1855, surrendered to Col. Wright at the mouth of the Wenatchee in 1856, and were placed on the Simcoe reservation, where they quickly began to prosper. Having been traders among the Indian tribes for generations, they soon adopted the ways of the whites. A small portion of the tribe did not join in the war, but remained at Fort Vancouver and was supported by the government. They were a cunning race with pilfering habits. The word Klickitat itself means robbers.

Government and War

These tribes lived by, and loved the legendary teachings of their forefathers showing a desire to emulate them. They loved power which often caused them to go to war with their neighboring tribes. They were quick to resent any encroachment. The chieftainship is generally hereditary, very often men of power and intellect who have a special fitness to become chiefs, such as Kamiakin of the Yakimas. There were lesser chiefs or head men for the different divisions of the tribe, to act as counsellors to the chief in times of war, but have no especial power. War chiefs are elected periodically, they keep their warriors in strict discipline during war times but have no authority whatever in times of peace. War is never undertaken without due deliberation. A council is called which is attended by all the head men and others of any importance. The chiefs have much to say on such occasions regarding their grievances against the enemy and the bravery of their ancestors, etc. They open the council with the smoking of the pipe which is passed around, each one taking a whiff. This is drawn in slowly and generally exhaled through the nose, then it is handed to the one sitting next to the right. The smoke is supposed to clear the brain. After this ceremony, business is attended to which either declares war or calls for peace; if it is the former the war or scalp dance follows in quick succession. This certainly is the most demoniac of all their performances. Several begin chanting and dancing, while some beat the pum-pums or skin drums, soon others fall in until all join in this wild dance. The noise becomes terrific. When the squaws throw a scalp among them, they tramp upon it, increasing their frenzy as it is tossed about among them.

Usually the next day a military display takes place when the warriors are mounted for battle; this is for the purpose of instilling a love for war. The warrior's first care is the war bonnet, the most important of all his trappings; a cap made from an entire head of a wolf (coyote) with ears standing erect and fantastically adorned with bears' claws, eagle feathers and trinkets. Around the head is a wreath with a long streamer almost reaching the ground, made of feathers from the eagle, which are streaked with vermillion; when the warrior sits on his horse it floats like a pennant behind. The loss of this cap is a loss of honor, nothing but death deprives him of it. The body is clothed in a fringed buckskin shirt cut and checkered in many small holes and painted in different colors. A belt is fastened securely around the waist holding the garment in place and containing the mystic medicine box, and the decorated calumet (pipe), articles which the warrior deems of much importance. His legs are encased in leggings. His weapons are the gun, the lance, scalping knife, a large bow and quiver of arrows or the deadly spampt (sling shot). The bows are made of the most elastic wood, their force is augmented by tendons glued to their back; arrow shafts are of hard wood carefully straightened by rolling between two blocks of wood, one end of which is fitted with flint arrow heads wrapped with sinews; the other end with feathers is also wrapped with sinews. The scalping knife is always in place; this equipment does not seem to encumber him in the least for he easily changes from one weapon to another when occasion requires. The favorite war-horse, upon which a warrior's fame and honor depends, is seldom bartered in trade; white is the leading color, spotted next. Much time is spent in decorating the steed; if he be white he is given a coat of paint as background upon which are drawn hieroglyphics on the body; stripes of red and yellow adorn the head and neck while the mane is black. The tail, which is red, is tied in a knob from which float almost to the ground two streamers of feathers sewed with sinews to a buckskin thong; these serve not only as an ornament but the rider catches hold of them when swimming rivers. This is all topped off with an eagle feather tied to the foretop; so disguised are both rider and horse that one cannot tell their natural color.

Stratagem and ambuscade, so peculiar to the Indian, are resorted to in case of an attack; for want of discipline they never stand face to face with an enemy in battle if they can avoid it. Stealthy and unexpected attack in the very early morning is their favorite tactics; should they fail to surprise, they skirmish at a distance occasionally dashing at full speed until they get near enough to have a flying shot at each other. They continually shout and yell in a most wild and frantic manner, capering and cowering on their horses to avoid their adversaries' fire. If one on either side falls, a rush is made for his scalp, which brings them in close combat. Then the gun firing ceases, and quick firing of bows and arrows begin; this is soon over when the lance is brought into play, then the knife and deadly spampt. This last stage of an encounter is fiercely

HOME

contested but of short duration. The moment a chief or head man falls, fighting gives away to mourning, they fly without being disgraced and the battle is ended. The losses are generally very few—a dozen or so scalps means a great victory. If either party should have lack of confidence in the result, before it is ended, a peace is often made by smoking the pipe and making protests of good will with the utmost solemnity, but without the slightest intention of keeping faith. The prisoners of war are often made slaves and many times are tortured; this work is left to the women of the tribe.

The Indian's Temperament

Kind and affectionate to his family, never stooping to even whip a child; stolid and indifferent to any torture which an enemy may inflict upon him; meeting death with sublime fortitude or receiving a mortal wound without exhibiting any signs of pain, the Indian is truly remarkable. But when he is attacked by some sickness which saps his strength without any visible signs of an open enemy he is perplexed, believing that an evil spirit has taken hold of him or that he is the victim of some charm and very often abandons himself to his supposed destiny, often pining away and dying a victim of his own imagination. The same effect is noted after a series of disappointments or a long run of ill luck, when often the sufferer will ride into the midst of the enemy to be killed in a combat rather than suffer a slow death.

An Indian seldom resents an offense at the immediate time or exhibits any signs of passion, but is sullen and thoughtful which bodes no good; though years may pass, yet the insult will remain fresh in his mind. The safer way is to placate his feelings with a present at the time; the most suitable one would be the shirt taken off the offender's back. With them, property pays for all offenses, even death, but they make no distinction between wilful and accidental murder.

Should a native fly into a passion which is seldom the case, better by far to allow his anger to cool by a patient forbearing silence, for there is nothing that subdues him like this; it is better than powder and ball.

In his natural state the Indian was a simple happy creature, but when he began to tread the pale face's way he lost his luster, his light of freedom had become extinguished—he exists only from necessity.

Marriage—The Home—Naming the Children

The inland Indian's home consists of a frame of poles covered with skins of the buffalo, elk, and deer, also a kind of matting made from reeds but never from horse hide which they do not use for anything. The form is conical or oblong in shape, pointed at the top which is left open to allow the smoke to escape. Holes are left, generally at the ends as a means of exit; with flaps as doors, the floor is spread sometimes with sticks and mats; skins serve for beds.

The putting up of the lodge is no little work. The shape of the covering is semi-circular with projections at the top on the straight edges forming the smoke guard. Half way between the points of these flaps is a notch taken out and a thong tied to each point of the notch. When the covering is taken down it is carefully rolled so that these thongs are on the outside. After the frame is in place a pole is tied to this notch by these thongs then raised and put into place, the whole covering falling around the poles. The canvas is tied in front at the bottom to the entrance poles, then the squaw makes a ladder by lashing stout sticks across the front poles and beginning at the top, the edges are now lapped and joined by sticks put through holes made for them. The bottom is staked to the ground while two poles are placed in the outer point of the smoke flaps; these may be changed as the wind does by moving the poles. This smoke guard is always set facing the general direction in which the wind is blowing.

The house cleaning is a very simple and frequent occurrence—they move to a new locality so often that they are kept practically free from filth and vermin. Often times these lodges are large enough to accommodate many families but each one has its own fire place on a line down the center, no partitions are used, and each has its own space for its goods opposite its fire.

Their ancient homes consisted of excavations in the ground covered over with mats and in the winter, dirt was thrown on the mats, a hole was left in the top for the smoke to escape, also as a means of egress, by a ladder, fashioned much after our own.

The women were the house builders and home keepers. A wife was selected with an eye to her working qualities; this was the standard. When the lord has made his selection he buys his wife from her parents; this constituted the important part of the ceremony, the amount paid depending on her social position, looks and working capacity. Should a parent give away a daughter without a price she is disgraced and if she elopes she is counted a prostitute and an outcast. The medium of exchange was personal property; since the introduction of horses they have been the principal medium. The celebration consisted of feasts, dancing and the giving of presents to the invited guests.

If an Indian marries a woman from another tribe he generally joins that of his wife, since she can work so much better in her own home. If an Indian marries the oldest he is entitled to buy the remaining girls of the family for his wives. When there are several wives, each occupies a separate lodge or at least a separate fire. Either party may dissolve the marriage at will, the property is equally divided, the children going to the mother. If a wife should die soon after marriage, the husband may reclaim the price paid for her. The woman is the drudge about the home, she would be scoffed at by all the squaws of the village did she ever stoop to allow her lord and master to perform any of the menial tasks such as carrying wood and water—his work was of a nobler, bolder kind, war and the chase. She was the home builder and the keeper of it.

Fathers often purchased wives for their sons when they were yet very young. Sometimes the girl chosen was older than her affianced husband, in which case she often grew weary of waiting for him to grow up.

The following was the usual way in which a marriage was consummated. When a boy or man fancied a certain maid he told his parents who, in turn, consulted the girl's parents and if it was satisfactory, a price was agreed upon by them. The more expensive the bride the more likely she was to prove true. The young man who gave all he had was one to be reckoned for high honors in the tribe—a hero. After an agreement was reached, word was sent to the suitor who immediately set out for the lodge of his bride's parents with some trusted friend or relative to drive the required number of horses; he also carried exchange gifts of various kinds.

When he arrived, a crier, an office held by some old man in the tribe (there may be several) announced the marriage and the friends gathered in to celebrate. Two robes were spread down side by side in the lodge. The bride was carried on the back of female relatives and seated on one robe, the young man was escorted to the other one. The young man's relatives combed the bride's hair while some one poured over her head, out of a basket, small shells or beads. The hair was braided, the beads gathered up, and then began a lively exchanging of gifts. The bride's relatives placed on her head, dresses, trinkets, etc., for female wear which were taken by the groom's friends who placed other articles instead. The same was done over the groom's head, except these articles were for the male. Every one had a good time. Finally her friends put the bride on one of her own horses and escorted her to the groom's lodge where often more exchanging was done, until he was made poor.

An Indian girl's life after marriage was not always one of sunshine; she was supposed to serve her husband's family. Among the Indians, a man once married into a family had many privileges. He had a tribal right to another woman of the same family if his own wife should die, in fact it was the law for him to marry one of the clan if he married at all. If his married brother died, he had a right to take the brother's wife himself or give her in marriage, and receive the purchase price. If she refused, he could confiscate her property.

They often bathed themselves, but their cooking utensils, never. The distinctive inlanders dressed in deer, elk, mountain goat or antelope skins made into a rude frock shirt with loose sleeves, leggings reaching half way up the thigh, fastened by strings to a belt around the waist, moccasins made of deer skin on the feet. The men's frocks descended half way to the knee, the women's nearly to the ankles; over the dress was worn a robe of elk or buffalo skin, similar to an evening cape. All garments are decorated with leather fringe, feathers, shells, porcupine quills. Since the white man's advent among them, they use beads and other bright ornaments and clothes. Their clothing was cleaned with the white marl clay, but this practice was not indulged in to any great extent among them.

They tan their hides. The skin is stretched and dried; they scrape off the meat from the inside and the hair off the outside with a bone, a rib out of a deer. This is very laborious. They place the skin in hot water, wring it out dry, then stretch and work it soft with a rock; to make it white and soft it is worked with marl earth or white clay. To make it more durable it is smoked, and to make it a first class job it must be worked over four times.

Children are named after a plant, animal, bird or some physical phenomena occurring at the time of birth. Moses (Sulk-talth-scoscum) or half sun, was so called because a partial eclipse of the sun occurred at his birth. When children are a certain age, they are sent into the mountains alone, where they fast and dream. Whatever comes to them most prominently in those dreams, generally an animal or bird, is counted their Tammanawas or mascot; if it be an animal, the skin is worn in some shape during battle or if a bird, the feathers. They firmly believe these render them bullet proof. They consult their Tammanawas when in difficulty. The child frequently takes the name of the father, but not while he is living nor until his bones are crumbled after death. Distinguished chiefs' names were not conferred upon the sons until they had reached maturity. The name was conferred on him at a feast by some old man, who would stand up and address the boy as if he really were his father returned, and congratulate him, calling him by his new name, which would then be done by all present. This was an occasion for gift-giving to the old people. The Indians are averse to telling their correct names and generally avoid doing so. They believe that the name is a part of the spirit and they are fearful lest the pale face brings harm to it.

Translating their relationship is peculiar in that they call all cousins sister and brother and aunt and uncle.

Morals

The Indian women as a rule were faithful, obedient wives and affectionate mothers. Incontinence in either girls or married women

ITHLECUM OR BONE GAME

was very rare and prostitution almost unknown, being severely punished.

The Yakimas were particularly fortunate in their situation off the main trails of traffic. They did not meet the temptations so early, that many of the other tribes did by coming in contact with the pale faces. They were a simple, pure people up to the time the military came among them. Nowhere in military reports do we find stated the number of natives debauched, only those killed and wounded in battle. Some of the brightest men of our Civil War left behind them the moans of a wronged people, and those wrongs will be visited on the succeeding generations crying for vengeance. The All Seeing One alone weeps over his children of the wilds.

Dances

The Indians held dancing both as a religious exercise and for pleasure. The plains Indians did not indulge in this pastime so much as the Coast Indians. The dance house was made of tule mats; it was swept before a dance. The dances varied according to the occasion; if ceremonial, they were formal; if the Chinook* wind dance, it was a feat of physical endurance; a frenzied chant with often the blood flowing from cuts inflicted to prove one's bravery. The Scalp** dance was the most hideous of all their performances. The women and men did the dancing inside a ring formed by the other members standing. They were partially naked, bedaubed with paint, hair hanging. A wild chant was kept up to the beating of sticks. A scalp tied to a rope is thrown among them, they tramp it and drag it about with the most demoniac demonstrations, working themselves into a frenzy. This is indulged in both before a battle and after a victory.

Gambling

The Indian was and is today passionately fond of gambling. A sight not to be forgotten was a plain covered with horses and Indians vieing with each other in feats of horsemanship; the gaily caparisoned ponies and their own gaudy apparel of beaded buckskin topped off with ornaments of shell, elk teeth, bears' claws, etc., made, to say the least, a picturesque gathering against the gray sage plain and blue hills in the distance as a background.

The racing season was a grand carnival which occurred usually in the spring of the year during the annual gathering time for roots and fishing. An Indian will wager his all on a turn of a card or his judgment on the speed of a horse. They are the gamest losers of all mankind. A speedy horse is either a source of wealth or

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*The Chinook dance is described in the article "The Beginning in the Yakima."
**The Beginning in the Yakima."

ruin to his owner, likewise to his tribe for they will back him to the limit of their possessions.

The writer has often witnessed them put up all their buffalo robes, blankets, clothing and horses on a single heat, either doubling their fortunes or facing poverty. The wagered articles are tied up together and thrown into a pile while the horses are likewise fastened together and tied to the brush or whatever may be convenient. After the race, the winners with yells of joy gather in the spoils, while the losers look on with stolid inifference.

The most ancient game of chance universally played by all the Columbian tribes is the iteh-le-cum, the bone game, which consists of two opposing groups sitting facing each other; between them is laid a row of sticks to be beaten upon by the Indians holding a stick in each hand. A pile of about twenty short sticks lies in front of either side to be used as forfeits. The game begins with an Indian holding in each hand a short white bone, one having a black band around it. The player is generally selected because of his expertness. The juggler and his side begin to chant, as they beat time with the sticks while he passes the bones swiftly from hand to hand; growing louder, their chant changes to yells, while he writhes from head to foot in his wonderful exertions of body and brain, finally stopping with arms crossed, when the yells cease. One from the opposite side makes a guess by pointing to the hand in which he believes the bone with the black band is held; should he miss, wild whoops and yells rend the air from the winning side. With increased exertions they repeat the process, while the losing side throws over to the victors one stick out of its pile. Had the guess been correct the same whoops would have gone up from that side and they would have won a stick, also the bones would have been handed over to them to try their luck. This is repeated until the end which means the number of sticks won or lost.

Foot racing and target shooting were indulged in by the women and children. Small wonder that even the young ones among them were expert with the use of their native weapon, the bow and arrow.

Foods—How Obtained and Prepared

The locality determines the main food of the Indian tribes. The men hunt and fish while the work of digging roots, picking berries, dressing and preserving all kinds of food, is done by the women. Since the introduction of the horse, food gathering is made a much easier task; all the larger varieties of game were hunted horseback, a bow and arrows being the weapon used. Before horses came among them, they pursued the game in winter on snowshoes, when it was driven into the lowlands because of the deep snows in the mountains.

The Yakimas occasionally joined the Nez Perces and Flatheads in their hunting expeditions across the mountains into the buffalo country, making two trips annually, one in April or May for the bulls and a later one for the cows when they had weaned their calves and had become fat. The bear, deer and mountain goat are principally hunted during the fall or berry season, also in the early winter, when the snow drives them into the foot hills. While the women pick the pine nuts, pine moss and the huckleberries, the men kill the game. The meat is jerked or dried over a smouldering fire, while the berries are dried, and often pulverized, moistened and made into small cakes, then dried again. In this state they are more easily packed away and will keep for years. The staple, however, is the salmon which is caught by means of spears, weirs and dip-nets made of reeds and grass; these weirs were constructed upon horizontal spars and supported by tripods of strong poles erected at short distances apart, two of the logs fronting up stream and one supporting them below nearly fifty yards long. The principal fishing places were Kettle Falls in Stevens county, Priest Rapids and the Wichram Falls above The Dalles, Oregon, with many smaller ones on different streams. The fishing season is the meeting time for the different tribes where they trade, gamble, race horses, and indulge in other sports. The Salmon Chief holds full sway, the salmon ceremony which takes place when the first salmon run or at the beginning of spring is described elsewhere. During the fishing season, they ate principally the head and offal of the salmon, a matter of economy, while the meat was dried on scaffolds in the sun and packed away for future use. Many times it is pulverized as a matter of convenience in packing.

When the game is scarce and the fish refuse to run they always can resort to the roots. The principal ones were the camas or sweet onion, which grows in moist prairies and is dug in June and July; the Yakimas' greatest known camas ground was Talhk, Camas prairie, in Klickitat county. The kouse, or bread root, which is found in rocky spots, is much earlier, growing in April or May; one of the greatest kouse grounds is at Chelohan, situated in the northeast corner of Kittitas valley. Peahay is a small, slender, bitter root used much as we do rice or macaroni and pelua was the natives sweet potato. In order to obtain these roots, the Indians make regular trips and while the women dig the roots with a curved stick having a sharp point at one end and handle bar of wood on the other, the men gamble, trade, race horses—in fact it is a continual holiday for them. These roots are dried, many of them pulverized and made into cakes, but the kouse and pine moss go through a process of baking and fermenting for several days in an underground kiln by means of hot stones, coming out in the form of a dark gluey paste, which is moulded into cakes by taking a handful and squeezing out the water, leaving the imprint of the fingers, then laying them in the sun to dry; these cakes are all the same shape and size and are ready to eat like bread. The Yakimas often had a scarcity of food, but never resorted to the killing of a horse or dog.

Their cooking utensils were limited. Sticks stuck in the ground in front of the fire held the meat while it roasted. Hot rocks put into the baskets* containing the food and water kept them boiling until done.

The spoons were made of wood and horns, the knives in the beginning were of stone. Tule mats were used for plates.

The earliest fires were made by laying down a dry piece of bark with a hole in it on which they dusted some dry powdered leaves or bark. Then a hard wood stick rolled rapidly between the hands, just above this caused a blaze to flash up. Flint rock was also use.

Treatment of the Sick

When in case of sickness, the medicine man is sent for, the price is always agreed upon before hand and most always a cure is promised before the patient is seen, also the disease is diagnosed. When the medicine man attends a patient he wears his official badge —a bear's claw, coyote head cap—and goes with much dignity and deliberation. Sitting down by the patient he places his hands on the body, pressing down, often warming them and repeating the process. Then going through a number of gymnastic maneuvers, he announces that the man has some insect in his heart, very often a spider. Sitting on either side of the patient, are a number of friends or assistants, who are ranged in two rows facing each other with sticks in their hands beating on boards or larger sticks. When the medicine man begins his incantations, swaying his body backward and forward with arms bent, swinging them backward and forward. These assistants, likewise, join in the chant, keeping time pounding with the sticks on the boards in front of them. The doctor often grasps the flesh of the patient in his mouth, sucking out the offending disease. They often blow water over the sick one or extract, after much puffing and blowing, the cause of the sickness and blow it away. The assistants increase their strokes and make a shooing noise with their mouths. The big medicine power was the work given men only by the Ta-wa-ty. The woman doctors who gave herbs, bled the patient by opening a vein, or sucking blood, and burning with a hot iron or stone for rheumatism; who also gave medicine to cause vomiting, belong to the class of doctors called Plu-hit-la. The third and most deadly of these cults was the followers of the Ska-i-ap, the patron, who caused insanity, fits, etc. One who was so unfortunate as to fall under a follower

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*Chapter on Arts and Crafts.

SWEAT HOUSE

of this cult, or Tam-man-na-was, would pay the penalty likely by eating hot coals, jumping into the fire until roasted alive, or probably be compelled to exist on grasshoppers or other bugs for a certain length of time.

The medicine man fails when he attempts to exercise his powers on a white person and is successful only on those half-breeds who have Indian hearts. Should a doctor's patient die the doctor shuffles the blame on some other doctor, if he is not ashamed to acknowledge the other one's superior power. Sometimes just before death, the patient would reveal who the offending medicine man was and his statement was taken as truth; then woe betide the offending one.*

The Sweat House

Every village had its bath house. These were holes dug in the ground on the bank of a stream, but were often built above the ground. These were dome shaped, made of willow branches covered with grasses and earth, with a small aperture left for the door which is closed with a grass mat after the bather enters. The inside of these houses are about fourteen feet in diameter, something like seven feet high. Stones are heated in the center, but more often on the outside and thrown in.

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*Described in Entering the Promised Land.

The bather remains in here chanting and singing until he is dripping with perspiration, then rushes outside and jumps into the water. These houses were used for curing diseases.[*]

The Tam-man-na-was

The Indian's idea of disease was that it was caused by some unseen power. They could understand a cut or a sore, such visible signs but inward sickness, never. Their medicine man was a partner of the Tam-man-na-was which made him invincible, a person to be dreaded, since he could exercise his power by simply pointing a finger and causing death. Either sex may be given this power; they get it in a mysterious way. It is most always communicated in the night time and at an age before they have learned the difference in sexes. A boy or a girl is sent by the parents out at night to some lonely spot where he hears or sees some bird or animal; their noise is a voice speaking to him, conveying a message which he interprets and if he remembers this until grown, then he is a medicine man. But before declaring himself so, he must go into the hills or some unfrequented place, fast for a time, coming back naked but painted and haggard, and rush among his friends like a lunatic, biting his own flesh, etc.

Different animals convey different powers. A rattlesnake makes a snake doctor, one who can handle rattlesnakes without danger, and cure all reptile bites. Some medicine men can bring the Chinook wind; others influence the berry crops, while others cause the salmon to run up stream, etc.

Pipe and Tobacco

The pipe, which has played such an important part in early Indian life, was made of a soft dark stone which hardened on exposure to the air. The ceremonial pipes were fashioned with an extended stem, while the common pipe was small with short stem. The principal pipe stone quarry, for Central Washington tribes, was in the Wenatchee country. Pipes were in existence in 1805, when Lewis and Clarke came; at that time they used the native tobacco Kin-e-ki-nick. They craved tobacco from the beginning of its introduction among them and would pay any price for it, mixing it with the Kin-e-ki-nick for the sake of economy. They inhale the smoke with ceremonial whiffs to the cardinal points, then to the sun, and lastly to the earth. In all religious ceremonies the pipe of peace is smoked. The medicine-pipe is a sacred pledge of friendship among all the northwestern tribes.

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[*] Cox Adven, Vol. II, pp. 90-3, speaks of this method as curing chronic rheumatism. Lewis and Clark Trav., pp. 343-4, mentions them.

Smoke is supposed to clear the brain; no war was declared, nor peace ratified without the pipe. It opened negotiations and clinched a bargain; this, however, was not always binding.

Methods of Reckoning Time—Enumeration

Years are counted by snows, months by moons, days by suns or sleeps. Seasons are determined by the ripening of some plant, the occurrence of the hunting or fishing time and by temperature. The days are divided according to the position of the sun. The polar star is their guide at night. Distances are reckoned since the coming of the horse by time required to travel horseback.

Their system of enumeration is limited. They use their fingers and have names for each number up to ten. In the Yakima language from one to ten is, nox, nept, mit-tat, penipt, pah-hot, tuh-e-ninch, pah-hot-to-mat, chu-miss, potum, which is ten. Potum-penox is eleven (pe meaning and), neipt-tit is twenty; pot-po-tit is one hundred.

Currency

Before the coming of the horse the medium of exchange among the inland tribes was wampum and hai-qua, shell beads, or ornaments made from oyster shells and generally obtained through their trade with the Chinooks on their annual fishing trips to Wichram, the great fishery and trading mart for the Indians from the coast and the interior, located just above the city of The Dalles, Oregon.

The clam and oyster shell were made into beads, polished smooth by being rubbed against stones and the hole bored by means of a flint awl. They were worn as ornaments, a badge of wealth. Their value was measured in proportion to the number and length of the string. Since the coming of the horse among them they took the place of wampum as a basis of value.

Early Indian Saddles

When I first came among the Yakimas in 1860 there were few saddles. The pad used was made of buckskin stuffed with hair and which fitted closely to the horse's back, similar to a saddle, yet allowing the rider's weight to rest upon the backbone of the horse, causing sores. The stirrups were triangular, made of wood covered with elk or buckskin; these were joined to the saddle with elkskin thongs. Cinches were made of hair and wide strips of rawhide.

The squaw's saddles were made from wood covered with buckskin. The front horn had a prong for hanging their root sticks, baskets or baby holder on, and the rear horn had a much larger pommel which was ornamented with a strip of heavy beaded cloth.

Manner of Greeting

When groups or individuals meet, they present a very dignified appearance by standing perfectly still and gazing at each other for several minutes; finally one speaks, then the conversation begins. Handshaking is a mark of honor among them; if they shake hands over an agreement or bargain, it is always fulfilled to the letter.

Arts and Crafts

A study of the religion, the characteristics, and locality of the different tribes is necessary in order to determine their style of art and this is a difficult undertaking, if we attempt to trace origin and division, for the mounds, excavations and old cemeteries bring forth samples of basketry and stone work such as are being made today by the few remaining faithful of the tribes. We know that every nation has had its ancient basket weavers so basketry is rightly styled the mother of all loom and bead work.

There is, according to such authority as G. O. Dorsey, of Field Columbian Museum and of many European explorers in Peru, an unbroken genealogy of basket-making on the western continent running back into the most ancient times.

There are two distinct types of technique in basketry, viz.: hand-woven basketry, built on a warp foundation, and the sewed or coiled basketry built on reeds.

In decorative art the Shahaptans are inferior to their neighbors; sculpture and paintings are rare and rude. There was a difference in the technique of basketry between east and west of the Cascade mountains. The Indians east of the mountains made stronger, heavier baskets than those west. The most beautiful ones were made by the Indians along the Cowlitz and Lewis Rivers.

The Shahaptans made water-tight imbricated baskets. This means a tile and is applied to a style of decoration. The squaws went into the mountains late in August to gather the material for their baskets; this was generally done at the same time they gathered the huckleberries. The foundation consists of the roots of young spruce and cedar, which is split and torn into shreds and soaked for a long time. The squaw grass is also gathered; it grows only on the east side of the Cascades; the leaves are split, then dyed. For yellow, they simply soak them in water, for black, the bark of the fern root is used or squaw grass soaked in mud or charcoal; the brown comes from willow bark, red comes from the alder. They also use the Oregon grape and poison ivy for dyeing.

Into these baskets is woven the story of their lives; the only means of giving expression to their feelings, the strange hieroglyphics would tell a maiden's love story, of a battle lost or won, a hero killed or victorious.

The imbricated baskets seen now are comparatively new. It is only since the horse came among them that they could wander far away to gather squaw grass. Before this, they made the water-tight baskets without this decorative scheme which had many uses. A cooking basket was not built like a berry basket, nor was a root basket like a berry basket. Each was shaped for its own peculiar needs. The berry baskets were slightly flattened and tapering, so that when carrying them on the back and picking with both hands, the berries thrown over the shoulders into the basket would strike the side and roll gently down. They could also be fastened on the horse more securely for transporting. The root baskets were made of Indian Hemp, which were soft; likewise the berry baskets, which had a fitted-rock in the bottom; this was used for pounding food. The cooking baskets were round, tapering, smaller at the bottom and were water tight.

The instruments were rude and rare. Wood was split by elk horn wedges driven by stone mallets. Bones were used as knives, also as spurs.

The Indian has preserved for the European races who succeeded him, three gifts worth many times more than all the gold and silver of Mexico and the Peruvian Incas. These are tobacco, the potato and Indian corn. These articles have given commerce and civilization an impetus that is almost incalculable. Tobacco was discovered in America by the Spaniards in 1560; it had been used by the Indians for unknown time. The potato, which was also a native product, was introduced into England. From its large yield per acre it was introduced into Ireland, where it became the main food for her people; hence the name of Irish potato, to designate it from the sweet potato.

THREE GRACES

CHAPTER LIV.

INDIAN FOLKLORE

Legends—Traditions—Indian Fortifications.

The Indian in his primitive condition is a thing of the past, direct contact with the white man has so completely changed all his modes of life. His myths and landmarks are being obliterated. Having no literature, these myths have been handed down from time immemorial only by oral tradition. From his legends and his laws we learn his customs, his idea of the origin of things. These, with the relics from his burial mounds and a few examples of his picture writing on the rocks now and then, complete the sum of available facts about the Indian. These myths tell us more clearly of the Indian character than any written history would, for the makers of them unconsciously wove in with the story of their gods their own natures, feelings, etc., thus giving us an insight into their characteristics.

Many obstacles we encounter in obtaining from an Indian his folk-lore. His native tongue is full of strange idioms; he thinks differently from us. He is sincere in his belief in the traditions of his fathers. They are sacred history to him and he hesitates about divulging them to a skeptical people lest he offend the spirits of the departed.

Speel-yi (Coyote), the Greatest God of the Indians of the Northwest

The civilization or culture of a people is judged according to the height they have attained in art and religion. In other words, we may judge of a people by the form of a god they worship. The greatest god among these Indians was the coyote—the animal of treachery, deceit and cunning, and this at one time must have represented their ideal in the godly line.

WISH-POOSH

Each Indian narrates the story somewhat differently, but all agree that the country was once covered by water with the exception of a few high ridges and points extending down from the Cascade mountains. On these high points the Indians lived. Canoes were their only means of transportation and fish their main food.

The water gradually receded, as time passed, and more and more country became bare until all of the higher lands and ridges were dry, leaving only separated lakes. One of these lakes was in the Kittitas valley, one in Selah, another in Mok-see and the

Ahtanum. Another covered all of the country from Pa-ho-ta-cute (Union Gap) to Tap-tat (Prosser).

At this time there dwelt in Lake Cle-Elum the terrible Wish-poosh, the Big Beaver, an evil god. He had eyes of fiery red, claws that were long and sharp and a tail that was death to everything it struck.

The lake and its surroundings became a place of terror, for the monster devoured every living thing that passed his way. He would not allow the people or the animals to take fish from the lake, even when they were very plentiful and famine was imminent for the Indians.

The Speel-yi in his wanderings came to the spot, and found the people and the animals suffering from hunger. His heart was touched and he concluded to help them out. Having learned that many attempts had been made to destroy the monster, without avail, he went about his plans carefully. He armed himself with a long spear, having a strong handle, which he fastened securely to his wrist. Thus equipped, he started on the hunt for the destroying demon, which he soon found asleep on the shore of the lake. He drove the spear deep into the monster's body.

Now began a trial of endurance between these two gods. The Wish-poosh, wounded and enraged, plunged into the lake and down to the bottom. The spear handle was securely fastened to the Speel-yi's wrist, and he was dragged along by the infuriated monster. The two went plunging along through the lake. The battle now became fierce. They tore a gap through the mountain and came swimming through the lake that covered Kittitas valley. Then again they went breaking their way through the mountains, leaving a canyon behind, until they reached the smaller lake covering the Selah valley. They passed through the Nah-cheez, leaving a gap behind. Swimming through the lake that covered Mok-see and Ahtanum, they crashed through Ahtanum ridge. Thus was Union Gap formed. In this death struggle each was doing his best as they plowed their way along, making the channel of the Yakima river. The Speel-yi was getting the worst of it and tried to check the rush of the terrible Wish-Poosh by catching hold of trees, which were quickly torn out by the roots. He clung to the rocks, but they slipped away. Nothing could stay the maddened course of the evil god. When he reached the great icy mountains he knocked a complete hole through, forming what we called the Cascade Falls. The coyote became unconscious, and when he revived found himself on the shore of the Great Salt Water (mouth of the Columbia river). The Wish-Poosh was dead.

Weak and sore, Speel-yi unfastened his arm from the handle of the spear, which bound him to the beaver god, and stood victor of the fierce struggle. He now proceeded to finish Wish-Poosh beyond any possibility of resurrection by cutting him into small pieces. The pieces he threw to the four cardinal points, saying:

"You will be the last giant of your race. Your descendants will be small and helpless, scattered all over this continent, with no power to resist. Their skins will be much sought after by the people, who will pursue them in every clime until they are wiped from the face of the earth." Those descendants are the common beaver of today.

Resting a few days to gather strength after his almost fatal experience, the Speel-yi began the return journey to his home among the big snow mountains back of Lake Cle-Elum. He soon met a great stream of muddy water, and on his arrival at the present Cascade falls of the Columbia river saw a mighty river flowing through the great tunnel which the Wish-poosh had made on that downward struggle. Moving back, he found the waters from all sides flowing into this great channel. Land was visible everywhere as he moved on up. The lakes which had covered the valleys of the Yakima had disappeared, leaving the ground wet, while here and there were Indians wading in the mud.

On reaching Lake Cle-Elum the people gave him a feast, showing gratitude for their deliverance from the monster "beaver god." They told the Speel-yi that he should always be the wise god, from whom they would seek advice in time of great distress. For untold ages the men and women of this tribe, when in severe grief, would go to the tall snow mountains to consult the old Speel-yi, and his advice they always followed.

Among the many different versions of the Wish-Poosh, I have selected this one, for it has its corroboration in the legend of the Bridge of the Gods, which these two gods made when they tore through the mountains at Cascade falls. The tearing of the hole left a natural bridge, and resulted in the drainage of a vast territory in Eastern Washington and Oregon.

We-nat-put, Wah-tum (Bumping Lake), the waters of which flow into Nah-cheez river, had its evil serpent, that lived in its waters and had destroyed many people. The serpent had many disguises, sometimes taking the form of a floating log, at other times the form of an uprooted tree that had fallen into the lake and was waiting for the unsuspecting hunter who might wander along the shore. Quick as lightning, the serpent's long body would shoot out, encircling its victim, then he would plunge back into the lake. At such times the monster would lash the lake into fury, the waves rolling high upon the shore.

The Tradition of Wa-ceese-wow-culth, the Noak's Ark of the Red Man

The coming of the first people into the Yakima basin was by a very large boat. This brought many species of animals and landed them on the foothill on the north side of the Yakima river about a mile and a half below the present intake of the Sunnyside canal. On the spot where they landed there is an oval-shaped spur of the mountain, which resembles an inverted canoe. The Yakimas' tradition tells us that this was the boat in which the first people came, and that it marked the shore line at that time, for all the valleys of the Yakima were covered with water.

Chinook Winds

This is the Yakima's account of the Chinook. It was caused by five brothers who lived on the Columbia river not far from the present Columbus.

There is at rare intervals in this country a cold northeast wind which Indians on the lower Columbia call the Walla Walla wind because it comes from the northeast. This cold wind was caused by another five brothers. Both of these sets of brothers had grandparents who lived near what is now Umatilla. The two groups of brothers were constantly fighting each other, sweeping one way or the other over the country, alternately freezing or thawing it, blowing down trees and causing the dust to fly in clouds and rendering the country generally very uncomfortable. Finally, the Walla Walla brothers sent a challenge to the Chinook brothers to undertake a wrestling match, the condition being that those who were defeated should forfeit their lives. It was agreed that Speel-yi should act as umpire and should inflict the penalty of decapitating the losers. Speel-yi secretly advised the grand-parents of the Chinook brothers to throw oil on the wrestling grounds so their sons might not fall. In like manner he secretly advised the grandparents of the Walla Walla brothers to throw ice on the ground. Between the ice and the oil it was so slippery it would be hard for anyone to keep upright, but in as much as the Walla Walla grand-father got ice on the ground last, the Chinook brothers were all thrown and killed.

The eldest Chinook had an infant baby at home, whose mother brought him up with the sole purpose in view that he must avenge the death of his father and uncles. By continual practice in pulling up trees he became prodigiously strong, in so much that he could pull up the largest fir trees and throw them like weeds. The young man finally reached such a degree of strength that he felt the time had come for him to perform his great mission. Therefore, he went up the Columbia, pulling up trees and tossing them around in different places, and finally passed over into the Yakima where he lay down to rest by the Satus creek. There he rested a day and a night and the marks of his couch are plainly visible on the mountain side. Now turning back to the Columbia he sought the hut of his grandparents, and when he found it he found also that they were in a most deplorable condition. The Walla Walla brothers had been having it all their way during these years and had imposed upon the old people. When he learned this, the young Chinook told his grandfather to go out into the Columbia to fish for sturgeon while he in the meantime would lie down in the bottom of the boat and watch for the Walla Walla wind. It was the habit of these tormenting Walla Walla wind brothers to wait until the old man had got his boat filled with fish, and then they, issuing swiftly and silently from the shore, would beset and rob him. This time they started out from the shore as usual, but to their great astonishment, just as they were about to catch him, the boat would shoot on at miraculous speed and leave them far behind. So the old man landed safely and brought his fish to the hut. The young Chinook then took his grand-parents to the stream and washed the filth from them. Strange to say, the filth became transformed into trout and this is the origin of the trout along the Columbia.

As soon as the news became known abroad that there was another Chinook champion in the field, the Walla Walla brothers began to demand a new wrestling match. Young Chinook very gladly accepted the challenge, though he had to meet all five. But now Speel-yi secretly suggested to the Chinook grand-father that he should wait about throwing the oil on the ground until the ice had all been used up. By means of this change of practice the Walla Walla brothers fell speedily before the young Chinook. One after another was thrown and beheaded until only the youngest was left. His courage failing, he surrendered without a struggle. Speel-yi then pronounced sentence upon him, telling him that he must live, but henceforth only blow lightly and never have power to freeze people to death. Speel-yi also decreed that in order to keep Chinook within bounds he should blow his hardest at night time, and should blow upon the mountain ridges first in order to prepare people for his coming. Thus came to be moderation in the winds, but Chinook was always victor in the end.

Legend of I-yap-pe-ah

Long, long ago, when my grandfather was young, there were more people than now. Ho-mow-wah, chief of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, lived most of the time by this lake. His daughter, I-yap-pe-ah, was said to be the most beautiful girl of the tribes; word of her loveliness spread throughout all the nations. Ho-mow-wah was a great lover of haiqua shells. At this time there were no horses, and the shells were valuable above everything.

Powerful chiefs came from far off to try to win this noted princess; they made presents of haiqua to her father who hastily concealed them in a cave among the rocks—for Ho-mow-wah was a miser. To aid her father, I-yap-pe-ah smiled upon all suitors alike until they had given all the shells they had; then she became cold and indifferent. Many chieftains went away from her sullen and in anger.

At last there appeared from the buffalo country far towards the rising sun a warrior who was of darker color than any who had come before. He gave to Ho-mow-wah long strings of wampum, which pleased him. The young girl smiled upon him, and for a while the stranger felt that he would win the mountain flower. But her father's thirst for wealth was not yet satisfied. He said that the stranger must go back to his home and return with more wampum and with buffalo robes.

But this suitor was cast in a different mold from those who had preceded him. Spirited and brave, with thousands of warriors behind him, he was not one to endure insult. When, with dark looks and flashing eyes he took his departure, his mind was determined on revenge.

Si-ko-gan, old and trusted warrior of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, who had been leader in many hard-fought battles and knew a brave man when he saw one, could not forget the look in the eyes of the dark warrior as he went away. A feeling of uneasiness which he could not shake off, came over him.

With Ko-he-gan, brother of I-yap-pe-ah, he visited the surrounding tribes, telling them of his fears concerning the return of the strange warrior, suggesting that he might come back to conquer them with an army of overwhelming numbers. If successful with the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, he would likewise subjugate other tribes, and to prevent this, they must all stand together.

Councils were held, resulting in a decision to fight the common foe. Men, noted for their bravery and endurance, were to be sent into the buffalo country to scatter among the tribes there and learn their intentions. Swift runners were to be strung along the way so that when the strange tribes made the first move against them, couriers in relays could inform their people of the coming of the enemy. In the early winter these men started on their mission, and soon learned of the intended invasion of their country. When the snow had gone from the valleys and the hills, and the salmon had begun to run up stream, the runners brought in word that thousands of warriors would be upon them by another moon. Every tribe gathered for the fray, the line of defense reaching from Ko-wah-chin (Rock Island) to We-nas. Ko-he-gan, young and brave, with the daring Skin-mit next in command, were selected to lead the fighting. Then came word that the great army of the invaders was crossing the Wi-nah (Columbia) from Wah-luke to Ko-wah-chin. Breast-works were built along the Wi-nah at points where narrow trails run along the rocks and here the invading army met stubborn resistance. The dark warrior with his main force pushed on to Che-loh-an and At-sha. The battles raged fiercely, but foot by foot, the stranger pushed back the forces of Ko-he-gan and

Skin-mit. It was a hand to hand fight, the only weapons being bows and arrows, war clubs and the deadly spampt (a sling shot made of a rock). Fighting equally fierce, but with smaller numbers, was going on at Ko-wah-chin and Se-lah. The line of battle was now forty miles wide with the main forces, commanded by Ko-he-gan and the dark stranger in the center.

The prince of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams was forced to retreat because of his inferior numbers, some of his allies, remembering the humiliations put upon them by Ho-how-wah and I-yap-pe-ah when they were suitors for the daughter's hand, took this opportunity to turn traitor. On up the E-ya-ki-ma to Cle-el-um, then on by the lake to Salmon-le-Sac the black warrior fought his way. Knowing that the veteran Si-ko-gan was lying nearby with a thousand picked warriors, Ko-he-gan resolved here to make his last stand. The dark chief had with him a small band of selected braves. Slipping around Ko-he-gan, they went up to the lake, captured I-yap-pe-ah and carried her back to the main army at Salmon-le-Sac where the fighting was now desperate. I-yap-pe-ah was led to a rocky point in plain view of the battle field where all might see her.

The sight of his sister in the hands of the enemy did not discourage Ko-he-gan nor the faithful Skin-mit. Giving the war cry of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, which was echoed by old Si-ko-gan, who, with his undefeated fiery warriors, the flower of the nation, came on like an avalanche; they carried everything before them. Si-ko-gan, hero of a hundred battles, led the charge right through the center of the enemy, fighting his way till he came face to face with the dark warrior who held I-yap-pe-ah. In the hand to hand conflict which ensued, the maiden, forgotten by her captor, crept away. He, with his club raised to kill, was himself laid low by a blow from Si-ko-gan. The death of the leader caused a panic. With great slaughter Ko-he-gan and his warriors drove the enemy back to Che-loh-an and At-sha, where he called a halt, saying, "We could follow them to Wi-nah, letting only a few escape, but it is not best. Here, where the fight began, let it end. They will know that we can be generous as well as brave, and they will have no motive for revenge. Some of our people are now in their country and the time will come when others will go there to kill the buffalo. From sunset today we will let them go back unmolested to their people. In future years we may become good friends instead of bitter enemies."

Runners were sent out along the line with word to cease hostilities and meet in council at Che-loh-an. When all had come in, pipes were smoked and deeds of valor told; but many, many warriors were missing. Not more than half the fighters on either side had survived; along the battle front thousands of bodies of friends and foes, lay strewn for the vultures and wild beasts to gorge upon. This invasion taught these tribes that a closer friendship should exist, jealousies should be forgotten and petty tribal wars must cease.

Back on the battlefield of Salmon-le-Sac, where the tide had turned, Ko-he-gan had paused long enough to acknowledge to the faithful old Si-ko-gan his gratitude. "Our fate rested with you," he said, "you saved the nation, and forever established the power and fame of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams. Your years are covered with honors. Our children and our children's children will sing your praises so long as the mountains stand. You are old. Remain here, while I go to drive the enemy back over the same ground where they drove me. Where the fighting began, there shall it end, and they can go in peace."

Now, Wal-li-pah, a Kusan chieftain, one of I-yap-pe-ah's rejected suitors, who had been fighting with Ko-he-gan, seeing the tide of battle turning, had drawn off with two hundred warriors and hid behind a hill not far from the battle ground, waiting for the pursuit by the victors to begin. I-yap-pe-ah would be left behind, he knew, with a few of the old and disabled men, and he planned to capture her and make his way out of the country with the prize.

When the beautiful girl was not to be seen among the few men left, disappointment gave way to a desire for revenge. He formed a traitorous plot. Taking about forty of his men, he went to where Si-ko-gan, with about the same number, was resting on the battlefield and said, "Now that the fighting is over and we are victorious, let us play ko-ho-ho (the ancient Indian football game). To show our good faith we will pile up our weapons on the hillside."

Si-ko-gan agreed without a thought of fear. Was not Wal-li-pah a friend, an ally who had fought with them?

In the midst of the game, the hidden warriors of Wal-li-pah's band rushed down upon Si-ko-gan's men. Unarmed, they could make but faint resistance, and all were massacred save one, who escaped and carried the news to Ko-he-gan in council at Che-loh-an. That brave, and, up to now, considerate warrior, grew fierce and wild. Resolving that he arch-traitor who had slain Si-ko-gan, should die with all his band, he threw his army out in both directions, forming a wall from We-nas to Ko-wah-chin. Believing that the renegades would stick to the timbered hills until they could reach Wi-nah, he led the way north over the mountains towards Ko-wah-chin and while descending the northern slope overlooking the little valley of Ko-lock-um, he caught sight of the fleeing murderers. Detachments were sent both right and left with orders to move up in front of the fugitives at a narrow place in the creek, while Ko-he-gan followed up the rear. The orders were "Let none escape. Their scalps must hang in our wigwams that our children will know for generations that Si-ko-gan was avenged."

When the band of traitors reached the narrow defile, they were attacked in front and at both sides; turning to escape, they were confronted by the pursuers. The war cry that had sounded at Salmon-le-Sac was repeated here. Catching sight of Wal-li-pah, Ko-he-gan fought his way to him like a demon; with a grim smile of satisfaction he landed his war club on the villain's head, ending his career forever. Around the body of their fallen chief rallied the remnant of the mis-guided band, throwing all their strength against him who, with blood-stained war club, was piling up a monument of dead around him; but again came the war cry, there were a few more dull thuds, and then none left of Wal-li-pah's warriors to tell the tale. Ko-he-gan, waving the bleeding scalp of Wal-li-pah on high, cried: "Thus perish all traitors."

When I-yap-pe-ah made her escape, she had hidden in some rocks overlooking the battle ground. She had witnessed the victory, the death of her captor, the meeting between Ko-he-gan and Si-ko-gan. She was about to go down to the latter when Wal-li-pah appeared and she hesitated. Then, almost at once, before her was perpetrated his awful treachery. The sight froze her to the spot. For the first time she realized that it was she who had been the cause of all this bloodshed. When the sun went down, she made her way to where the dead lay strewn. By the side of the bravest warrior of his tribe, she paused to gaze; and in that moment became a changed being. Out from the forest came the howl of the Speel-yi (wolf or coyote) and the roar of the Twe-tas (grizzly bear) telling their own story. She sped swiftly away up the Why-ne-mick to the lake where she found her father's lone wigwam. There sat the old man gloating over his haiqua shells and wampum. The sight brought before her memory of the awful carnage and opened the flood gates of remorse. Standing before him, she said, "Nearly half our people are dead. Ko-he-gan is still fighting the flying enemy and may never return. Si-ko-gan and thousands of his warriors have gone the long trail, while you sit here gazing on your accursed shells which caused you to forget your people and to put out the fire of my life. You used me, because of my beauty, to gain for you the only things for which you care. Go! Go, I say, to the hidden cave with your ill-gotten gains and perish with them for the sake of your tribe. My sun is set. I shall be seen no more, but my voice will be heard."

Leaving the lodge, she wandered far up into the higher mountains, where she fell asleep and heard the voice of Speel-yi, the all-wise tam-man-a-was say, "Your father's forked tongue and crooked ways have caused so much bloodshed in this land, that the Great Spirit is angry; nothing but a sacrifice will appease his wrath and make your people again happy. Long ago my son suffered the same fate. The tall shaft of rock that stands on the hill near the lake at I-i-yas was once my boy. Go to a point overlooking

Lake I-yap-pe-ah and the Why-ne-mick; stand erect while your eyes gaze on the shining stars. The Great Spirit will turn you into stone and there, as a solitary spire on which the setting sun will cast a reddish hue, you will remind your people forever of this war of bloodshed and death. Ho-mow-wah has taken your advice, and now sleeps the long sleep in the hidden cave among his shells."

The warriors returned to find the old chief gone. His squaw alone remained, who told of the daughter's talk with her father, and the disappearance of both of them. Out on the mountain stood a tall column of rock which had not been there before. Ko-he-gan set out to find the Speel-yi of the mountains who knows every secret. Up among the snow peaks he fell asleep and the voice he sought bade him go back to his people and tell them that he was chief, that his father lay dead in the hidden cave and that his sister had sacrificed herself to make peace with the Great Spirit. The stone spire was her monument, while the wailing wind through the pine trees would be the voice of I-yap-pe-ah.

Tradition of the Elequas Tein or Stick Indians

When a boy, the Yakima Indians told me of the Elequas Tein (Stick Indians), a wild race of small people, who inhabited the high craggy peaks along both sides of the summit of the Cascade mountains around the headwaters of Chelan and Skagit rivers. They were held in superstitious awe by many, who believed they were the spirits of departed warriors. Hunters who sought the mountain goat high up among the snowy peaks, ofttimes being compelled to remain there over night, claimed to have heard their voices around the camp.

They were seldom seen, only glimpses being caught as they bounded from crag to crag, disappearing down some yawning abyss, which led many to believe that they had wings. Some Indian hunters claimed to have talked to the spirit chief. Tal-le-las-ket, who told them to kill all the sheep and goats they needed, for his people had plenty. It is said at one time a very fine-looking Stick Indian appfoached a young squaw of the We-nat-sha tribe while she was gathering huckleberries and made love to her and that she followed him away. The tribe searched for her until the snow became so deep they had to desist, giving her up for dead.

A few years later, while her people were gathering huckleberries, encamped where the girl was lost, she reappeard with two children and told this story: The Stick Indians were not spirits, as many believed, she said, but red men like themselves, only of smaller stature, hardy and active. The tradition regarding their origin was: "That long ago two noted hunters, whose tribe dwelt by the big salt water towards the setting sun, while hunting for goats had found that these rugged mountain peaks were the real home of these animals. These two men were not of royal lineage, but were in love with two girls whose fathers were both chiefs and who refused to allow their daughters to marry any other than the sons of chiefs. These hunters were bold men and resolved to carry away the two girls to the goat mountains, there to remain always.

After many years, while roaming among the snowy peaks at the head of Cle-elum, they found two more men and women who had, for the same reason, left their tribe. They joined forces and from this source come the Stick Indians.

After a few days this squaw and her two children bade good-bye to her people and returned to the Stick tribe. She was never seen again.

The Legend of Sup-tah-hees (Painted Rocks) on Nah-cheez River

In the long ago Sup-tah-hees, the little god, dwelt in these rocks. He was the great Medicine King of all things—the land, water, fish, animals and vegetation. These rocks were his ledger, and the painting was his writing, for he kept a record of all events.

Many young men and women have gone to these painted rocks and watched all night for the appearance of this little god, hoping he would tell them who he was and give them some of his medicine, for it was a great Tam-man-na-was.

It is claimed that Sup-tah-hees once appeared to an Indian and told him his story. After finishing it, he informed the listener that after a certain number of days he would die. The man died. After the coming of the white man Sup-tah-hees disappeared. Civilization seems to have been too much for even this little god and his great medicine.

There is a mystery yet unsolved regarding the painted rocks. What tribe painted them, and for what purpose, no one of this age knows. The paintings resemble the sun with its rays. Perhaps they were a tribe of sun worshipers from the north, emigrating to the south. Such paintings are found along the Missouri river, in Arizona and in Mexico. The paintings might have been scattered along the way to mark their route and to tell the story of their journey, for identically the same kind of paintings are to be seen over two hundred miles to the north on Bonaparte creek, a few miles above where it empties into the Okanogan river. I have also seen them on the Deschutes river in Eastern Oregon, two hundred miles to the south.

I looked upon these painted rocks fifty years ago. In all that time, where they have been left untouched by the destroying hand of the whites, they have faded but little. The oldest Indians of fifty years ago had the same tradition that these Indians have now, which gives us positive information regarding them for over a century. My observations for fifty years show but a slight fading of the colors, which leads me to believe that the paintings are many centuries old.

Another important question is, where did these Indians get the paint that has stood the storms of time for over a century? We can only surmise. I believe it was a mixture of cinnabar.

There is no question that these paintings were here long before the coming of the white man. They are very ancient, with a mythical history, which should have been preserved. In other times they would have been, but in this commercial age of graft and strife, where every one is pursuing the almighty dollar with whip and lash, poetry and sentiment find no abiding place in the hearts of men.

Pah-ho-ti-cute

In the long ago when earth was inhabited by the animal people and coyote was god, Ow-we-yah Twe-tas (Grizzly Bear) dwelt in the mountain at Union Gap on the east side of the Yakima river, while Alo-quat-ya (Water Fowl) lived in the mountain on the west side. At that time the channel of the river was not so deep as now, and there was a lake upon the west mountain where Alo-quat-ya spent many pleasant hours.

The inhabitants of these two mountains had always dwelt in peace and friendship until one morning Ow-we-yah awoke and in a loud voice exclaimed, "I have been asleep for fifteen years." Alo-quat-ya disputed this would-be Rip Van Winkle.

"Lah-hi-echt (only one night)," she sang.

The bear declared, "It must be twelve years." From across the way came again "Lah-hi-echt, lah-hi-echt."

The bear became angry and in a thundering voice announced that it must be ten years. Alo-quat-ya's insistent cry of "Lah-hi-echt" came full and strong.

Infuriated by the impudence of the water fowl and believing that he was king of all animals, one whose word was not to be disputed, Ow-we-yah resolved to do away with Alo-quat-ya. Going to the river, he met her and battle at once ensued. It raged fierce and wild, the blood mingling with the water till the stream ran red.

Alo-quat-ya becoming exhausted, took to the waters of the lake and proceeded to fill up the immense reservoir in her neck with which nature had provided her. Ow-we-yah began to tear out the rocks and dirt in order to deepen the channel to drain the lake and this he succeeded in doing. The heavy labor somewhat exhausted him.

Alo-quat-ya now resumed the fight with her neck serving as a hose and her mouth as a nozzle; she opened her great reservoir and turned a force of water on Ow-we-yah that he could not stand. The bear beat a retreat to his den.

The lake was drained and a deep channel of water now separated them. But the feud was still on. They took their stands on the edges of their mountains overlooking the river and bumped heads until both were dead. Ever since then the place has borne the name, Pah-ho-ti-cute, meaning two heads.

We-i-pah

We-i-pah was the salmon man of the Yakimas for more than fifty years and was known as the greatest medicine man of his time. When the first settler came to this valley in 1861, We-i-pah was an old man. He held himself aloof from the rank and file of his people and never joined in their festivities, but was generally found alone with his pipe and pouch of kinnikinnick smoking, in deep meditation, oblivious to his surroundings. It was said of him that he constantly held communication with the Great Spirit.

To my mind, he was the greatest philosopher among the red men of this section.

During the time of the smallpox epidemic in 1836 along the Columbia river and many of its tributaries, the Yakimas became infected and died by hundreds. Taking fright, they fled to the mountains. In their mad rush from this fatal malady they became so terror-stricken that they left their sick to die along the trail, nor would they stop to bury the dead.

This terrible disease that the pum pum and magic of the medicine men failed to stay, and the sweat house, followed by the cold bath, could not cure, had overcome them. They wondered what wicked thing they had done that the Great Spirit should send such a curse on them.

While that portion of the village of Indians to which We-i-pah belonged were passing along the trail near the present site of the Cascade mill, We-i-pah was stricken by the sickness, which paid no attention to high position, but attacked even the medicine men. No one of the tribe, up to this time, had survived the attack. Feeling sure that the time had now come when they were to lose their greatest tam-man-na-was doctor, his people laid him away in an old sweat house nearby, hoping the coyote would not find and destroy his body.

The following is We-i-pah's story to me:

"How long I remained unconscious, I do not know, but during that time I visited a strange land or another world. It was a beautiful but deserted land. While wandering around I found a large, well-beaten trail with many moccasin and dog tracks all traveling towards the west.

"Anxious to overtake and find these people, I hurried on. On my way I noticed a small trail leading off to the right. Examination showed only a few moccasin tracks following that path, so I continued the journey along the main thoroughfare. After a time I came abruptly on a precipice. Looking over, I saw, far below me, a lake of fire, full of burning people and dogs. The devil, with his long tail, stood on the bank, sticking all those who came within reach of his red hot pitchfork.

"The wails of these unfortunate people broke the spell which had held me rooted to the ground. I turned around, to find myself still on earth and in the sweat house. My mind gradually came back. I was hungry and crawled out to find roots along the spring close by, as well as along the river bottom. So I regained some strength. In a short time a party of Indian friends passed by on their return from the mountains.

"I hailed them. They were surprised to find me alive."

Said We-i-pah to me, "When I die, I will take the small path that leads to the right and avoid that lake of destruction. The great body of people take the other course. Only a few are wise enough to take the narrow trail that leads to safety."

Story of the Lone Giant Woman

After the channels of the streams were formed and the country had become dry, a lone woman came wandering down through the Yakima valley, going south. Indian hunters saw her, but were so awed by her immense size that they hid in the rocks while she passed nearby. Because she was as large as two of their tribe, they let her pass on, fearing she was a great Tam-man-na-was with a bad medicine, who might do them harm. Following at a safe distance behind, they saw her cross the Toppenish creek and slowly climb the hill on the south side.

Before reaching Dry creek, about two miles north of where the Toppenish and Goldendale wagon road leaves the lower crossing of Satus creek, she lay down, stretching her arms and limbs out full length, and disappeared into the earth, leaving the imprint of her body upon the surface of the ground, upon which no vegetation ever grew afterwards. The Indians becoming alarmed about this strange woman and fearful lest her presence bode some evil, sought the Speel-yi, who knew everything, for an explanation. They were told that the woman was the last of a tribe of giants that had perished far to the north, and was on her way to join another race of her kind which she expected to find far towards the noonday sun.

This spot was shown to me by Ken-e-ho, a Klickitat Indian, in 1860. He was living on Satus creek at the time. He also told me its tradition. There before me in the midst of grass and sagebrush could be seen strips of bare earth forming a perfect facsimile of a human form lying on its back with arms and limbs outstretched, upon which no kind of vegetation grew. For thirty years I often traveled that way and would ride off the road to look at that spot. It always appeared the same.

How it came there, and by what means the ground had been rendered so sterile that no vegetation of any kind ever grew on it, is as much of a mystery as the tradition itself.

Tradition of Me-ow-wah Chief

The mountain bearing this name stands southwest and near Soda springs in the Tieton basin, and is commonly known as Goose Egg mountain. In the very long ago, this mountain was an Indian chief, whose people dwelt in the Yakima valley. He was not of the kind who reveled in war and boasted of the many scalps of his enemy which dangled at his belt, but noted for his wisdom and virtue. Having no inclination for women, he had no wigwam, no squaw of his own, but was a welcome guest in every lodge. Strong in council, his influence was always thrown on the side of peace, and for many years war among the surrounding tribes was unknown, during which time they multiplied and were happy.

Chiefs from far and near tried to induce him to take many wives, that his progeny might become numerous and scattered among the different tribes, but their persuasions were of no avail. Many different chiefs met in private council to devise some means whereby this great and good man should not die without issue, and it was decided to send their prettiest daughters to his village to use every wile in their power to loosen his moral fiber. Some one of these princesses was constantly by his side; they made him beautiful moccasins and other adornments, painted their faces in the various hues known to their art, sang sweet lullabys at his feet, but failed to change him. They only succeeded in blasting his hopes, and discouraging him from any further efforts towards bettering the morals of the red men.

He now realized that the evil spirit Top-e-lo (Devil) was fast making inroads upon the chastity of his race. At a late hour of the night, when the princesses had for a time relaxed their vigilance to join in the revelry among the lodges, Me-ow-wah strode out from the village and vanished from his people, to become a hermit. Making his way in a westerly course over tall mountains, he came to a beautiful valley with a bubbling spring of sparkling water, which seemed to enchant him. The taste was peculiar and imparted a strange, pleasant feeling that he had never experienced before, so he concluded to take up his abode here by the medicine water. After his people had found him in this beautiful place, they tried to induce him to return, but he refused.

Another council of chiefs was held and the conclusion reached that another trial should be made to win him, this time by the most noted and seductive beauties of all the tribes, regardless of rank. Me-ow-wah, anticipating another move of that kind by those carnal chiefs, consulted the Speel-yi, his father, who advised him, as he had I-yap-pe-yah before, to make a sacrifice of himself, as well as of those women who were now on their way to debauch him. This would appease the growing anger of the Great Spirit towards the tribes.

Me-ow-wah and his father, the Speel-yi, now had a complete understanding, and awaited the arrival of the famous beauties, who soon appeared from the four cardinal points. The Okanogans from the north, Wichrams to the south, from the east the Spokanes, and from the west the Cowlitz, came, all bearing bouquets of the choicest foods that grew in their native lands. When they had reached within a short distance Me-ow-wah rose up and, stretching his arms out full length, cried out, "Mit-whit" (stop). While in that position, they were all turned into stone by Speel-yi. There as mighty sentinels in this silent valley they have stood for ages, a warning to the red men of the price of sin.

The rocks representing these different women I will now describe as if standing at Soda springs. The rocky point on the opposite side of Tieton river near the mouth of Wildcat creek is the Okanogan princess. The small rocky point standing easterly and about a mile farther away is the Spokane. The great rugged peak commonly known as the Kloochman (woman) standing on the south is the Wichram; and the point above the McAllister meadows between Bear creek and the Tieton river is the Cowlitz. The different narratives of this legend vary but slightly.

Wa-wa, the Mosquito God

Near the mouth of the Satus creek the giant Wa-wa had his house in a narrow place hemmed in by the bluff. He was much larger than any man now living, and his bill was three or four feet long and very sharp and powerful. When anyone attempted to pass near his home the old god came out, thrust him through and sucked his blood. He had been slaughtering the poor people at a terrible rate and was thinning them out dreadfully, so that Speel-yi made up his mind to destroy him.

The coyote god had two sisters, whom he always consulted when in doubt. These sisters lived in his stomach and were two kinds of berries. They said to him now, "You must get five kinds of wood to make rods to twirl to make fire. Hide these in your bosom and go to the place where Wa-wa lives and obey our directions."

Speel-yi set out then for the giant mosquito's home. As he neared the place Wa-wa called out, "Where are you going? You can't pass here. This is my road and I don't allow anyone to go by."

Coyote replied, very politely, "I see you are cold, my friend, and have no fire in your house. Let me make you a fire so that you can warm yourself."

Wa-wa, suspecting no treachery, and since the weather was really cold, permitted him to go on. Coyote took out his five fire rods. With the first he twirled and worked, but no fire came. He took another, but no fire. It was not until he came to the fifth that the wood ignited.

When coyote had a big fire going, he smothered it and filled the lodge with strong smoke. Old Wa-wa could not get his breath. He lay down on the ground to breathe.

Then Coyote said to him: "You are not going to kill any more people. Your power shall be taken away. I shall split open your head and from it shall come a diminutive race, which shall have no power to kill. They may fly about people's faces and annoy them, but shall not take life any more."

Whereupon he raised his stone knife and with a blow split open the giant's head. There swarmed forth myriads of mosquitoes, such as have existed ever since. From that time on the mosquito has not been able to stand smoke. By this lesson from Coyote the people learned to protect themselves by making a smudge or big smoke.

The scene of this performance has been the spot worst plagued by mosquitoes of any part of the Northwest ever since, as the writer has cause to remember.

Cas-til-lah, the Crayfish God

On the Toppenish creek at a place now known as Big Willows is a lake. The Indian name of this place is Shwee-ash. In this lake lived Cas-til-lah, the crayfish god.

He was of immense proportions. His spreading arms reached out like a mighty octopus. His great pincers would crush an Indian.

Cas-til-lah claimed ownership of the lake, all the fish, and all the ta-hoosh, or Indian flax, which grew on its banks; also all the camas, which was very plentiful here. He watched over his possessions with a jealous eye and drove all intruders away. He permitted Indians, it is true, to gather flax, to take fish or dig camas, but he was liable at any time to become offended. If they took too much flax, or fished too long, or in any other way displeased him, he forthwith drove them away.

By the power of his will or by magic, he could cause the water to seethe and boil and flow out in any direction. When he wished to drive anyone away, he caused the water to rise up in a wave and pursue the man. If this person had been stealing fish or camas, he must at once drop them and flee for his life, for, if he persisted in holding onto the articles, he was swallowed up and destroyed. If he dropped them, the wave carried them back to Cas-til-lah and his wrath was appeased.

Near by there was a fishing place, but not so good as the lake. Here, the Indians say, they will for a time get good fish and everything will appear all right, but soon they would begin to see strange fish coming about their hooks—fish which appeared to have coals of fire in their mouths. These strange fish, they say, are sent by Cas-til-lah to warn them to get away. If they ignore the warning and continue fishing, they feel the bank beginning to crumble under them.

Wa-tum Te-lah

The oldest fortified village in the Yakima country was built by the people in the very long ago, for the purpose of defense in the tribal wars. It must have been built long after their arrival. It consisted of holes in the ground, which were their dwelling houses, surrounded by a trench to be used as a breastwork in case of attack. This stands on the north side of the Yakima river on the bench above the present intake of the Sunnyside canal.

Ow-ah Te-lah is another and larger fortified village on the north side of the Yakima, on the first bench and near the Sunnyside canal, about a mile and a half below Wa-tum Te-lah. It is near the spur of the mountain resembling the inverted canoe, which marks where those people first landed. This fort consists of holes, or ancient Indian dwellings, surrounded by a large, deep trench.

Tah-how-un-e-se (where all trails meet) is the largest of these fortified villages, which is situated on the south side of the Yakima and about half a mile southeast of Parker. It consists of fifty holes or ancient dwellings, which would shelter five hundred warriors. It is built in the form of a crescent, surrounded on three sides with a circular trench, while another straight trench connects the two wings. Thus, with the number of warriors that this stronghold could turn out, it was the most formidable fortress of its time. The writer saw these ancient fortified villages fifty years ago and they look no older now than they did then. The oldest Indians at that time, when asked regarding them, would say they looked just the same when they were children, and that their forefathers told them they were built in the deleet-an-cut-ta (in the long, long ago). This direct information as to time of their forefathers would cover a period of at least one hundred and fifty years, and there is but little doubt that they are many times older.*

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*In the Klickitat in 1860 I found many with trees a hundred years old growing in the middle of them.

There is a similar fortification in Simcoe valley, about fifteen miles distant from these older ones, which were built by Skloom, a brother of Kamiakin, in 1847, as a place of defense in the time of the Cayuse war; in that year an attack by the Cayuses was repelled at that point, losing two men.

The vicinity around these old fortifications are so rich in Indian traditions that it has always been a favored spot with a large portion of the Yakima tribe. Here over a century ago ruled Show-a-way, a son of the great We-ow-wicht, the head chief of the Pish-wan-wap-pams, the original tribe of the upper Yakimas, who by conquest had extended his territory as far down the Yakima as the present Toppenish.

The Medicine Stone

Between the villages of Wah-tum-te-lah and Tah-how-un-e-se, on the Indian reservation, now lies the ancient medicine stone used by the early people. It is shaped like a sitz bath tub. The wounded in battle were placed in a sitting posture upon this stone till they urinated; the quicker and more copious the flow, the earlier their recovery, according to the omen.

The stone is still guarded by my friend Shu-lu-skin, who believes in its history and its virtues. When the high water changes its position, as often happens, he keeps up his search till its new location is found. I suggested once that he move the stone to some higher spot, but he replied that he would not run the chance of making the Great Spirit angry, for fear the latter would take from the stone its wonderful power. To retain its qualities, he said, it must remain untouched wherever deposited.

When his wife, Wi-yi-too-yi, selected her allotment on the Simcoe Indian reservation, she located this historic spot, which is nothing but a gravel bed, because it was so interwoven with the ancient traditions of her tribe. There is more poetry attached to these two old Indians than is generally found among the pale-faces.

The Chipmunk

A long time ago there was an old woman who destroyed little babies whenever she could find them. She had long claws and sharp teeth and eyes like fire. She crooned to the little ones, and when they were in her power she rent their soft flesh like a wolf devouring a lamb. She had been doing this for a long time, and many a mother in the land was mourning the loss of her little ones.

One time the monster caught a little Indian baby and was about to eat it in sight of its frantic mother. The poor woman, wild with fear and grief, besought the Great Spirit to save the child.

In answer to her prayer, the baby was transformed into a beautiful little chipmunk, which sprang away from the old wretch and ran off. As it jumped, however, she grabbed at it with her hand and her sharp claws scraped along its back, making black stripes, which all chipmunks have since worn.

Kah-pat, the Indian Evangelist

Long before any missionaries of any denomination had reached the interior of the Northwest, an Indian evangelist had visited about every tribe, preaching the Catholic faith. The Yakimas tell of him and the vast throngs that gathered to listen to his sermons. He was the first to tell them of the Great Father, the Creator of all things, and the white man's book, the Bible, that taught all people how to live, if they wished to reach the spirit land after death. His Indian name was Kah-pat. Some of the earlier explorers had noticed in their acts and ceremonies marks of religion. Bonneville, in 1834, says they are very devotional, and will not move their lodges or labor on Sunday. And while holding services, if an Indian should be passing by, he stops, dismounts and waits until after the ceremony. Bishop Dr. Samuel Parker, in 1835, says of them: "While among the Nez Perces, I saw them erect a wooden cross over a grave," but he tore it away and suggested they use a stone instead.* Wyeth, the fur trader, says: "I know not of their religion. I saw no images or objects of worship, and yet they do not hunt nor gamble, but mope around on Sunday. There certainly appeared among them honor and sense of justice." Townsend was equally struck with their religious character, and says: "I was never more gratified by an exhibition of worship in my life." In looking up the history to determine who this red evangelist, Kah-pat, was, I have concluded he was the Iroquois Indian, Ignace, mentioned in Bancroft's history of the Northwest coast, who came among the Flatheads in 1816. No doubt from that source originated the idea of the Flatheads and Nez Perces of sending four of their tribes to St. Louis, Missouri, in quest of missionaries and the white man's book, the Bible, in 1832.

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*Showing his religious prejudice. . . . Such actions by the different denominations of churches was the main cause of the Indians' suspicion of the white man's religion.

CHAPTER LV.

EARLY REFERENCES

The Columbia river was discovered May 11th, 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, in the ship Columbia. This ship was not only the first to enter the Columbia river, but the first to sail around the world.

The first overland expedition to reach the Oregon country was that of Lewis and Clark in 1805. Passing the winter at the mouth of the Columbia, they returned to the states the following year.

The second overland expedition was that of the Pacific Fur Company (the Astor people), under command of Wilson P. Hunt, they reached the present site of Astoria in December, 1811.

The first white woman to set her eyes on the Columbia river was Jane Barnes, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired barmaid from Portsmouth, England, a mistress of an officer on the vessel that made its annual trips to Fort George, now Astoria. The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company frowned upon a white mistress among them, when there were so many dusky maidens to be had for a few trinkets. Becoming disgusted at such white men who preferred dusky maidens to one of their own race, she returned by the same vessel, and married a wealthy Englishman in Hongkong.

Lewis and Clark's expedition brought the first white men to descend the Snake River from the mouth of the Clearwater to the Columbia, and down that stream to its mouth.

The first white man to descend the main Columbia river from its source to the mouth of the Snake was David Thompson, the great explorer of the Northwest Fur Company in 1811.

The first attempted settlement in the old Oregon country was made by Nathan Winship of the vessel Albatross, June 1st, 1810, and at Oak Point on the south side of the Columbia river about 40 miles from the sea. He partially erected a hewed log house, cleared some land, plowed, and planted some seeds; but a freshet came in the river, flooding the spot where the house was being built, as well as the ground where the seeds were planted. Thus was the first soil turned in old Oregon.

This ship had brought hogs and goats which were the pioneers of their kind. Having trouble with the Indians, the settlers decided to abandon this settlement.

The first white child born in old Oregon was Alice Clarissa Whitman, daughter of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, at Wai-il-at-pu, March 4th, 1837. She was drowned in Walla Walla river June 22nd, 1838.

The first white child born in Western Washington was Christopher Columbus Simmons, in April, 1845, a son of Michael Simmons, an emigrant of 1844.

The first grist mill established in old Oregon was at Fort Vancouver in 1830, built by the Hudson's Bay Company, and run by oxen; later another was built five miles above on a creek and was run by water power.

The first mission was established by Jason Lee near the present Salem, Oregon, in 1834. It was Methodist, followed later by the Presbyterians in 1836, in charge of Marcus Whitman and located at Wai-il-lat-pu, near the present city of Walla Walla, followed by the Catholic missionaries, Blanchet and Demers in 1838.

The first fur trading establishment located south of the 49th parallel, and in the old Oregon country, was built on the north side of Kootenai river just above the falls, and nearly opposite the present Libby, Montana, by Finan McDonald, a clerk of the Northwest Fur Company, by orders of David Thompson in 1808. Here for the first time in a building gathered the white man and the red man for the purpose of trade, in old Oregon.

The following year David Thompson established another post on a point jutting out into Pend d'Orielle lake, near the present Hope, Idaho, and named it Kullspell House, September 10th, 1809.

The post on Kootenai was abandoned and moved to this place. Thompson, leaving Finan McDonald in charge of Kullspell House, immediately moved up to what is now known as Thompson's Falls and erected another post and called it Seelish House, in the latter part of 1809, and with McMillen, a companion, passed the winter there. The following spring, 1810, Thompson with McMillen had to go east to make his reports, and we do not find him back until the following year. But he had engaged the services of Jacques Finlay before leaving to assist McDonald; he was a half-breed Indian, free trapper and hunter, who had more knowledge of the country than either Thompson or McDonald. Thompson, on returning the following year, 1811, found the two posts abandoned and McDonald and Finlay at Spokane House, which they had established in the latter part of 1810. Thus we find history corrected, as it had been considered Spokane House was the first fur trading establishment in old Oregon, when in fact it was the fourth or fifth. Alexander Henry, for the Missouri Fur Company, established a fort on the north or Henry's Fork of the Snake river, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains about 30 miles above its junction with the main stream and called it Henry's Fort, in 1809. This post and Kullspell House were both built the same year, and I cannot determine which was the first.*

The first cattle to reach the Willamette valley, Oregon, outside of the few shipped by vessel for the Hudson's Bay Company, were driven up from California by the Willamette Valley Cattle company in 1836.*

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*T. C. Elliott in Oregon Historical Society, No. 4, Volume XV, entitled "Fur Trading in Columbia Basin Prior to 1811." He has done a great service and is deserving of much credit for his painstaking research of the early explorations of David Thompson, the great explorer of the Northwest Fur Company.

The first agricultural crop raised in the old Oregon country was at Fort Colville in 1826. Three pigs were shipped from there to New Caledonia** in 1838, no doubt the first of their kind to reach that far-off land.

The first apple trees planted in old Oregon were at Fort Vancouver by Dr. McLoughlin; the seeds having been playfully put into the pockets of some of the Hudson's Bay company's officers at a dinner given to them in London just before their departure for Fort Vancouver.

The first white men to explore the Nah-cheez pass over the Cascade mountains were Pere Pambrun, of the Hudson's Bay company, and Cornelius Rogers, of the Whitman mission, in 1840.

First wagons to pass through Yakima valley were the emigrants under the leadership of James Longmire and others in 1853. they made their way over the Cascade mountains through the Nahcheez pass with their wagons and families, a feat pronounced impossible by Lieutenant George B. McClellan not two weeks before. Such were the men and women of those days.

First white women to cross the Rocky mountains over the old Oregon trail were Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, missionaries, in 1836.

The first sermon preached west of the Rocky mountains was by Jason Lee at Fort Hall, now Idaho, on Sunday, July 27th, 1834, to a congregation of French trappers, half-breeds and Indians.

The first flag to be made for defense in old Oregon was by the ladies of Oregon City, and presented to the volunteer company, of which H. A. J. Lee was captain, in December, 1847. It was what is known as the Cayuse war, brought on by the Whitman massacre.

First church bell to ring out in old Oregon was at the little church on the Cowlitz, and by Bishop Demers on the 14th day of October, 1840.

First delegate to Congress from Washington Territory was Columbus Lancaster.

The first child born with any white blood in her veins in old Oregon was near what is now North Powder, Oregon; the mother was the wife of Pierre Dorion, interpreter with Wilson P. Hunt of the Astor people, December 30th, 1811.

First newspaper published in old Oregon was the Oregon Spectator at Oregon City.

The first wagon road over the Cascade mountains was built by S. K. Barlow and others, in 1846, but their families passed through the year previous. It was known as the Barlow road, and was along the southern base of Mount Hood. For over thirty years

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*A more detailed account can be found in another chapter.
**Now British Columbia.

it was used as the main thoroughfare between Willamette valley and Eastern Oregon and Washington.

The first printing press and a few type were given by the Honolulu mission to the Lapwai mission in 1839, and on this press Spalding and Rogers succeeded in printing enough pamphlets in the Nez Perce language for the use of the schools. This press was the first north of California. The old press is now in the Oregon State House at Salem.

The first cattle to reach old Oregon from across the plains were two cows and a bull in 1834, belonging to Jason Lee. He exchanged them at Fort Walla Walla with the Hudson's Bay company for cattle in Willamette valley.

First cattle to reach Eastern Oregon from the Willamette valley were brought over the trail north of Mount Hood by Daniel Lee for The Dalles mission in 1838; there may have been three calves sent by the Hudson's Bay company to Fort Colville earlier.

The first steamer to ply the waters of the Northwest coast was the Beaver. She sailed around Cape Horn with her machinery in her hold, and this machinery was installed for use at Fort Vancouver in 1836. She was of low pressure with side wheels, 110 tons register. Her paddle wheels were small and set well forward, with a crew of thirty men. She was built by the Hudson's Bay Company for the fur trade. The writer saw her at New Westminster on the Fraser river in 1862, carrying passengers to Victoria, British Columbia.

First steamer on any of the rivers of the Northwest was the little double-ender Columbia, owned by James Frost, and run on the Willamette river in the early part of 1850. She was soon followed by the Lot Whitcomb, which ran between Portland and Oregon City in December, 1850.

The first steamer to run the Columbia river between Portland and Cascades was the James P. Flint in 1851.

First steamer to run between Cascades and The Dalles, Oregon, was the little Eagle in 1853.

The first steamer on the Columbia above Celilo Falls was the Colonel Wright. She was built at Celilo above the falls by R. R. Thompson and Laurence Coe in 1857.

The first steamer to reach Priest Rapids on the Columbia was the Colonel Wright in 1858. She was loaded with goods and supplies belonging to Joel Palmer, who took the cargo from there to the Fraser river mines, B. C., in wagons.*

The steamer John Gates was the first steamer to pass through Priest Rapids, but had to be lined over. She failed to get over Rock Island below Wenatchee. Many years later the City of Ellensburg, Captain Gray at the wheel, went over both of those rapids, without being lined over. She was a powerful little steamer and Captain Gray knew his business.

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*See Pioneer Train to Fraser River in another chapter.

The first steamer to pass over the Cascade Falls was the Umatilla, and by accident. Starting before sufficient steam was up, she floated over the rapids. R. R. Thompson and Laurence Coe were aboard. She got through safely, but struck a rock below and sunk. She was afterwards raised and taken to Fraser river. The government blasted the rock out and it has since been known as Umatilla Rock.

Later the steamer Oneonto was taken through Cascade Falls safely, with Captain J. C. Ainsworth at the wheel. Then followed later Nez Perce chief, Hassalo, Idaho, Mountain Queen, Shoshone, and the R. R. Thompson, by far the largest. It was before the locks at Cascades were built. Those river captains at that time were a competent and brave lot of men.

There was a boat built at Osoyoos Lake near the boundary line of British Columbia the winter of 1860. The lumber was whip sawed. The craft was ninety-one feet keel, and twelve feet beam, constructed without tools except a saw, hatchet and chisel, calked with wild flax mixed with pitch from the pine trees, and launched May 10th, 1861. She was brought down the Okanogan and Columbia rivers to Celilo, running all the rapids safely, was used as a sail boat between Celilo and Wallula for many years. She was built by Captain W. H. Gray.

The first general store in Yakima valley was established by Egbert French at the present Donald in Parker Bottom in 1867. There was a post trader at Fort Simcoe, Sumner Barker, who kept a few Indian goods.

The first newspaper published in Yakima valley was the Yakima Record at Yakima City by R. V. Chadd, in 1879.

First justice court held in Yakima valley was at the private school house of F. M. Thorp in Mok-see valley in 1866, and the first case was Henson vs. McAllister for threatening the life of Henson, who was an honest, peaceful citizen, while McAllister was a quarrelsome, turbulent and disreputable Irishman.

First superior court in Yakima valley was held in Schanno's hall at Yakima City in 1872, by Judge J. R. Lewis.

The first white woman to be buried in the Yakima valley was Mrs. L. H. Goodwin, a new arrival of that year. She was buried on the bank of the Yakima river. The spot later, in 1865, became the Yakima City cemetery.

The first white child born in the Yakima valley was a son of Charles A. and Dulcena Helen Splawn, in 1863; he died the following year. The first white girl born in Yakima valley was Nettie M. Splawn, daughter of William L. and Margaret Jacobs Splawn, in 1864.

The first Americans to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains into California were Jedediah S. Smith with forty trappers, in 1824. Establishing his camp on the American river, he was compelled to secure a passport from General Eschandia as to his honesty, which was given by the American shipmasters; he also wrote a letter to Brother Duran telling who he was. Both the letter and the certificate are preserved in the archives of California, as a memento of the first crossing of the Sierra Nevada mountains by white men, and the first overland trip from the Atlantic states to San Francisco.

Civil government was first organized in the old Oregon country at Champoeg May 2nd, 1843.

First ship built in old Oregon was named the Star of Oregon, in 1841, by Joseph Gale, Felix Hatheway and three other Americans. They were presented with a United States flag, an ensign, a compass, log line, glasses, an anchor and hawser 140 fathoms long by Captain Wilkes during his visit to the Columbia and Willamette in the summer of 1841. On their fifth day out from near Portland, Oregon, they sailed into Golden Gate, San Francisco. They were brave and resourceful men.

Mount St. Helens in Washington is 9,750 feet high, first ascended in 1853 by T. J. Dryer (Indian name is Loo-wit-letke, meaning fire mountain). Mt. Adams in Washington is 12,075 feet high (Indian name Pah-too, means high sloping mountain). Mt. Baker, height 11,100 feet, Indian name Kulshan). Mr. Hood, height 11,950 feet, first ascended by T. J. Dryer of the Oregonian and others in August, 1854. Mt. Rainier, 14,528 feet high (Indian name Ta-ho-ma), first ascended by Gen. A. V. Kautz, July 4, 1857.

COL. LEE MOREHOUSE, PHOTOGRAPHER

BIOGRAPHY AND EULOGY

Andrew Jackson Splawn was born in Holt County, Missouri, July 31, 1845, the youngest child of John and Nancy McHaney Splawn. His father was a native of Kentucky and his mother of Virginia. They settled in Northwestern Missouri, where John Splawn died in 1848.

Three years later, in 1851, when Andrew Jackson Splawn was only six years old, his mother crossed the plains with her family and settled in Linn County, Oregon, where his youth was spent until he was fifteen. At that age he left home to accompany his oldest brother, Charles, into the Klickitat Valley, Washington, where Charles had settled the year before.

In 1861 he went to the Yakima country in Washington, where he was actively engaged in the cattle business for thirty-five years. In 1887 he established a herd of pure-bred cattle and for many years his Herefords were blue ribbon winners wherever shown.

Mr. Splawn helped to organize the Puget Sound Dressed Beef and Packing Company at Tacoma, Wash., the first packing plant on the coast. Always active in the livestock industry, he served at various times as president of the Washington Live Stock Association, the Pacific Northwest Live Stock Association and the Cascade International Live Stock Association.

He went to the Washington State Legislature in 1902 as State Senator. In 1906, when the matter of reclamation work was first broached in Yakima, he brought about the agreement among the water users which made the government work possible. He was active in the Tieton Water Users' Association and its first president.

In 1901 he was appointed, by Governor J. R. Rogers, as a member of the State Fair Commission; 1902 was elected president of the Board of Commission.

In 1908 he ran for Governor of the state on the Democratic ticket, leading a forlorn hope for his party. When a street car system for North Yakima was proposed, to be financed by local capital; Mr. Splawn, more than any one, put the matter through and was chosen the first president of the Yakima Valley Transportation Company July 1, 1907, serving until January 7, 1911.

He was the first mayor of North Yakima under the commission form of government, acting from 1911 to 1914. In 1915 he went to San Francisco as Live Stock Commissioner from the State of Washington to the Pan-American Exposition.

Mr. Splawn died March 2, 1917, in North Yakima, leaving a wife, Margaret Larsen Splawn; two sons, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and Homer Bayard; and a daughter, Lallooh.

JACK SPLAWN

All unsheltered and apart stands a giant oak whose rounded dome presents bold challenge to the view. Sound of heart, tough of fiber, deeply rooted in unyielding turf, it thus has stood through centuries, unchanged, against the changing elements. The chilling winds have whistled through its branches and the rains and snows of winter and the fierce heat of summer have beat down upon it; yet all heedless alike of wind and storm and sun, it sends forth its buds at the beck of spring and yields its fruit and russet leaves to the autumn's call. Beneath its ample boughs creatures find shelter from the winter's blast and shade from summer's heat and feed upon its copious mast. But eventually it, too, must yield unto the law of life and death. The mission of its life comes to the end and then it tumbles down and at the last dissolves to mold and dust; but when it crashes to the ground there comes a void that not again can ever be supplied and then there disappears forever from the view the most prominent landmark in all the vision round.

My weak imagination can contrive no picture better fit to illustrate the life and death of our departed friend. In the oaks similitude, the sturdiest tree in all our western forest, the silent form now coffined there for more than half a century stood straight and firm among his fellowmen. The winds of chill adversity against him blew and the storms and heat of pioneer times beat down upon him, but he withstood them all. And thus he stood and strove, the chief of that heroic band "whose foes were many and whose comrades few," that blazed the trails through forest wild and over desert bleak, for weaker men to follow. He was the most conspicuous personage in all the land, and now that he has gone there comes a void that never can be filled, and the most prominent landmark in all our state, yet wider still, the great Northwest, has disappeared.

When the name Andrew J. Splawn, the name that in his babyhood was given him, is heard or read, it will receive scant recognition from the great majority of men. That name may be applied to this personage or that in this or other times. But by his own persistent purpose and honest endeavor he made for himself another name, imprinted deep upon the records of his state and chiseled sharp upon the tablets of the hearts of all his countless friends and wide associates, that of plain "Jack Splawn," the name by which he loved to be familiarly addressed. By this name he is known all over the great empire of the Northwest. When this name is but spoken or read it is at once recognized as representing but one strong, unique and only personality. In near time, if not already, it will grow to represent not merely an individual person, but a type of man. To be worthy of the title of a "Jack Splawn" man will carry a guarantee that the person comes endowed with the highest characteristics—courage that never fails, self-reliance, honesty, hospitality and perseverance that never tires. That name is now the rich heritage of his offspring, which it would seem cannot fail to urge them on to virtuous emulation and high endeavor. When the Creator made Jack Splawn He drew largely from the skeins of higher attributes—courage, self-reliance, initiative, kindness, fidelity and perseverance—and wove them into a strong, virile, masculine composite being that found no superiors and few equals among all his associates. But in that weaving littleness, effeminacy, hypocrisy and envy were eschewed, and no thread of cowardice appeared at all. He belonged to that "remnant of the early few, who held no crime or curse or vice as dark as that of cowardice." He had but one measure, the rule of right; and with this he meted out all private obligations and performed all public trusts as well. No taint of Pharisee was in his blood. He never looked down upon an honest, striving man. He never looked up to anybody. He fulfilled every duty to his family, his friend, humanity and his country, and in the performance of these duties he fulfilled his highest obligations to his Maker. And more than this cannot be said of any man. He wore no mask, he hated hypocrisy, his face was single, he was easy of approach and acquaintance, he loved to mix and mingle with his friends, he was a boon companion, and truer friend was never born.

To democracy he was native born and every throb of his generous heart hated every fotm of aristocracy. He was plain and blunt and always the same. He cared nothing for fashion and detested society's fad and froth. He had no time for the insipid effeminate man, and his very nature scorned the coarse and mannish woman. He was a man of decided convictions and had always the courage to assert his opinions careless of the question of majority or minority. He believed in the great law of life, enunciated by the Almighty when He banished Adam from the Garden of Eden: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and he exemplified that law in a busy life from childhood to the grave. He was in the truest sense a self-made man. Single-handed and alone, with no assistance from relative, friend or station, he in the arduous sweat of his own face cut his way to success and honor. His nature contained nothing of the virus of the fabled priest or Levite, but he was a true Samaritan. He was hospitable, generous and kind. He gave more to humanity than he ever received. No weary wanderer was ever turned away from his pioneer abode without rest. No hungry traveler was ever turned away unfed. Under the storms of adversity his heart was never weakened, nor was he ever bent. Under the sun of prosperity his soul was never corroded.

Jack Splawn had his enemies. So every man of consequence or positive character has ever had. His enemies always knew him. His friends were legion and he knew them.

He was peaceful in disposition and never sought trouble, but when trouble sought him he never turned his back upon it, but met it half way, face to face. And here I fain would borrow expression from the matchless tribute of Sir Ector to the dead Sir Launcelot, as fitting tribute to the character of our own dead brother: "And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever held spear in the rest."

He was a brave man. He always put duty first and hesitated not in the wage of performance, as he weighed not his own safety in the issue.

Without the advantage or polish of the schools, his active, receptive and retentive mind had accumulated a wonderful store of useful knowledge that savants and philosophers might consult with profit.

His curriculum was the great school of experience, in which he was a constant student, never graduating until death. The practical knowledge he had acquired, with his sterling common sense, had become proverbial and rendered him an asset of his state of the highest order. He stood shoulder to shoulder with men of highest learning and accomplishment, in whatever position his confiding fellowman called him, and such positions were many, and there he kept up his end with the best and performed his part full and well. He aspired to the highest position in the gift of the people of his state and no one ever breathed a doubt of his ability to fill it. It is general opinion now that no Governor of the State of Washington was ever better qualified for that position than Jack Splawn.

He pandered to no conventionality or creed of church, but his clean and honest heart reflected the sunshine spirit of the great Nazarene Peasant, and he recognized the hand of his Creator in every tree and blade of grass and every flower of the field, and he saw the smile of God in every star. Religions, dogmas, beliefs and creeds will arise in the future, as they have in the past, will serve their time and pass away, but the great law of life and death will remain unchanged and unchangeable. All the belief and all the faith in the world can never change a fact. When the life of the last man, like a candle, goes out, the unchanging Sphinx will still be gazing out into the great arcana with the unanswered question on his mute lips, "Whence and whither?"

Jack Splawn had no fear of life and he had no fear of death and we have no fear for him. In this sacred presence our hope and faith ascend unto the Father of the stars that He who made an honest man will guard the future of his soul.

(Eulogy of Austin Mires, delivered at the home of the dead Andrew J. Splawn, March 5, 1917.)

To the widow of this good man, my dear departed friend, this copy is affectionately dedicated. AUSTIN MIRES.

Ellensburg, March 7, 1917.

JUDGE PREBLE'S ADDRESS

E. B. Preble said:

To tell the story of his eventful life is superfluous. It is known to us all. To contemplate his character, achievements and standing among his contemporaries is an inspiration to all and a consolation to his brothers, children and wife.

Of all that little band of pioneers who, by their toils and sacrifices redeemed Yakima Valley from the wilderness and the waste and planted civilization here, Andrew Jackson Splawn was the choice and master spirit.

And when the pioneer's work was done and the comforts and security of settled communities succeeded the hardships, deprivations and dangers of pioneer life, Andrew Jackson Splawn, with the same dauntless spirit that crowned him victor in the ruder struggles of the frontier, met all comers in the arena of business, civics and politics and always bore away the palm of victory or else honored defeat by the intrepidity and skill with which he fought.

Some of His Accomplishments.

He successfully promoted our first city and interurban railroad that made possible the present system.

When our citizens, arousing themselves to extirpate old abuses in the city government, avowedly resolved to have the best possible mayor, they elected Andrew Jackson Splawn.

When the people of this senatorial district, realizing their voice in the councils of state had been weak and unheeded, highly resolved to send a senator that would make their interests heeded and their demands granted, they elected Senator Andrew Jackson Splawn.

And now he has done that hardest thing in life—a thing that all are doomed to do—he has died. Rationally considered it is consoling to his friends to reflect that full of years and honors, his noble life completely rounded out, he has done that hardest thing of all, that for him it is over with.

His Courage Sublime.

He was a bold man; his courage was sublime; but it was not born of the fool's blindness to danger, but was the noblest of all masculine qualities, the ability to unflinchingly confront known and appreciated dangers.

He was an honest and honorable man. In business, in politics, or any of the relations of life, he did not, as many do, gain the temporary support but incur the ultimate contempt of contending factions by lying to one or all of them; he told the truth alike to friend and foe—told the truth when to tell the truth was dangerous to his dearest ambitions. His honesty and honor were not, as sometimes happens, born of harshness and disregard for the feelings of his fellowmen, for he was tender of their feelings, liked to please them and was fond of applause; his honesty and honor were the twin children of his sound judgment that commended integrity as the surest means to success, and of his magnificent courage that shrank not from doing and saying what his judgment commended.

Not Professional But Daily Practice.

There was a magnanimity in his nature that prompted him to spare the weak unable to strike back; there was a nobility in his nature that made it a genuine pleasure to hurl the deadly truth at hypocrites, liars and humbugs in high places.

He was a broad-minded and benevolent man. He affiliated only with one society, and that was the great society of mankind at large.

His sympathies for his fellowmen gushed forth warm and copious in every direction, unconfined by the channels of dogma, unchilled by prejudices, unpoisoned by superstitions.

It is true and his highest eulogy that he was the friend of man. There were none so low that he did not aid them; there were none so high that he feared or envied them. The poor Indians loved him; statesmen, scholars and philosophers recognized in his strength and nobility of nature their peer.

Lived the Life He Wanted.

He was strong and robust and independent. He brooked dictation neither by individuals nor society. He lived the life he wanted to live—the life of Andrew Jackson Splawn.

The imagination fondly lingers and broods over his character and career. He rounded the full circuit of normal human experience. The bright sunrise of life, the dewy sparkling morn of youth, manhood's fiery noontide heat, the calm, reposeful afternoon of life—all these were his; and now, the sun of his being sunk beneath the horizon of our mortal ken, trails behind a brilliant after-glow in the memories of his heroic struggle, his brilliant achievements, his self-sacrificing devotion to his community, his friends and family.

In him the elements were so mixed that nature stands up in this presence, erect and proud as he was wont to stand, and says to all the world: "Andrew Jackson Splawn was a man."

Let not the children and wife grieve over-much. In his useful life and noble character he has left you a heritage more precious than gold and jewels and lands. These last may slip away and be lost to you, but the noble life of your husband and father will live in your memories long as you shall live, will be your greatest consolation for his loss and your greatest inspiration for well-doing.